# CATACLYSM™
# THE ULTIMATES' LAST STAND

BENDIS • FIALKOV • BAGLEY • DI GIANDOMENICO
KIRK • MARQUEZ • MARTINEZ • QUINONES

MARVEL

## HUNGER #1-4

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Artist: **Leonard Kirk**
Colorist: **Jesus Aburtov**
Letterer: **VC's Cory Petit**
Cover Art: **Adi Granov**

## CATACLYSM #0.1

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Artists: **Mico Suayan** (pp. 1-11),
**Mirco Pierfederici** (pp. 12-15) & **Leonard Kirk** (pp. 16-20)
Colorist: **Nolan Woodard**
Letterer: **VC's Clayton Cowles**
Cover Art: **Clay Mann, Seth Mann** & **Nolan Woodard**

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Inker: **Andrew Hennessy** Colorist: **Jason Keith**
Letterer: **VC's Cory Petit**
Cover Art: **Mark Bagley, John Dell** & **Jesus Aburtov**

## CATACLYSM: ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN #1-3

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Colorist: **Justin Ponsor** with **Paul Mounts** (#1)
Letterer: **VC's Cory Petit**
Cover Art: **David Marquez** & **Rainier Beredo**

# CATACLYSM THE ULTIMATES' LAST STAND

## CATACLYSM: THE ULTIMATES #1-3

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Penciler: **Carmine Di Giandomenico**
Inker: **Lorenzo Ruggiero**
Colorists: **Wil Quintana** with **Jim Charalampidis** (#3)
Letterer: **VC's Clayton Cowles** Cover Art: **Mukesh Singh**

## CATACLYSM: ULTIMATE X-MEN #1-3

Writer: **Joshua Hale Fialkov** Penciler: **Alvaro Martinez**
Inker: **John Lucas** with **Raul Fernandez** (#3)
Colorist: **Jordie Bellaire** Letterer: **VC's Joe Sabino**
Cover Art: **Mariusz Siergiejew** (#1),
**Fabio Listrani** (#2) & **Igor Kieryluk** (#3)

## SURVIVE! #1

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Artist: **Joe Quinones**
Colorists: **Rainier Beredo** with **Joe Quinones**
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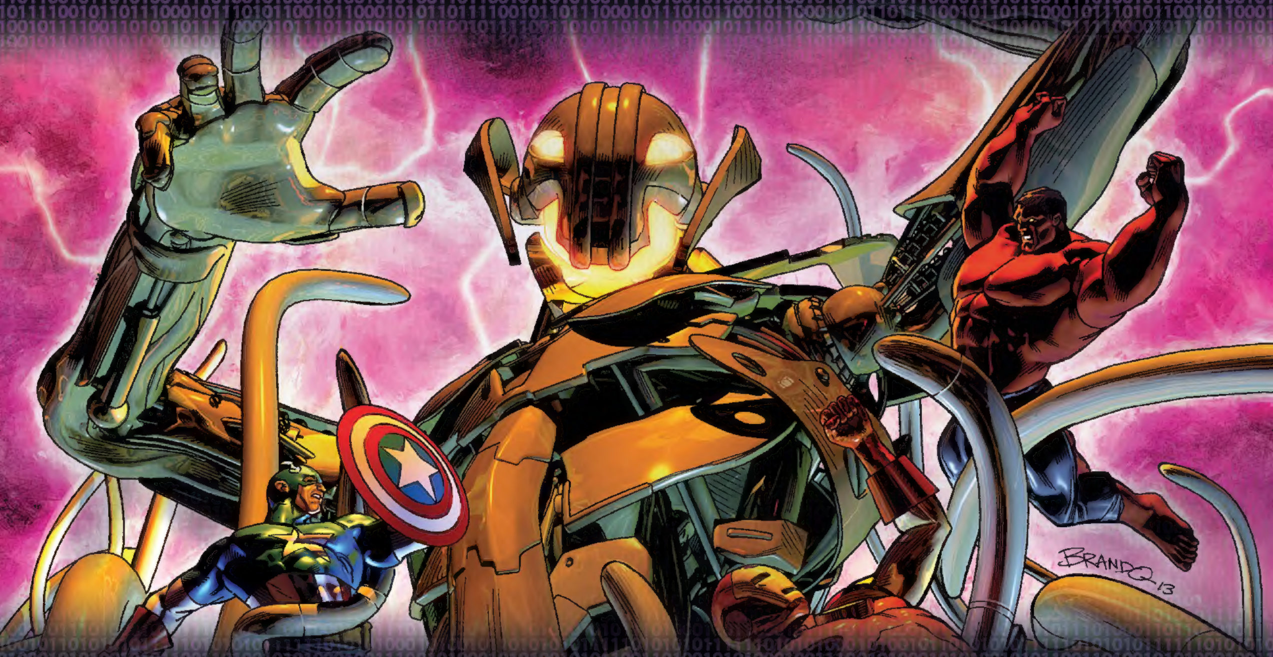
HUNGER #1

CARELESS TIME TRAVEL IN THE MARVEL UNIVERSE CAUSED HISTORY TO BREAK AND ALLOWED THE EVIL ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE KNOWN AS ULTRON TO GAIN POWER. THE AVENGERS STOPPED ULTRON BUT THE TIME STREAM WAS DAMAGED.

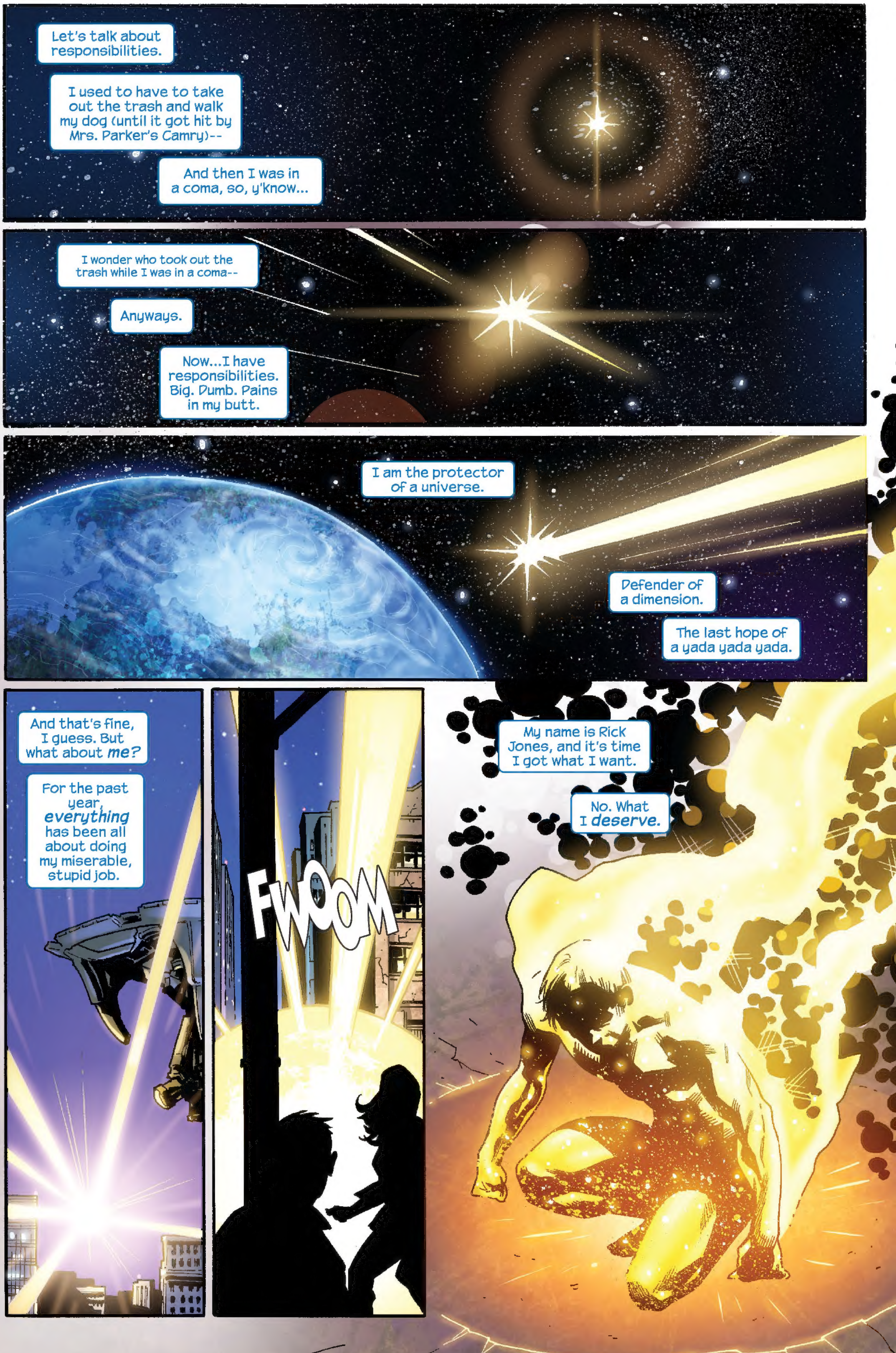


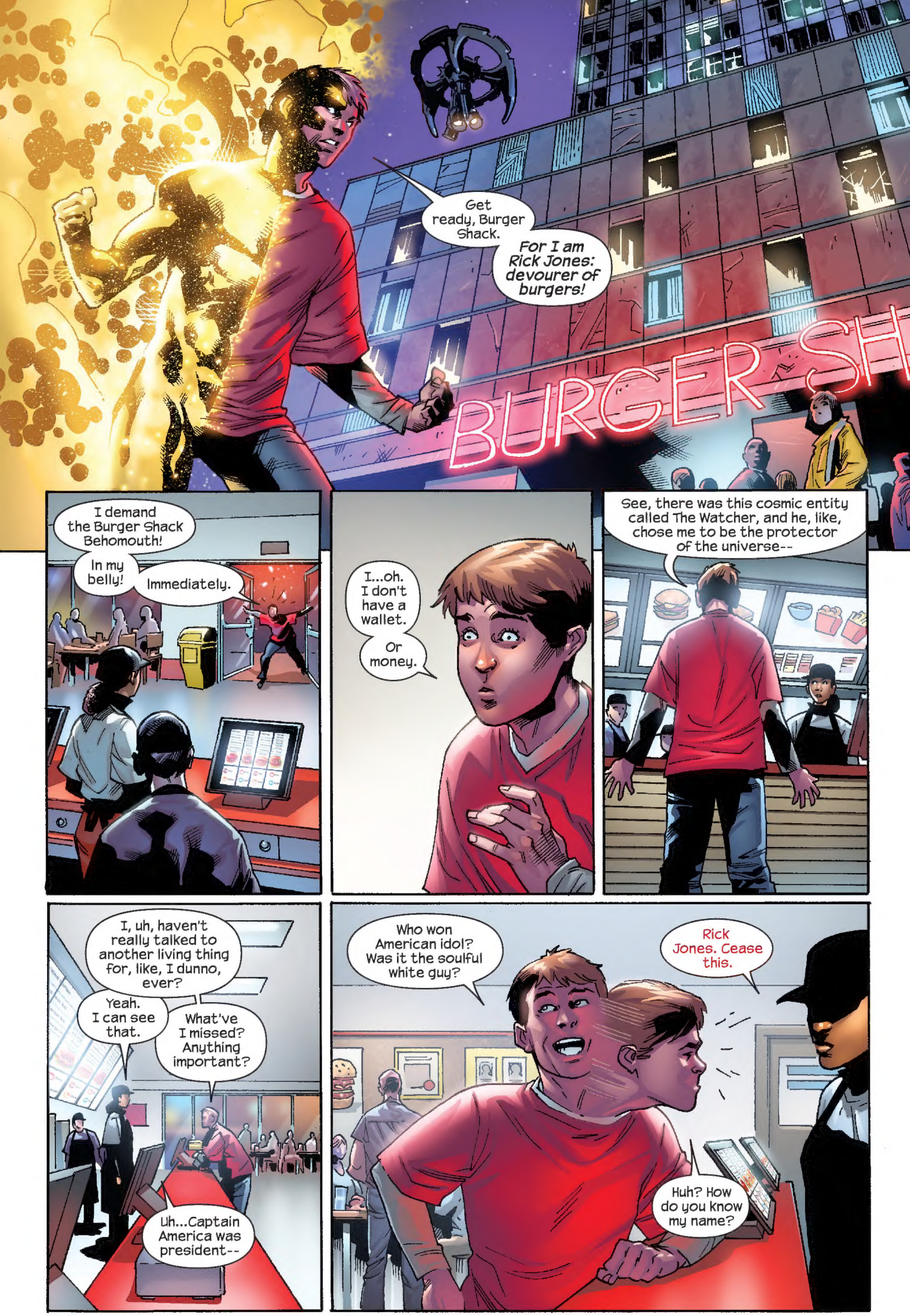
## MEANWHILE...

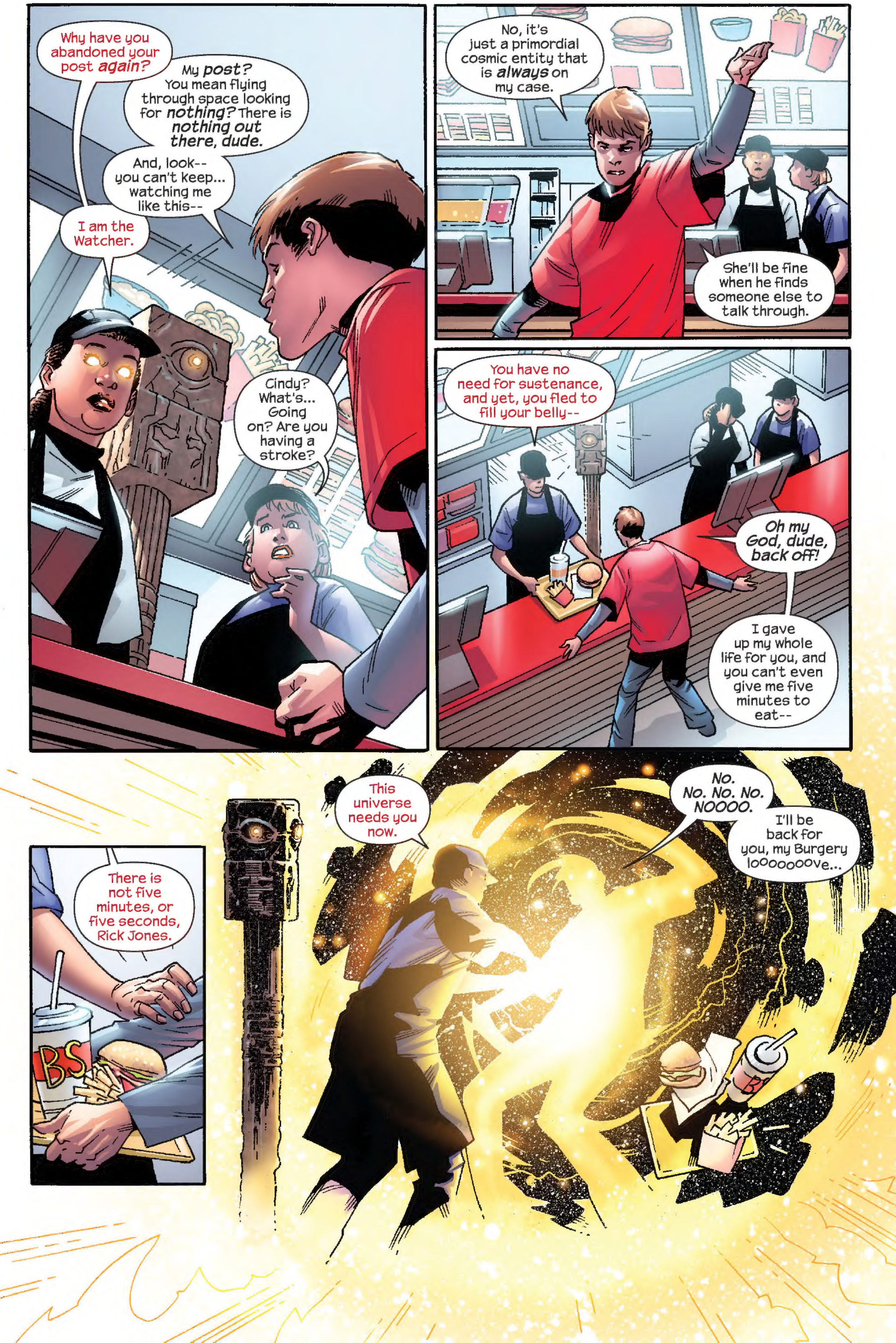
IN A NEARBY PARALLEL UNIVERSE, A TEENAGE BOY NAMED RICK JONES WAS CHOSEN BY THE PAN-DIMENSIONAL BEINGS CALLED THE WATCHERS TO HARNESS THE POWER COSMIC AND SERVE AS THE CHAMPION OF ALL CREATION. HE PROMPTLY BUGGERED OFF. FOR THE PAST YEAR, HE'S EXPLORED THE DEPTHS OF SPACE COMPLETELY ALONE. HE'S SEARCHING FOR PURPOSE, AND REALLY WISHING HE WAS EATING A BURGER FROM BURGER SHACK.

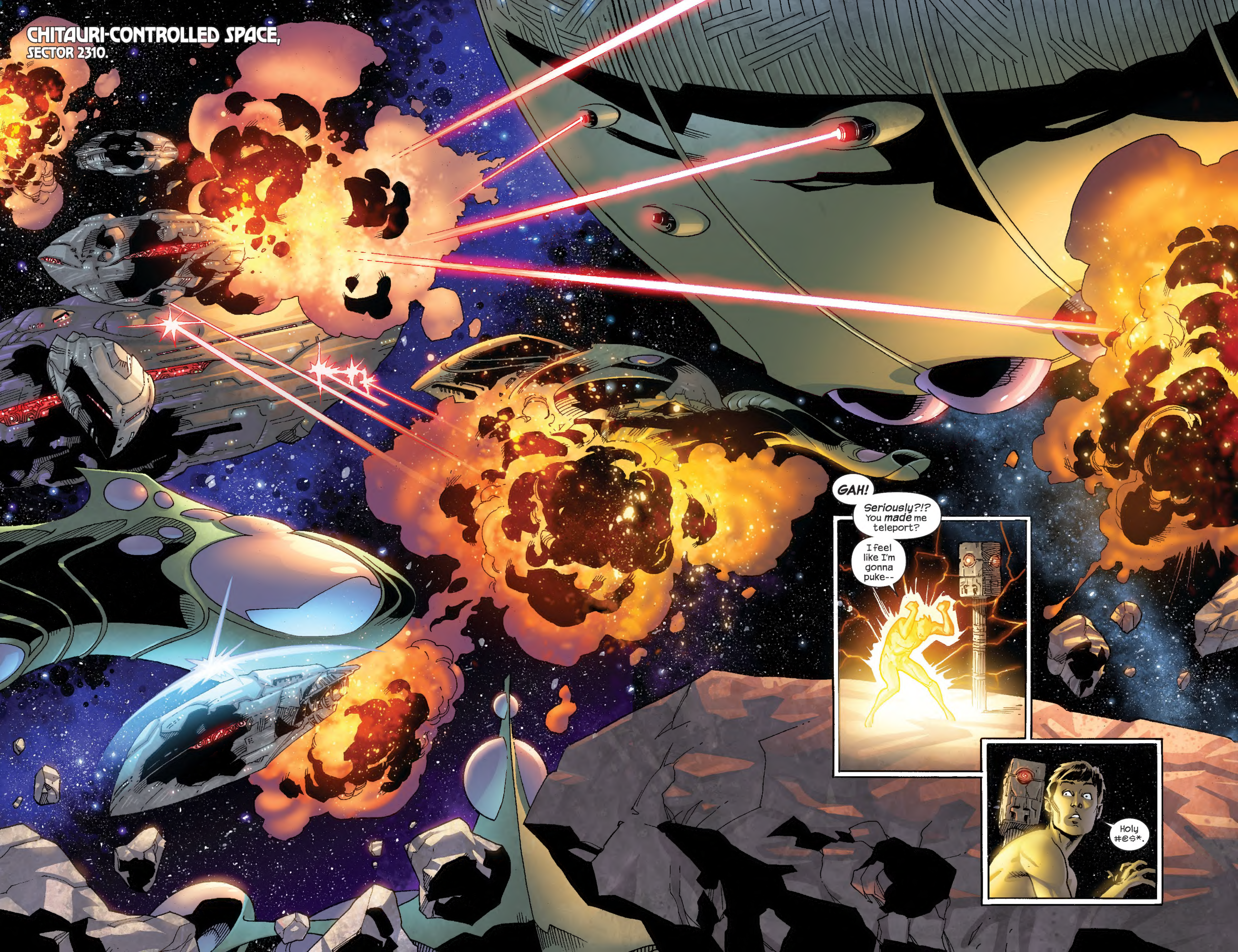
THIS WILL BE NO TRIP TO BURGER SHACK.

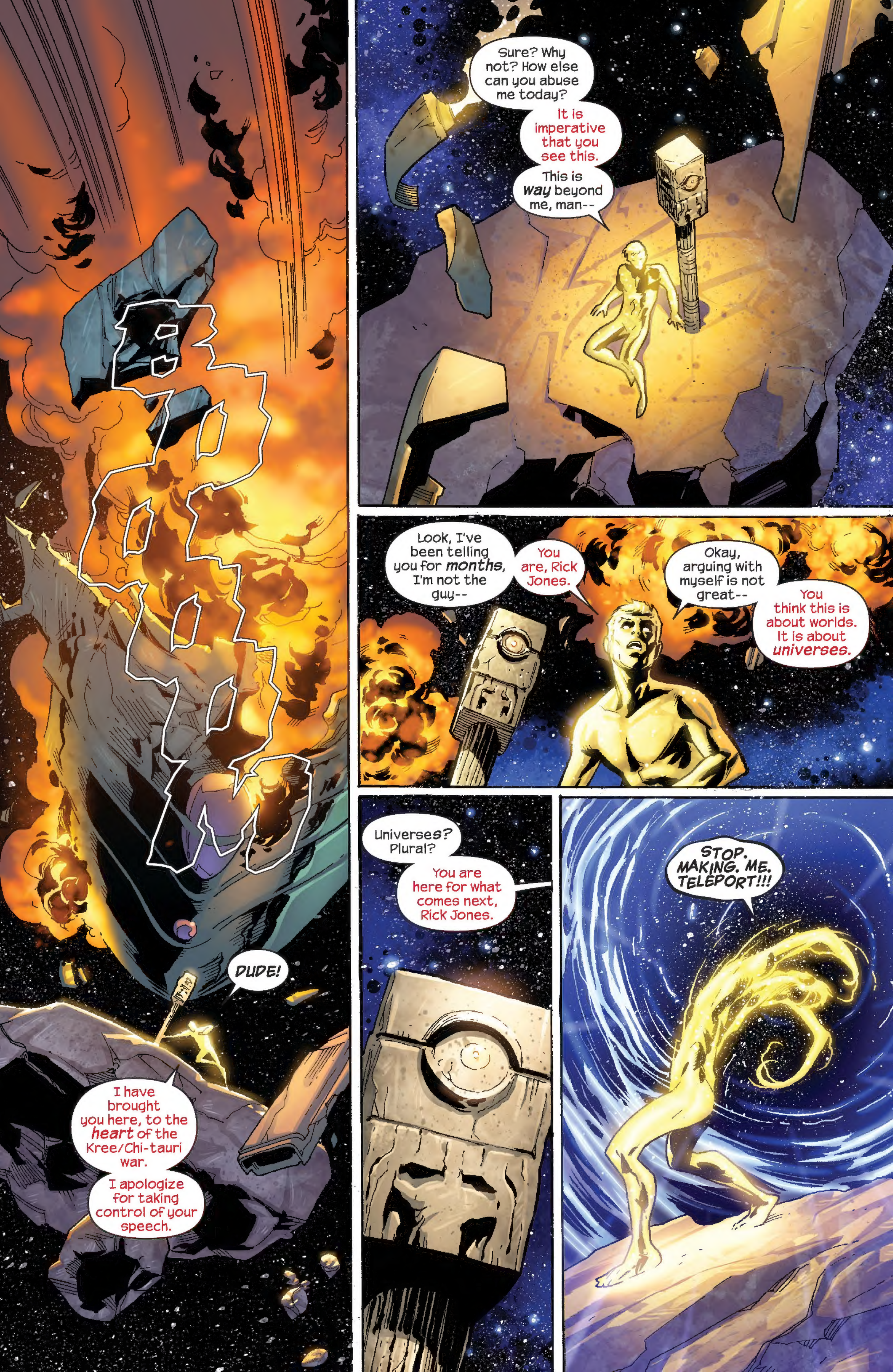
# HUNGER

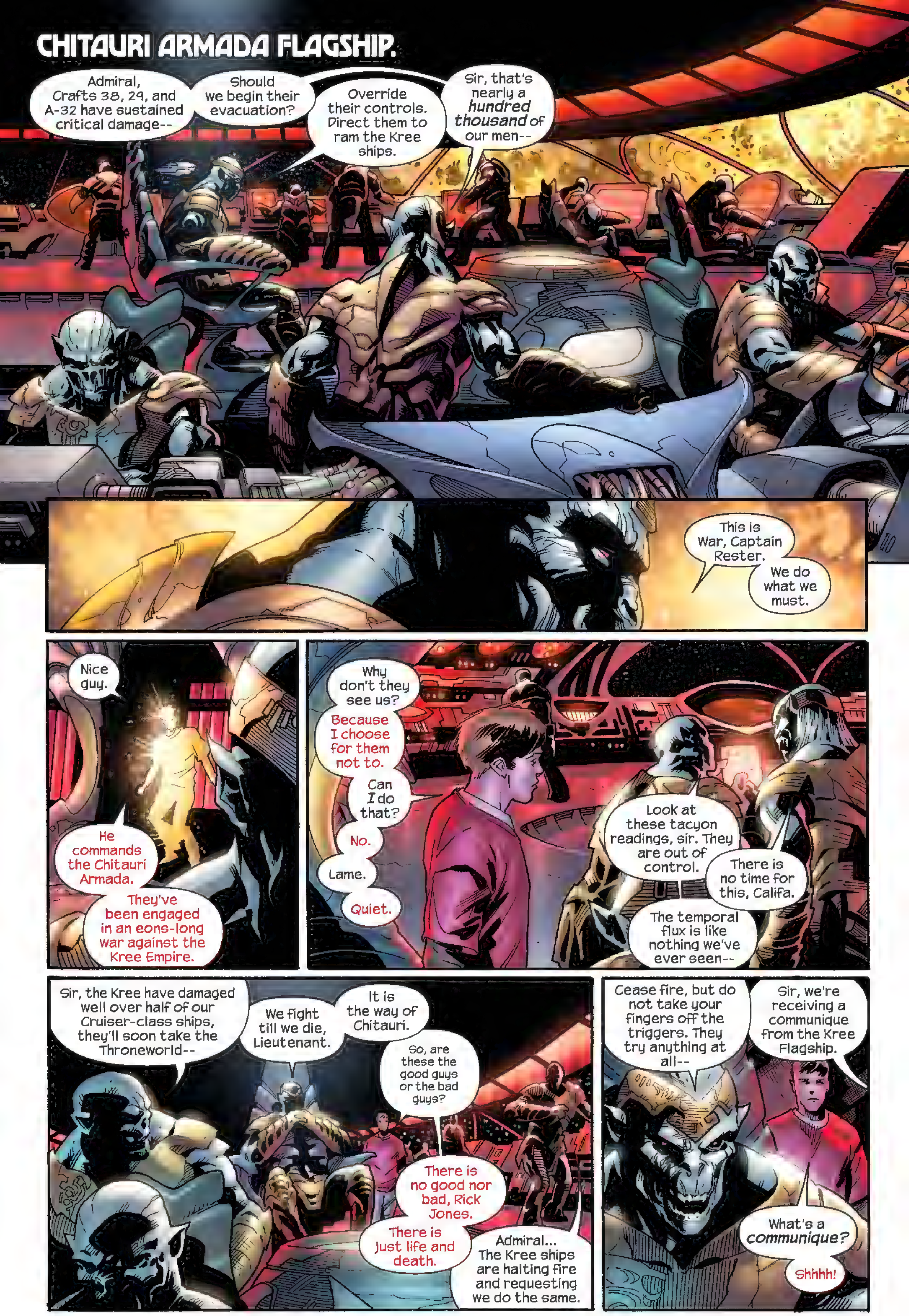

Let's talk about responsibilities.
I used to have to take out the trash and walk my dog (until it got hit by Mrs. Parker's Camry)--
And then I was in a coma, so, y'know...
I wonder who took out the trash while I was in a coma--
Anyways.
Now...I have responsibilities. Big. Dumb. Pains in my butt.
I am the protector of a universe.
Defender of a dimension.
The last hope of a yada yada yada.
And that's fine, I guess. But what about *me?*
For the past year, ***everything*** has been all about doing my miserable, stupid job.
FWOOM
My name is Rick Jones, and it's time I got what I want.
No. What I ***deserve.***

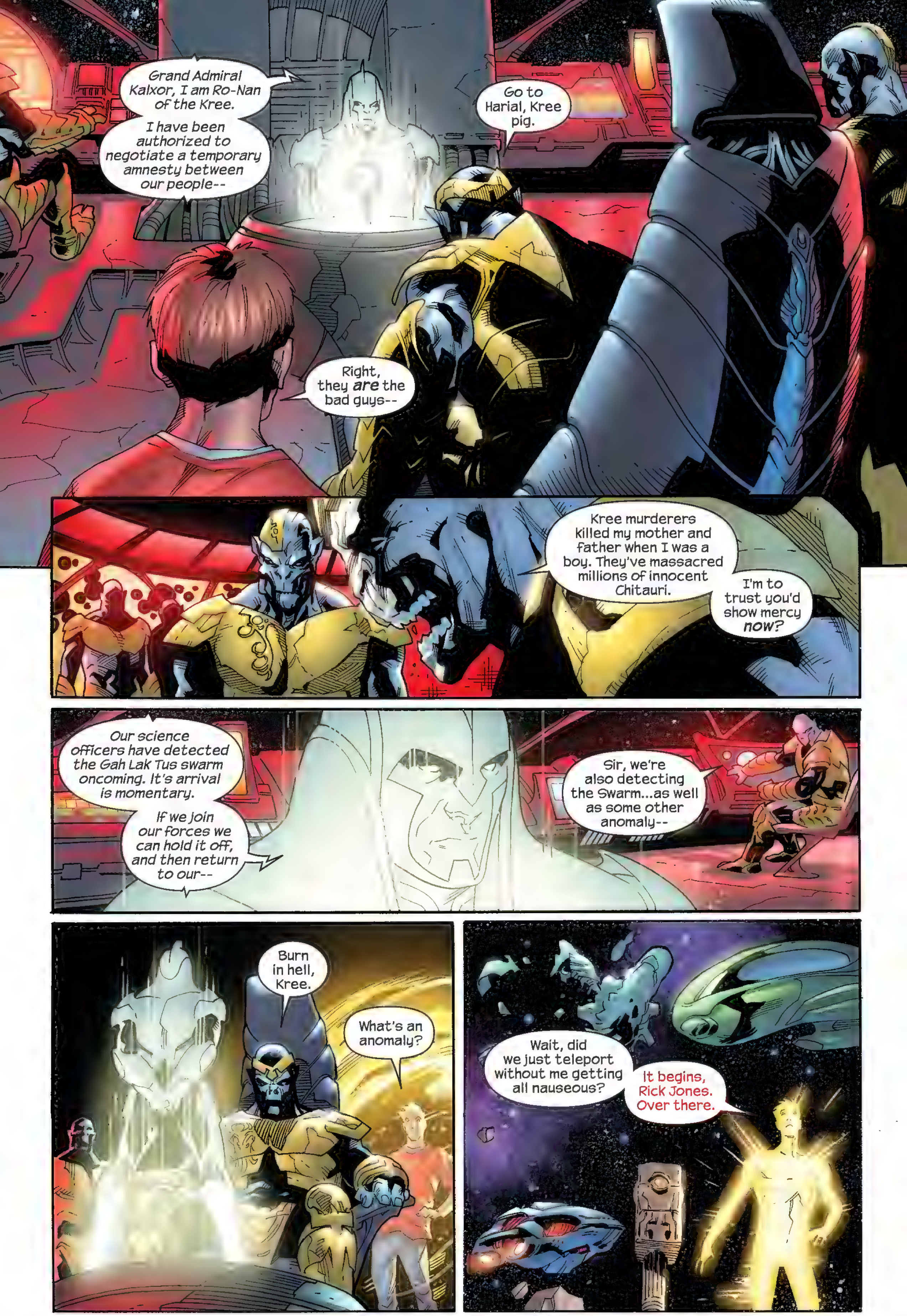

Get ready, Burger Shack.
For I am Rick Jones: devourer of burgers!
BURGER SH
I demand the Burger Shack Behomouth!
In my belly!
Immediately.
I...oh. I don't have a wallet.
Or money.
See, there was this cosmic entity called The Watcher, and he, like, chose me to be the protector of the universe--
I, uh, haven't really talked to another living thing for, like, I dunno, ever?
Yeah. I can see that.
What've I missed? Anything important?
Uh...Captain America was president--
Who won American idol? Was it the soulful white guy?
Rick Jones. Cease this.
Huh? How do you know my name?

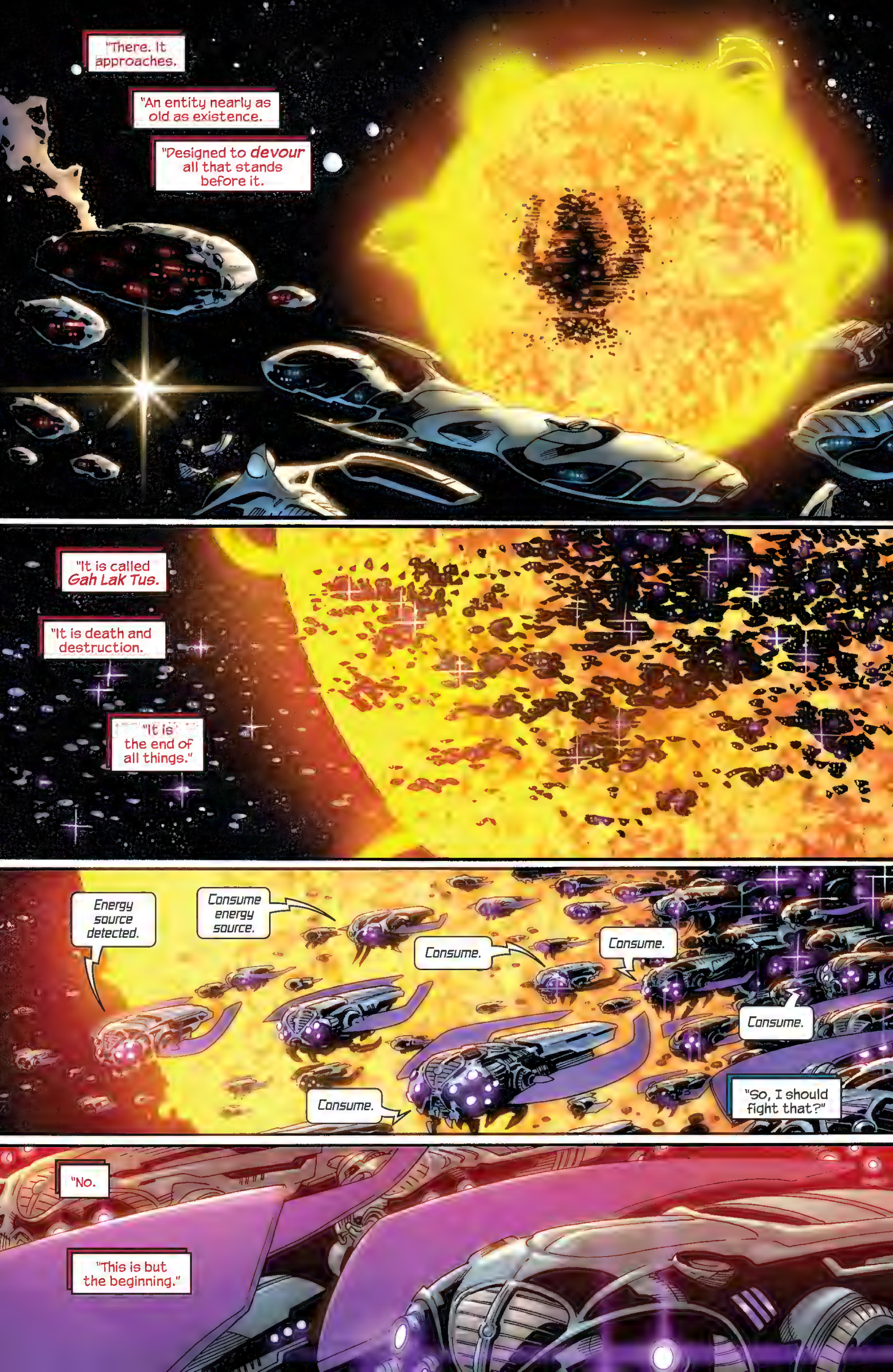

Why have you abandoned your post *again?*
My *post?* You mean flying through space looking for *nothing?* There is ***nothing out there, dude.***
And, look-- you can't keep... watching me like this--
I am the Watcher.
Cindy? What's... Going on? Are you having a stroke?
No, it's just a primordial cosmic entity that is ***always*** on my case.
She'll be fine when he finds someone else to talk through.
You have no need for sustenance, and yet, you fled to fill your belly--
***Oh my God, dude, back off!***
I gave up my whole life for you, and you can't even give me five minutes to eat--
There is not five minutes, or five seconds, Rick Jones.
BS
This universe needs you now.
*No. No. No. No. NOOOO.*
I'll be back for you, my Burgery looooooove...
B

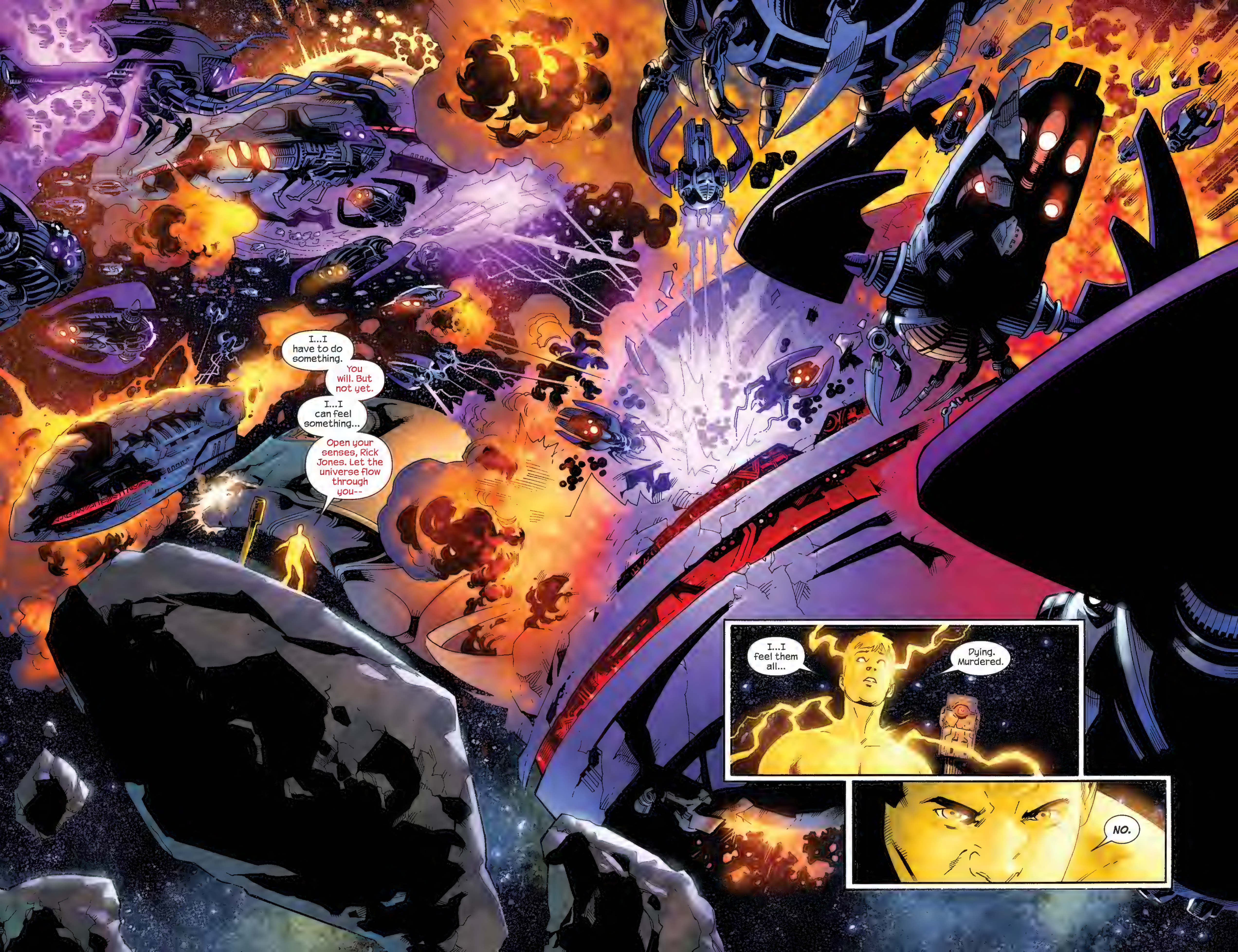

CHITAURI-CONTROLLED SPACE, SECTOR 2310.
GAH!
Seriously?!? You *made* me teleport?
I feel like I'm gonna puke--
Holy #@$*.

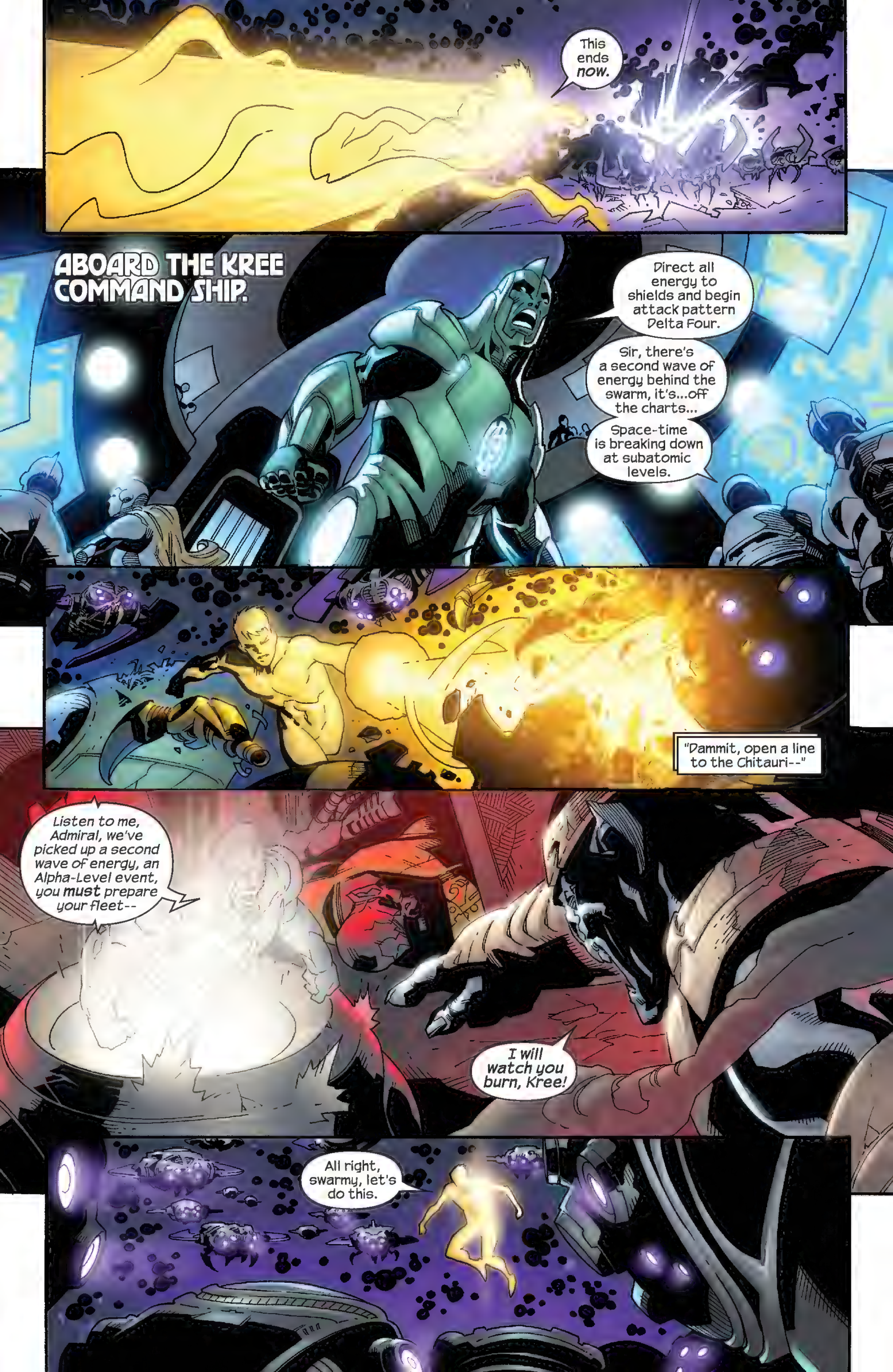

BOOOOM
DUDE!
I have brought you here, to the *heart* of the Kree/Chi-tauri war.
I apologize for taking control of your speech.
Sure? Why not? How else can you abuse me today?
It is imperative that you see this.
This is *way* beyond me, man--
Look, I've been telling you for *months*, I'm not the guy--
You are, Rick Jones.
Okay, arguing with myself is not great--
You think this is about worlds. It is about *universes.*
Universe*s*? Plural?
You are here for what comes next, Rick Jones.
STOP. MAKING. ME. TELEPORT!!!

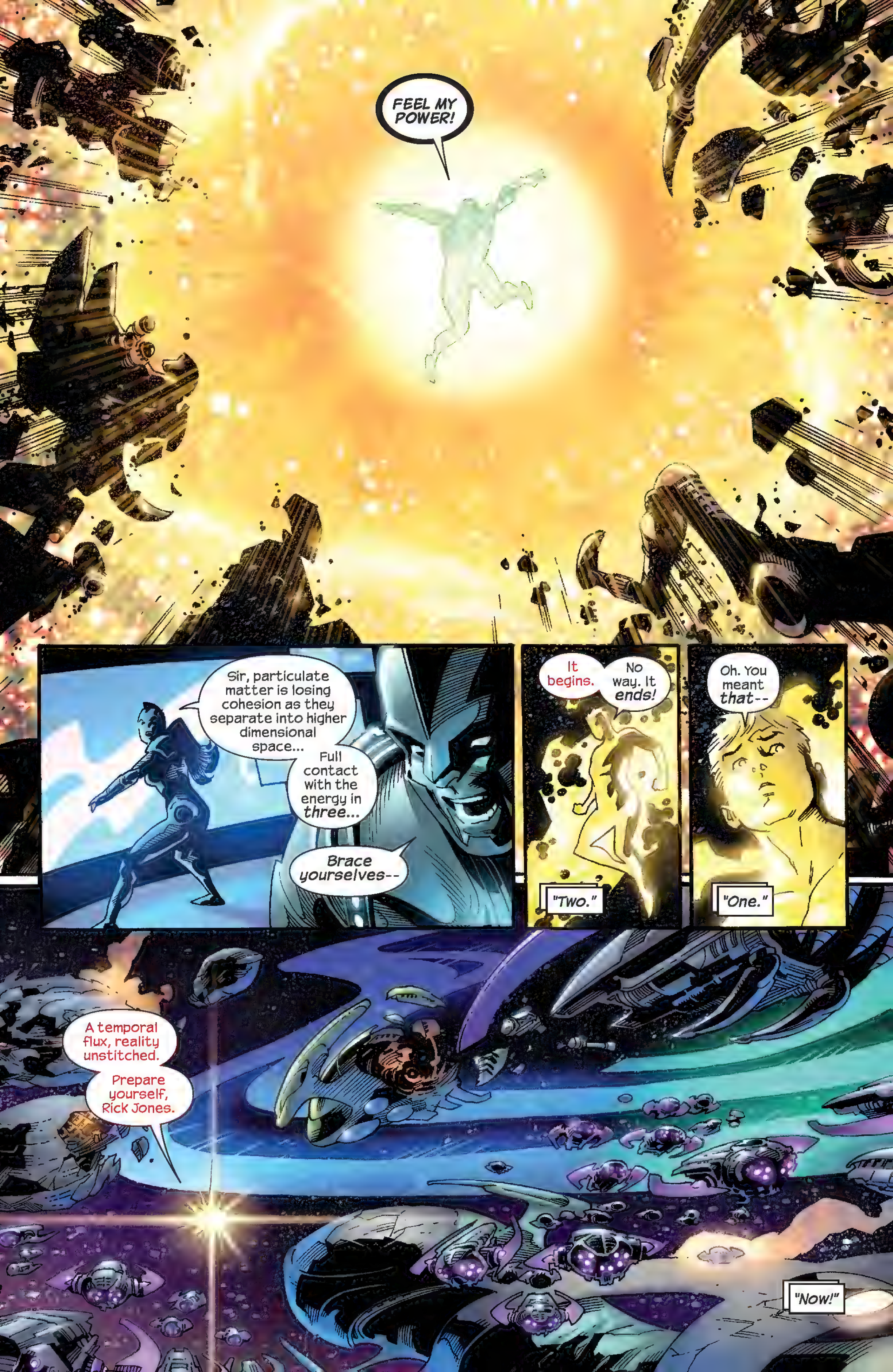

CHITAURI ARMADA FLAGSHIP.
Admiral, Crafts 38, 29, and A-32 have sustained critical damage--
Should we begin their evacuation?
Override their controls. Direct them to ram the Kree ships.
Sir, that's nearly a *hundred thousand* of our men--
This is War, Captain Rester.
We do what we must.
Nice guy.
He commands the Chitauri Armada.
They've been engaged in an eons-long war against the Kree Empire.
Why don't they see us?
Because I choose for them not to.
Can *I* do that?
No.
Lame.
Quiet.
Look at these tacyon readings, sir. They are out of control.
There is no time for this, Califa.
The temporal flux is like nothing we've ever seen--
Sir, the Kree have damaged well over half of our Cruiser-class ships, they'll soon take the Throneworld--
We fight till we die, Lieutenant.
It is the way of Chitauri.
So, are these the good guys or the bad guys?
There is no good nor bad, Rick Jones.
There is just life and death.
Admiral... The Kree ships are halting fire and requesting we do the same.
Cease fire, but do not take your fingers off the triggers. They try anything at all--
Sir, we're receiving a communique from the Kree Flagship.
What's a *communique?*
Shhhh!

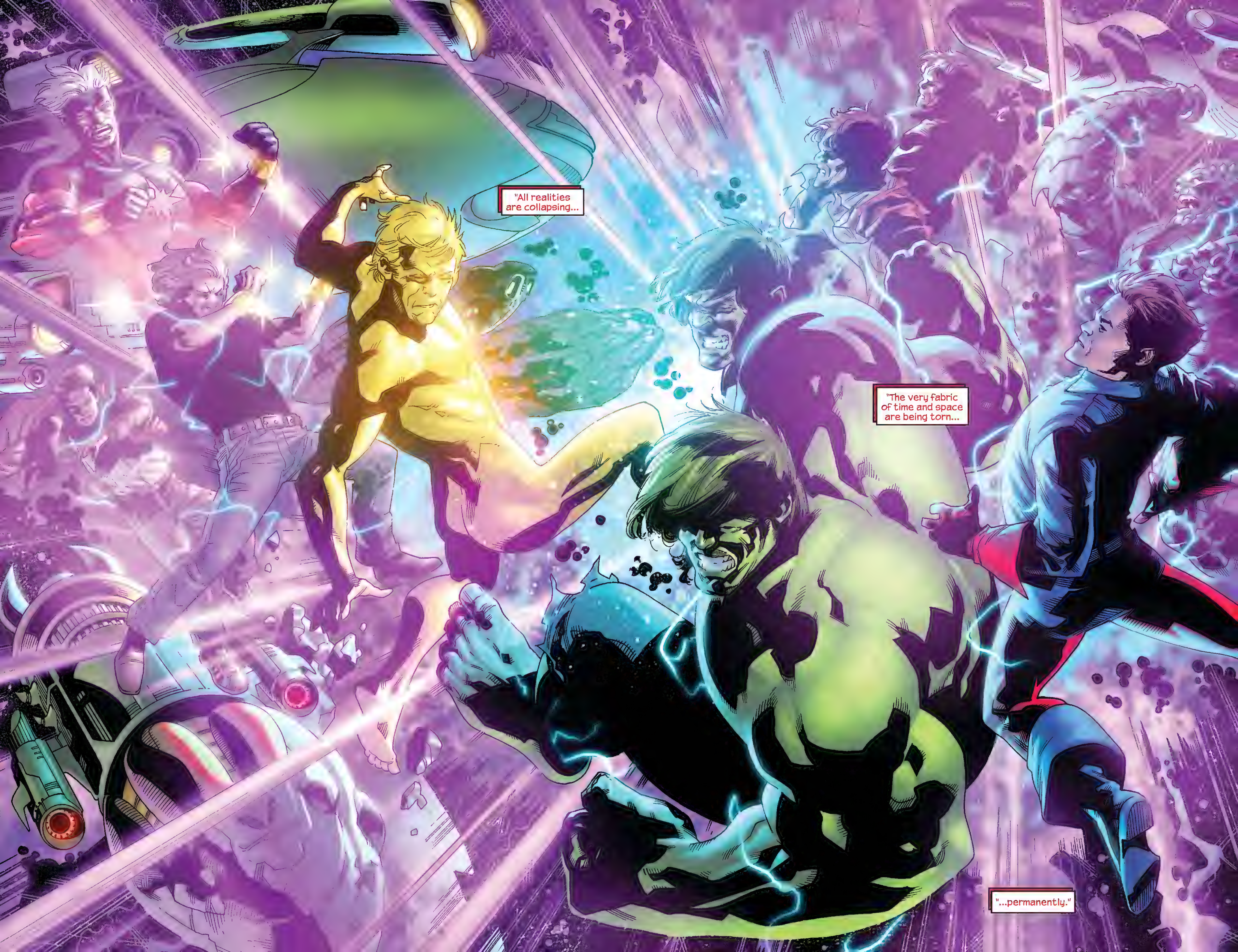

Grand Admiral Kalxor, I am Ro-Nan of the Kree.
I have been authorized to negotiate a temporary amnesty between our people--
Go to Harial, Kree pig.
Right, they *are* the bad guys--
Kree murderers killed my mother and father when I was a boy. They've massacred millions of innocent Chitauri.
I'm to trust you'd show mercy ***now?***
Our science officers have detected the Gah Lak Tus swarm oncoming. It's arrival is momentary.
If we join our forces we can hold it off, and then return to our--
Sir, we're also detecting the Swarm...as well as some other anomaly--
Burn in hell, Kree.
What's an anomaly?
Wait, did we just teleport without me getting all nauseous?
It begins, Rick Jones. Over there.

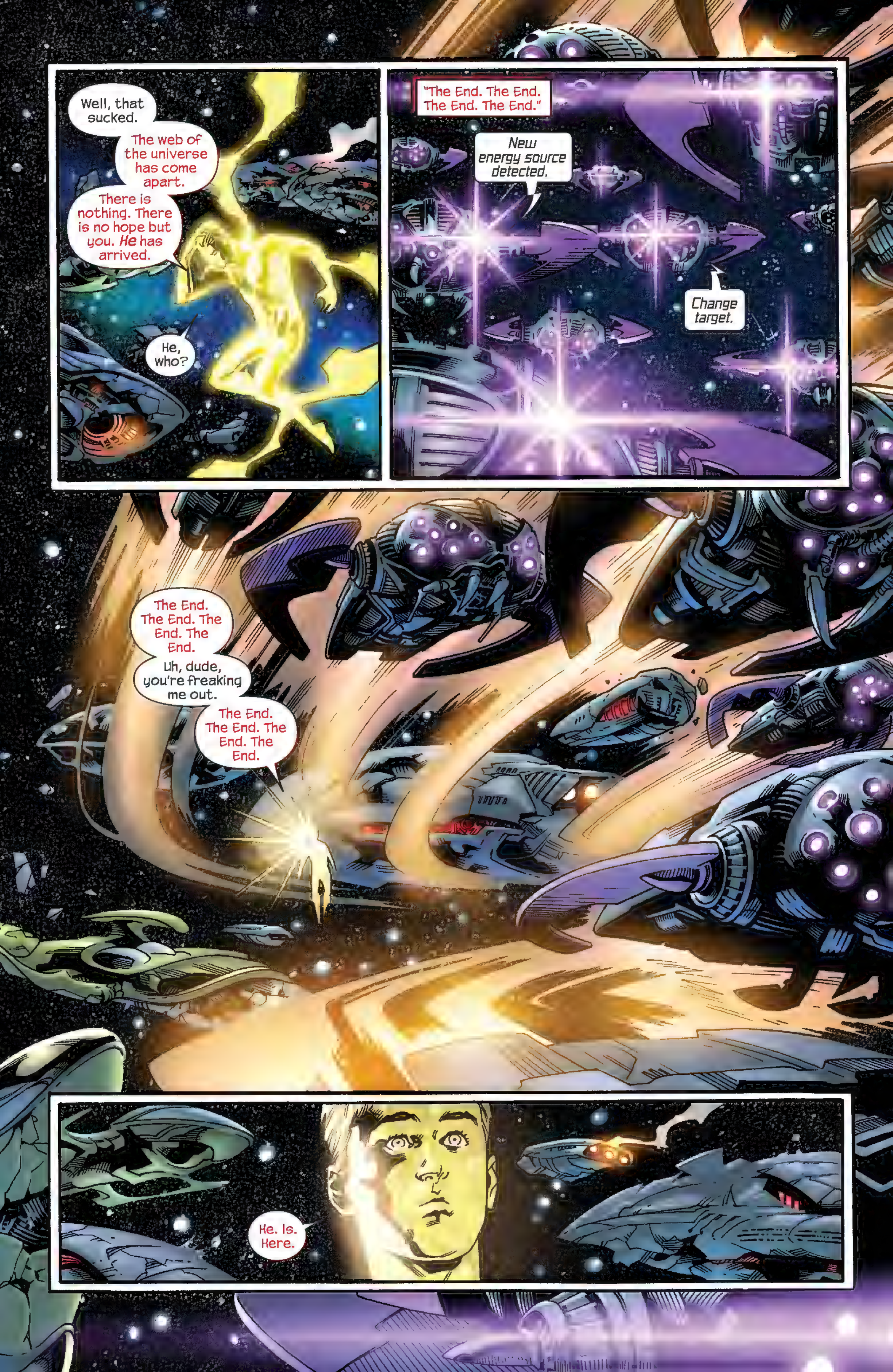

"There. It approaches.
"An entity nearly as old as existence.
"Designed to **devour** all that stands before it.
"It is called *Gah Lak Tus.*
"It is death and destruction.
"It is the end of all things."
*Energy source detected.*
*Consume energy source.*
*Consume.*
*Consume.*
*Consume.*
*Consume.*
"So, I should fight that?"
"No.
"This is but the beginning."

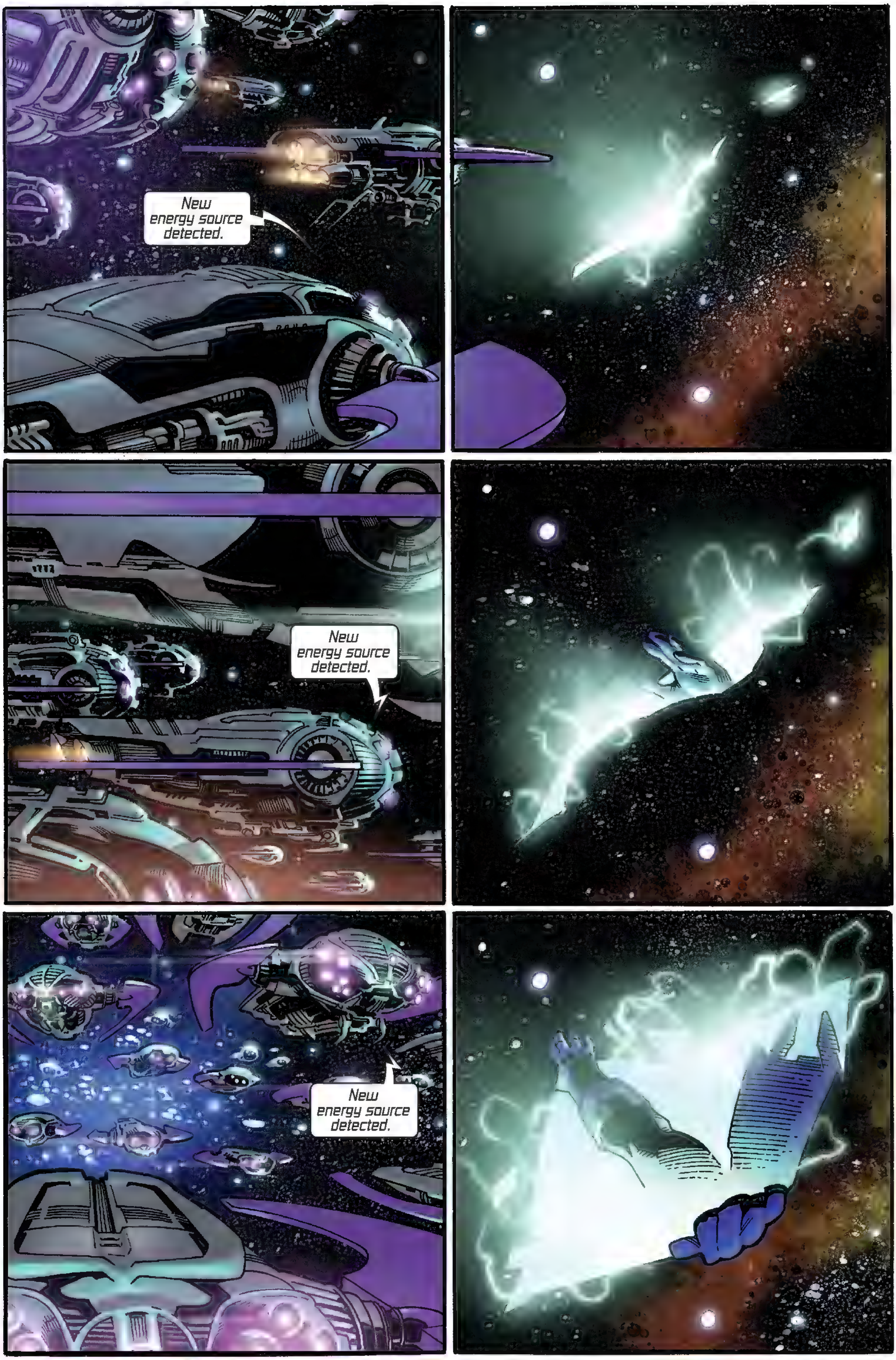

I...I have to do something.
You will. But not yet.
I...I can feel something...
Open your senses, Rick Jones. Let the universe flow through you--
I...I feel them all...
Dying. Murdered.
NO.

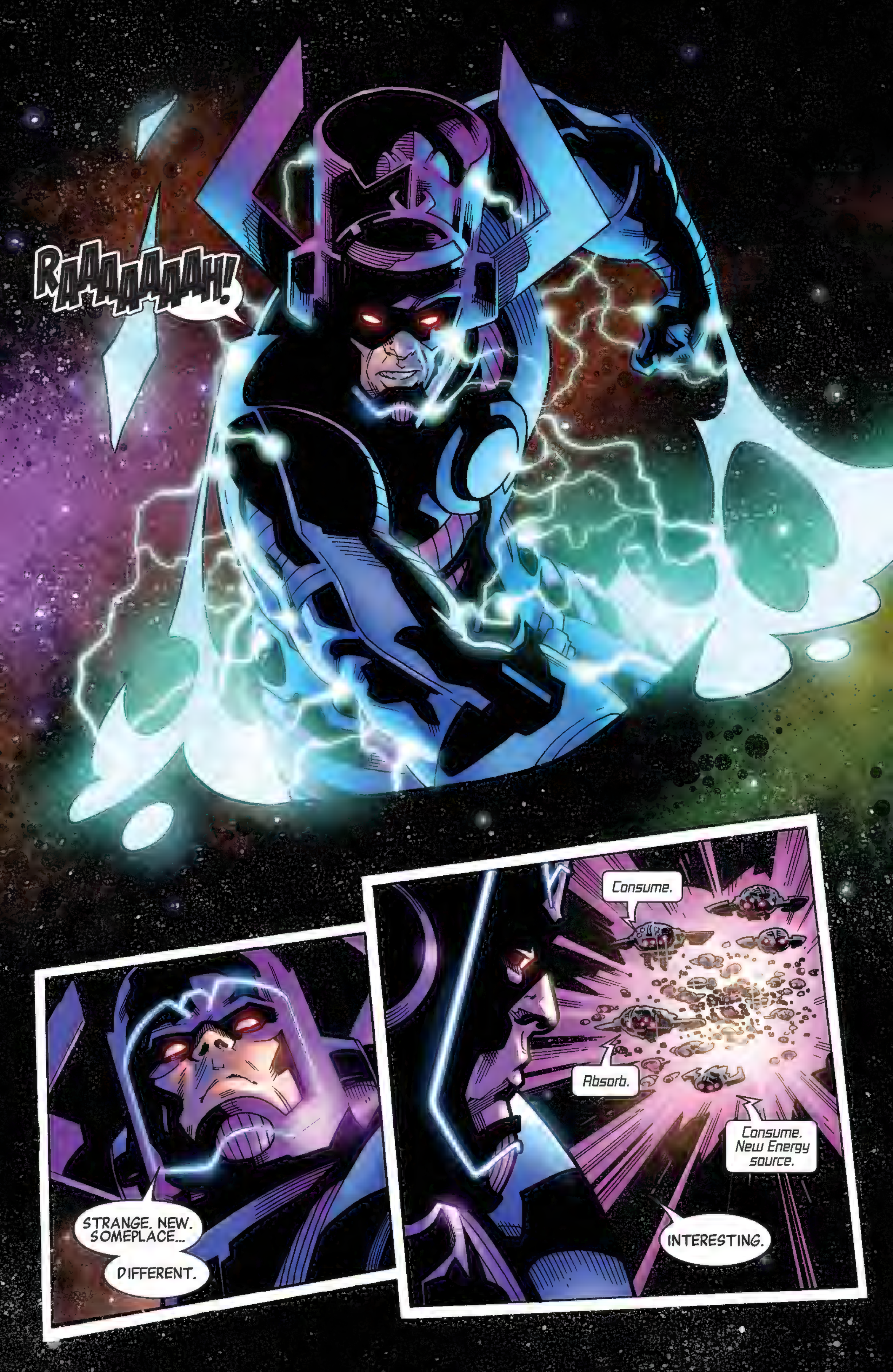

This ends *now.*
ABOARD THE KREE COMMAND SHIP.
Direct all energy to shields and begin attack pattern Delta Four.
Sir, there's a second wave of energy behind the swarm, it's...off the charts...
Space-time is breaking down at subatomic levels.
"Dammit, open a line to the Chitauri--"
*Listen to me, Admiral, we've picked up a second wave of energy, an Alpha-Level event, you **must** prepare your fleet--*
*I will watch you burn, Kree!*
All right, swarmy, let's do this.

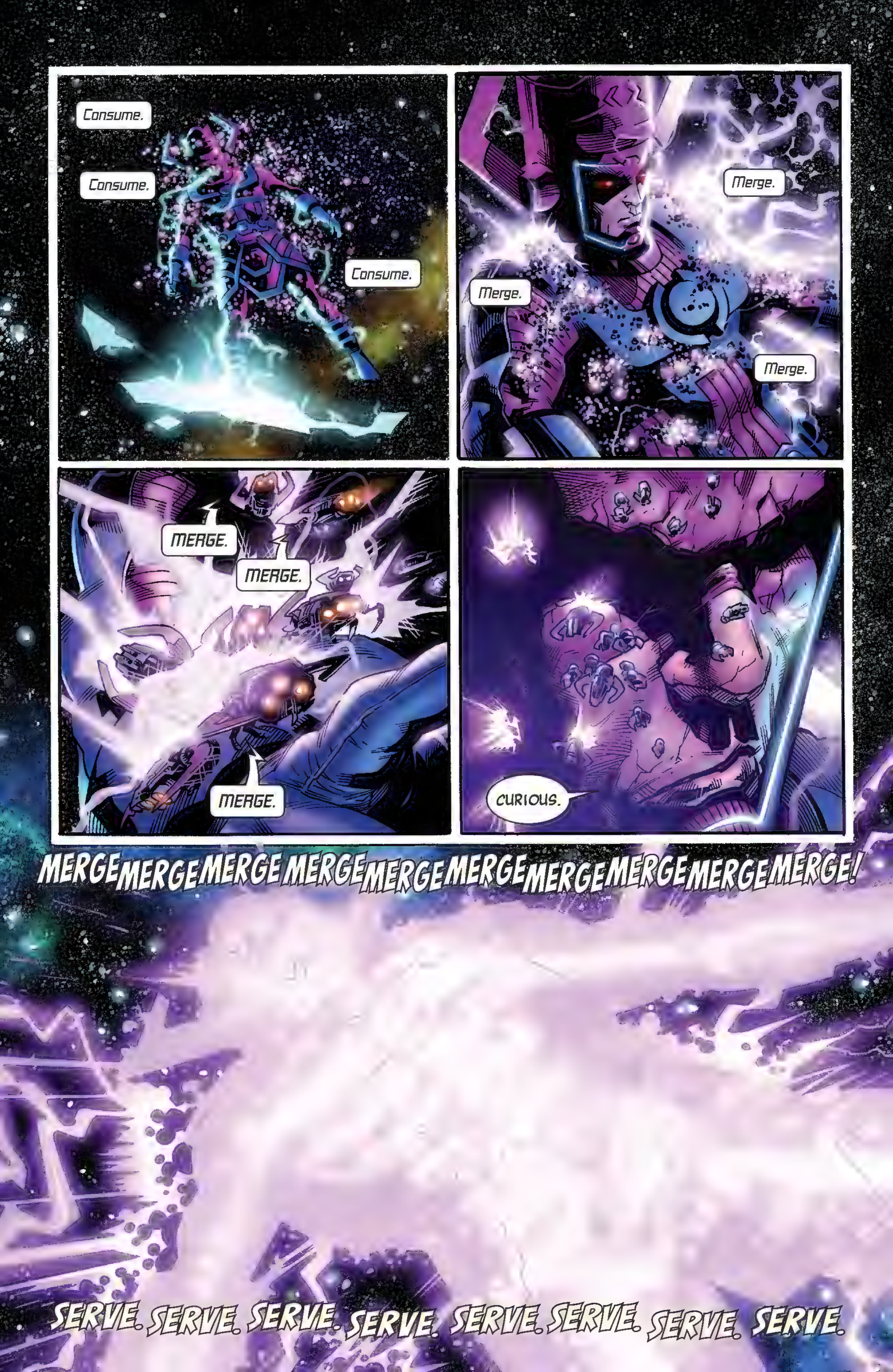

FEEL MY POWER!
Sir, particulate matter is losing cohesion as they separate into higher dimensional space...
Full contact with the energy in *three*...
Brace yourselves--
It begins.
No way. It *ends!*
"Two."
Oh. You meant *that*--
"One."
A temporal flux, reality unstitched.
Prepare yourself, Rick Jones.
"Now!"

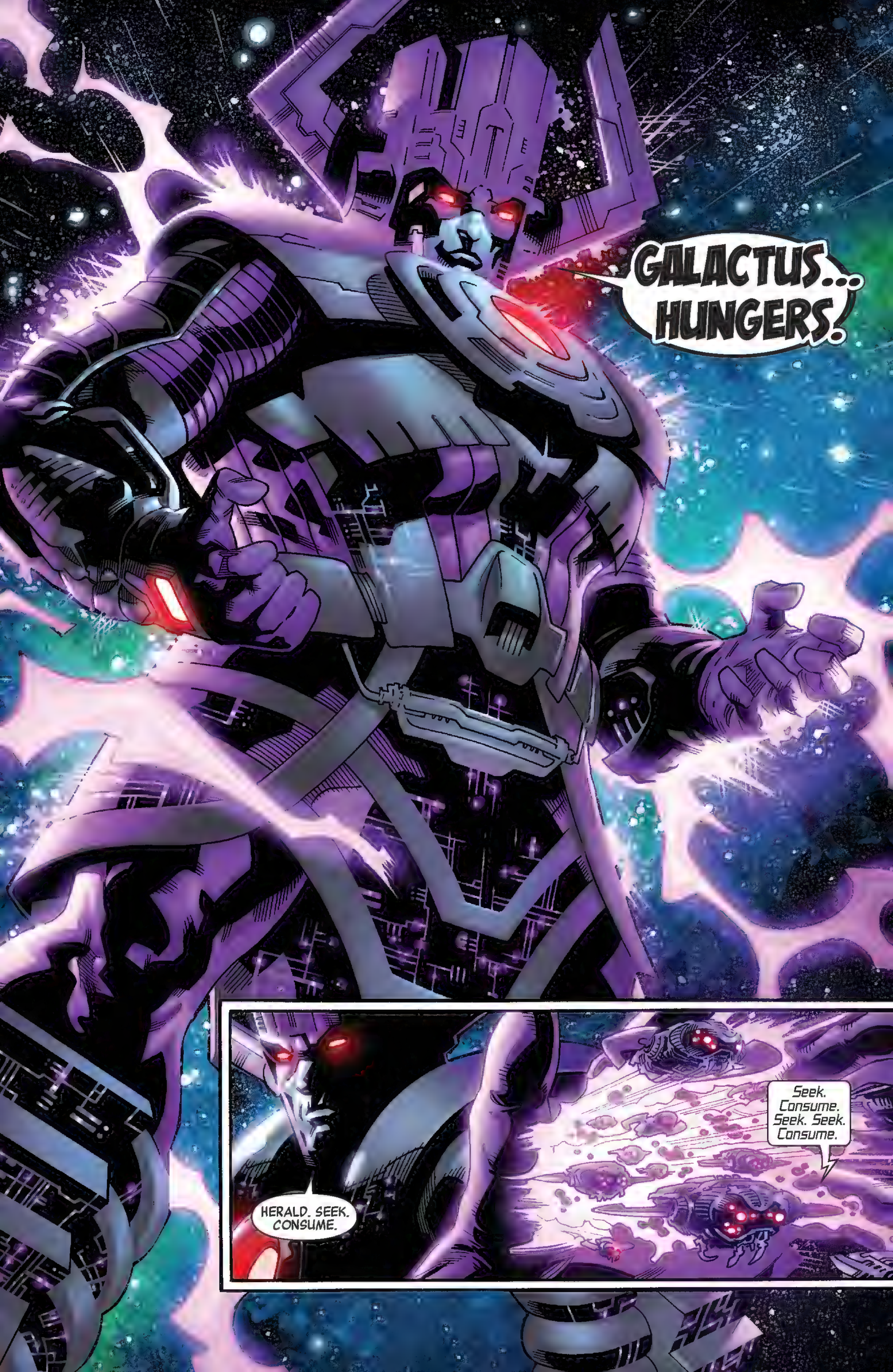

"All realities are collapsing...
"The very fabric of time and space are being torn...
"...permanently."


Well, that sucked.
The web of the universe has come apart.
There is nothing. There is no hope but you. *He* has arrived.
He, who?
"The End. The End. The End. The End."
*New energy source detected.*
*Change target.*
The End. The End. The End. The End.
Uh, dude, you're freaking me out.
The End. The End. The End. The End.
He. Is. Here.


New energy source detected.
New energy source detected.
New energy source detected.

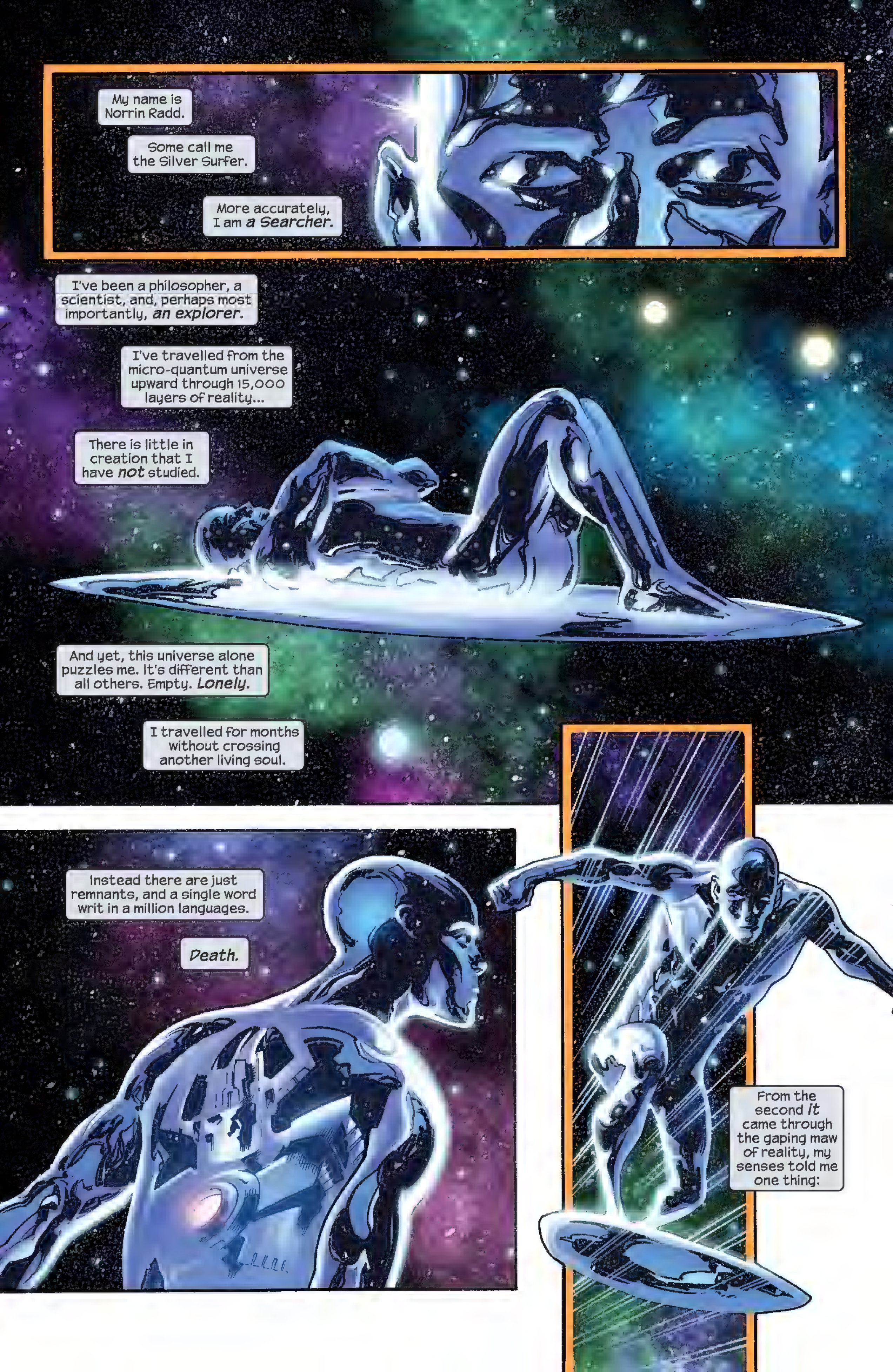

RAAAAAAAH!
STRANGE. NEW. SOMEPLACE...
DIFFERENT.
Consume.
Absorb.
Consume. New Energy source.
INTERESTING.

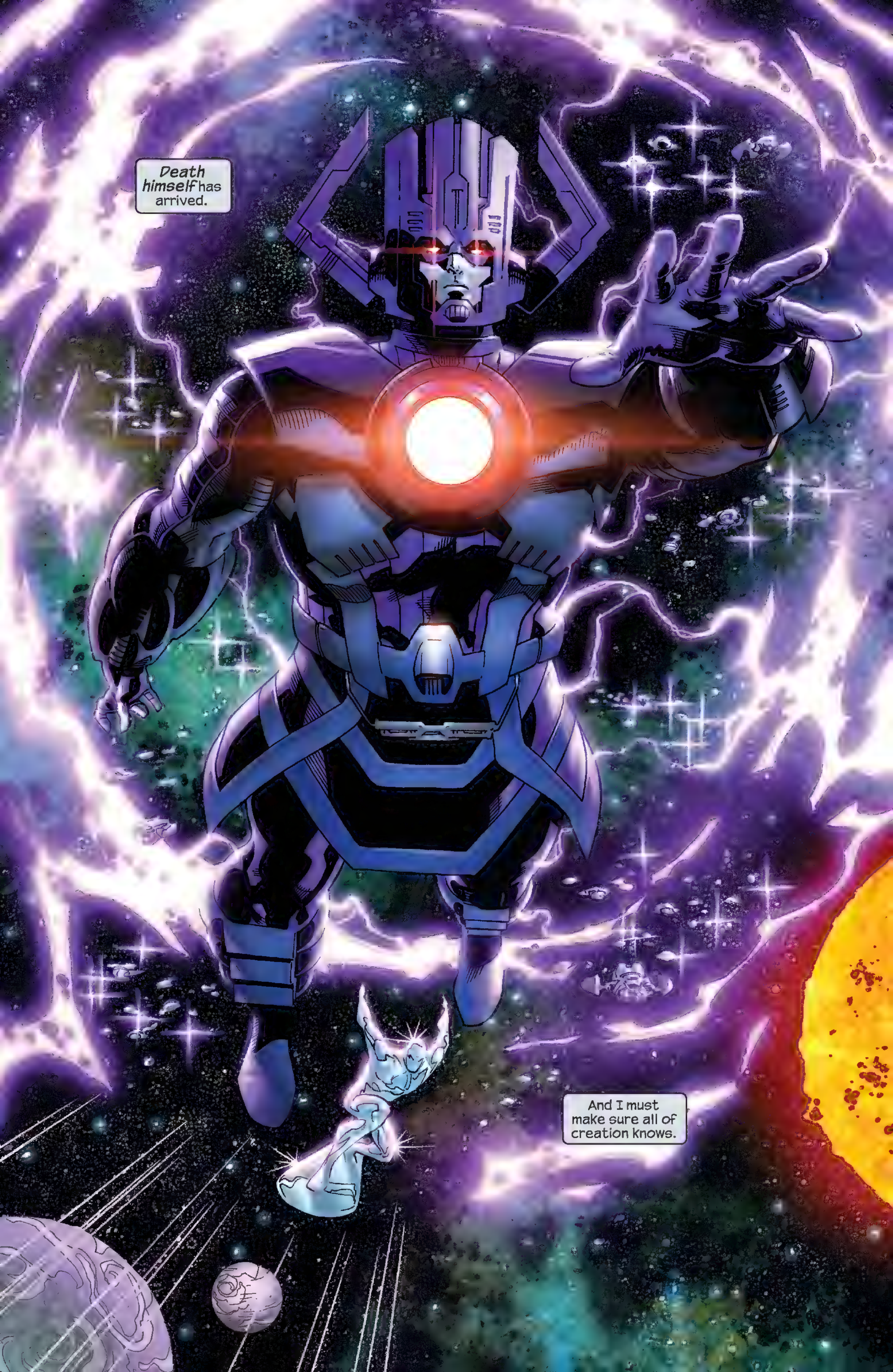

Consume.
Consume.
Consume.
Merge.
Merge.
Merge.
MERGE.
MERGE.
MERGE.
CURIOUS.
MERGEMERGEMERGE MERGEMERGEMERGEMERGEMERGEMERGEMERGE!
SERVE. SERVE. SERVE. SERVE. SERVE. SERVE. SERVE. SERVE.

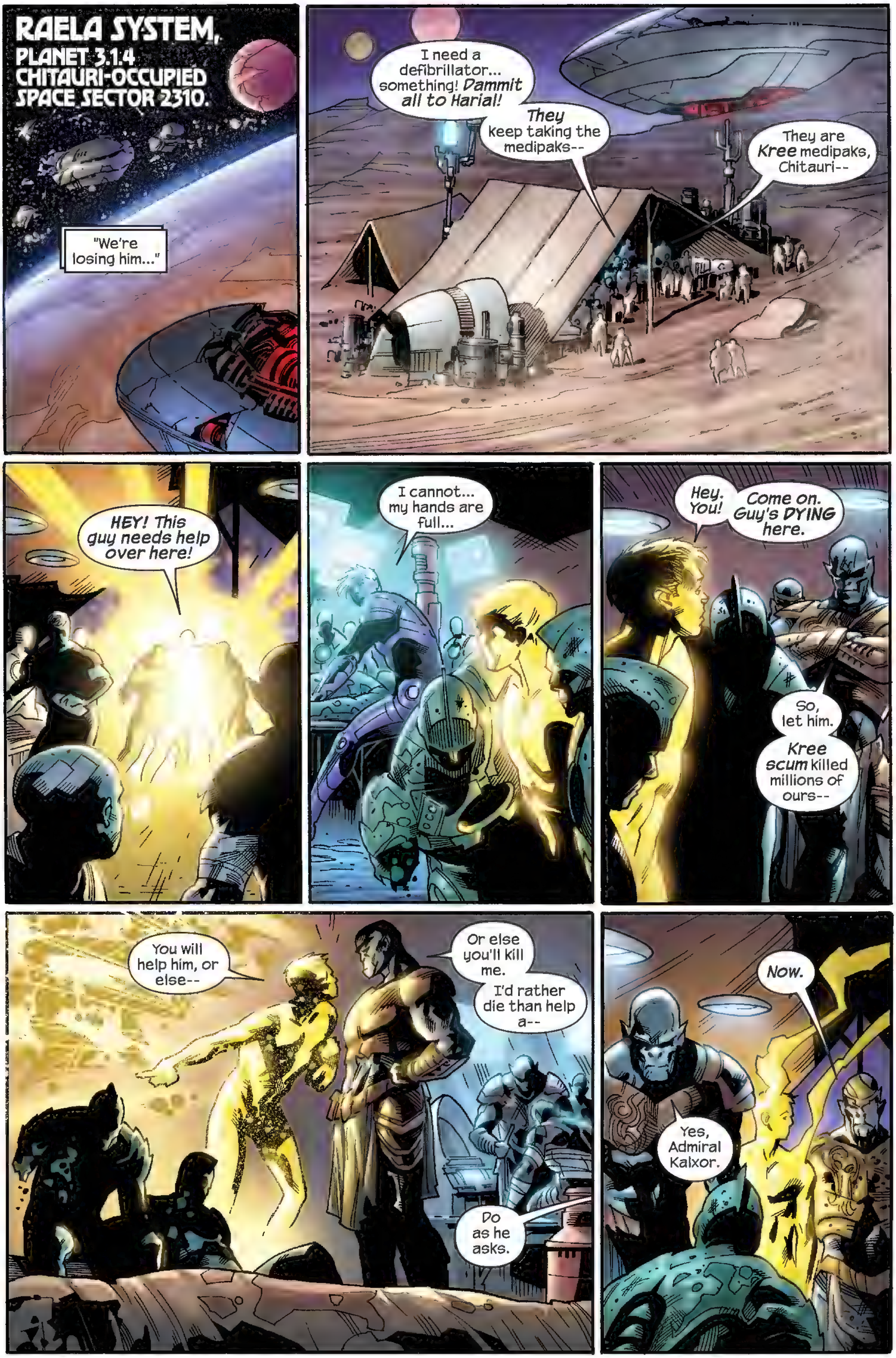

GALACTUS... HUNGERS.
HERALD. SEEK. CONSUME.
Seek. Consume. Seek. Seek. Consume.

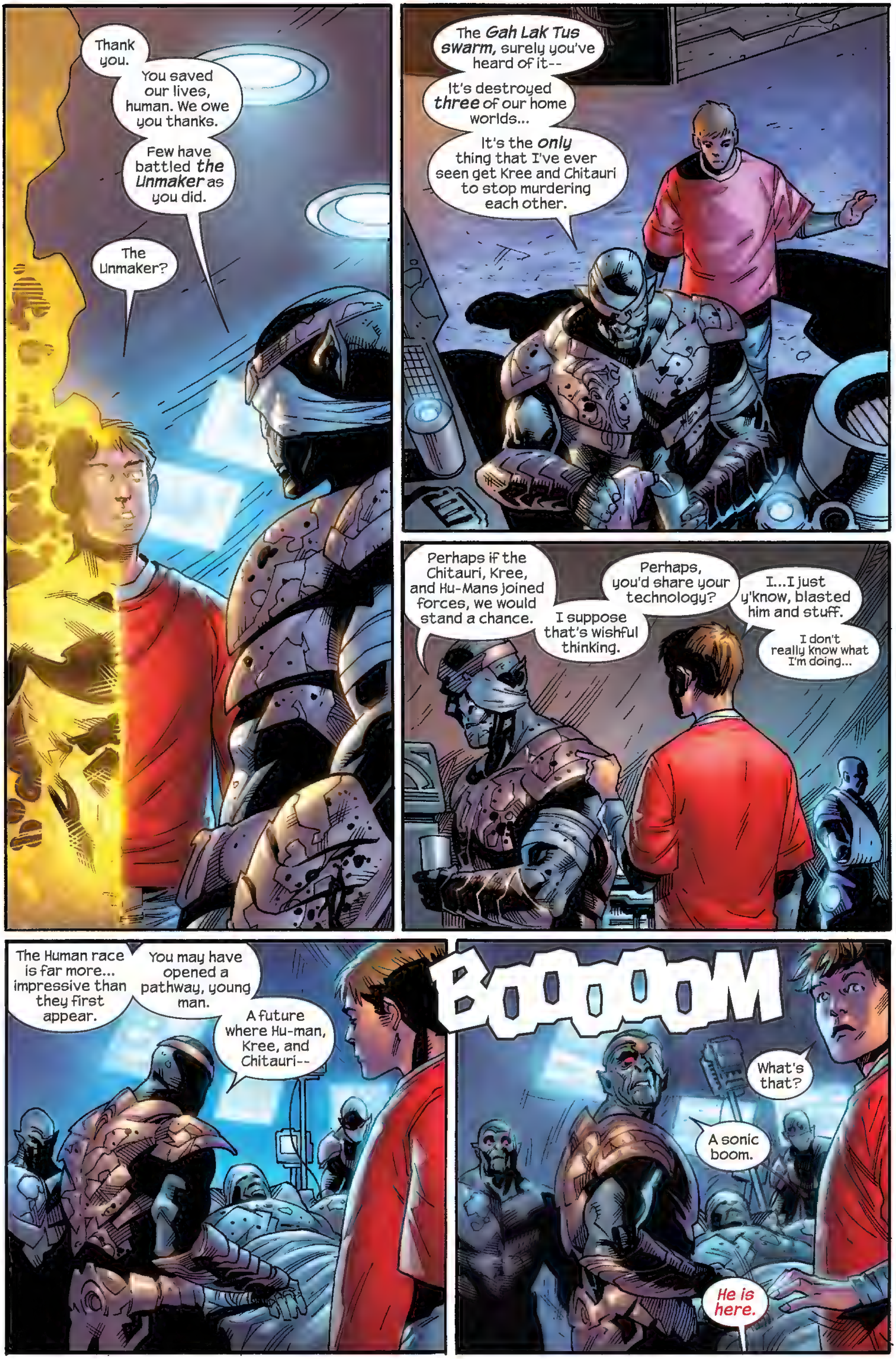
HUNGER #1 VARIANT BY NEAL ADAMS & MOOSE BAUMANN

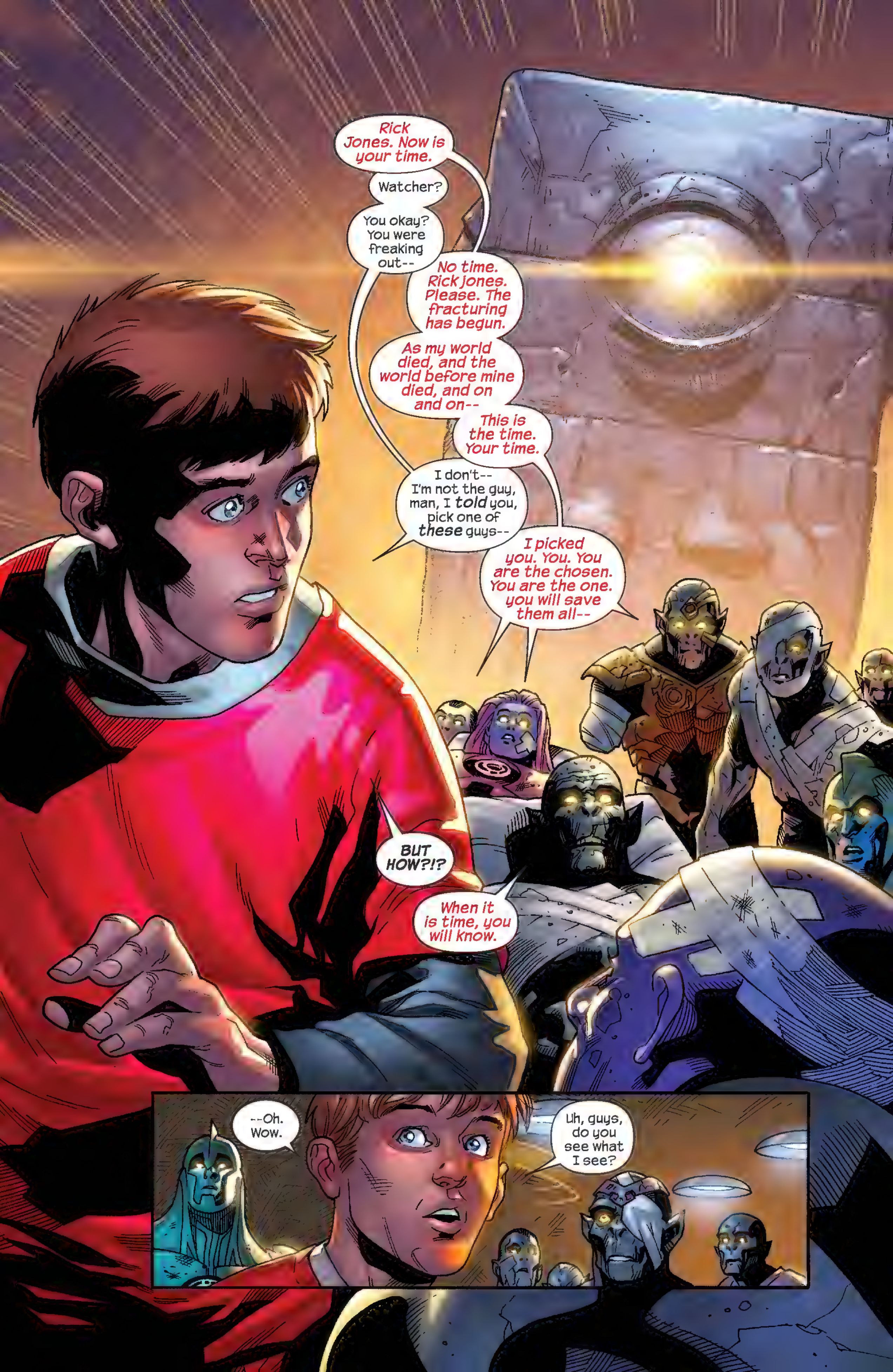
HUNGER #2

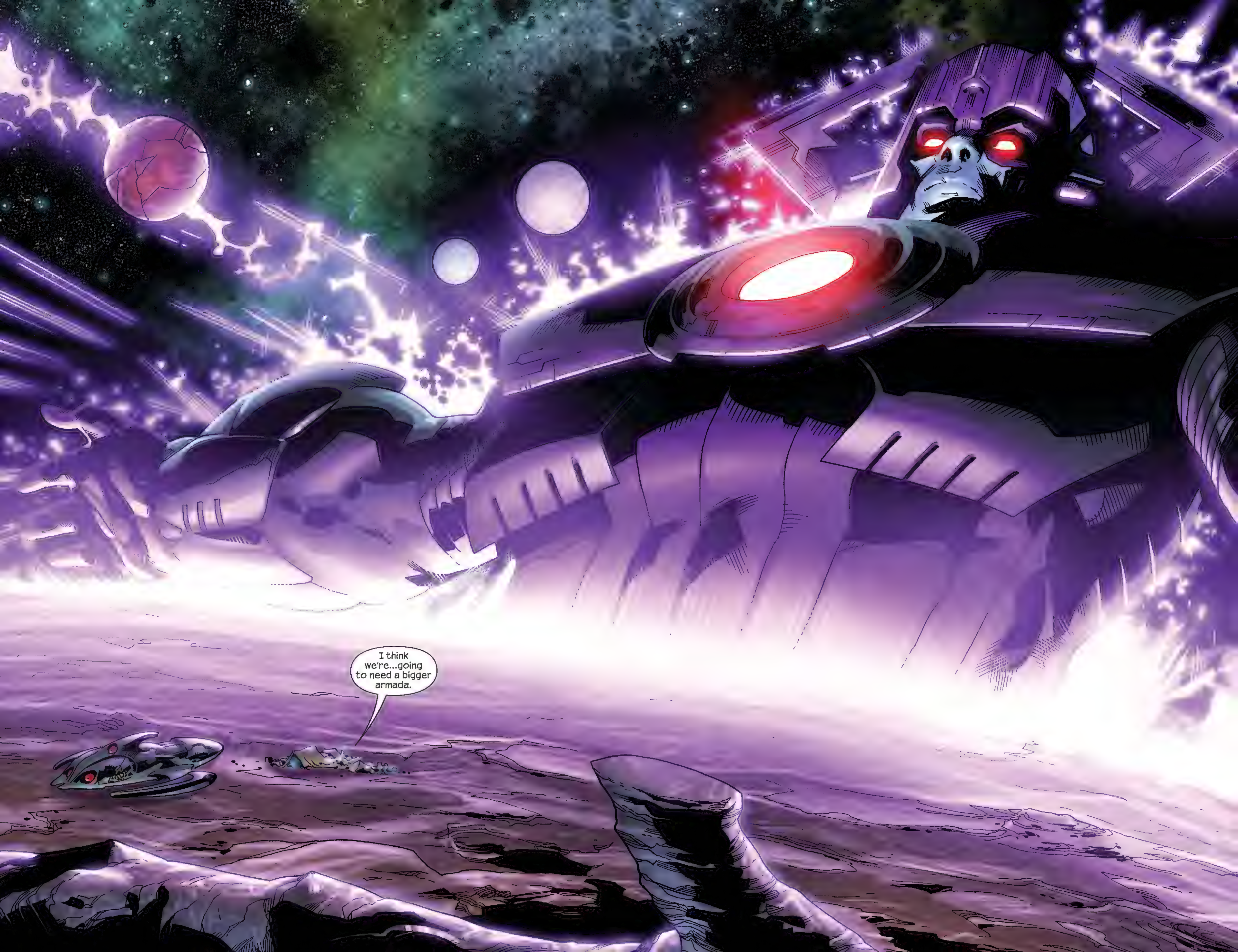

My name is Norrin Radd.
Some call me the Silver Surfer.
More accurately, I am *a Searcher.*
I've been a philosopher, a scientist, and, perhaps most importantly, *an explorer.*
I've travelled from the micro-quantum universe upward through 15,000 layers of reality...
There is little in creation that I have *not* studied.
And yet, this universe alone puzzles me. It's different than all others. Empty. *Lonely.*
I travelled for months without crossing another living soul.
Instead there are just remnants, and a single word writ in a million languages.
*Death.*
From the second *it* came through the gaping maw of reality, my senses told me one thing:

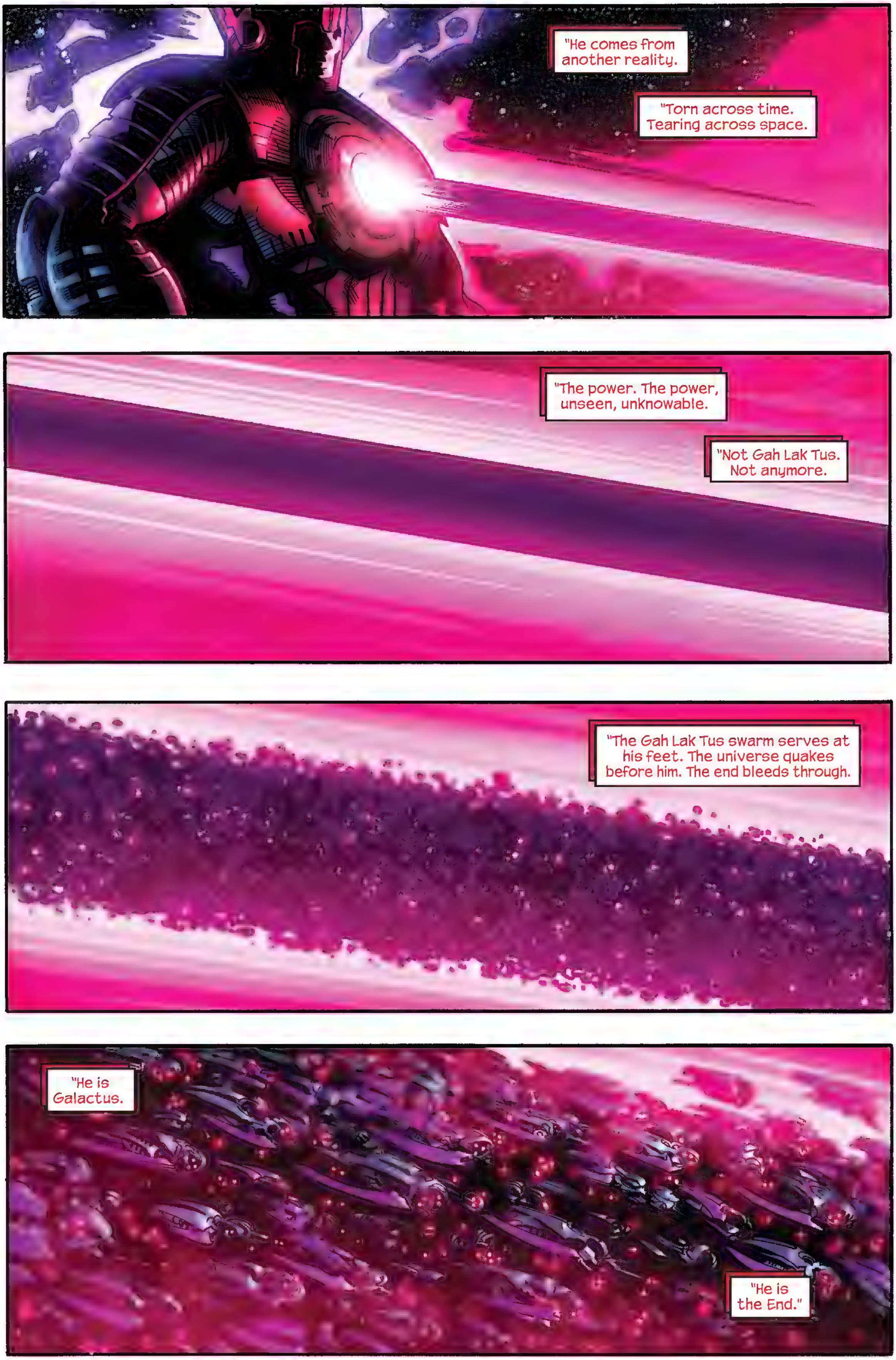

*Death himself* has arrived.
And I must make sure all of creation knows.

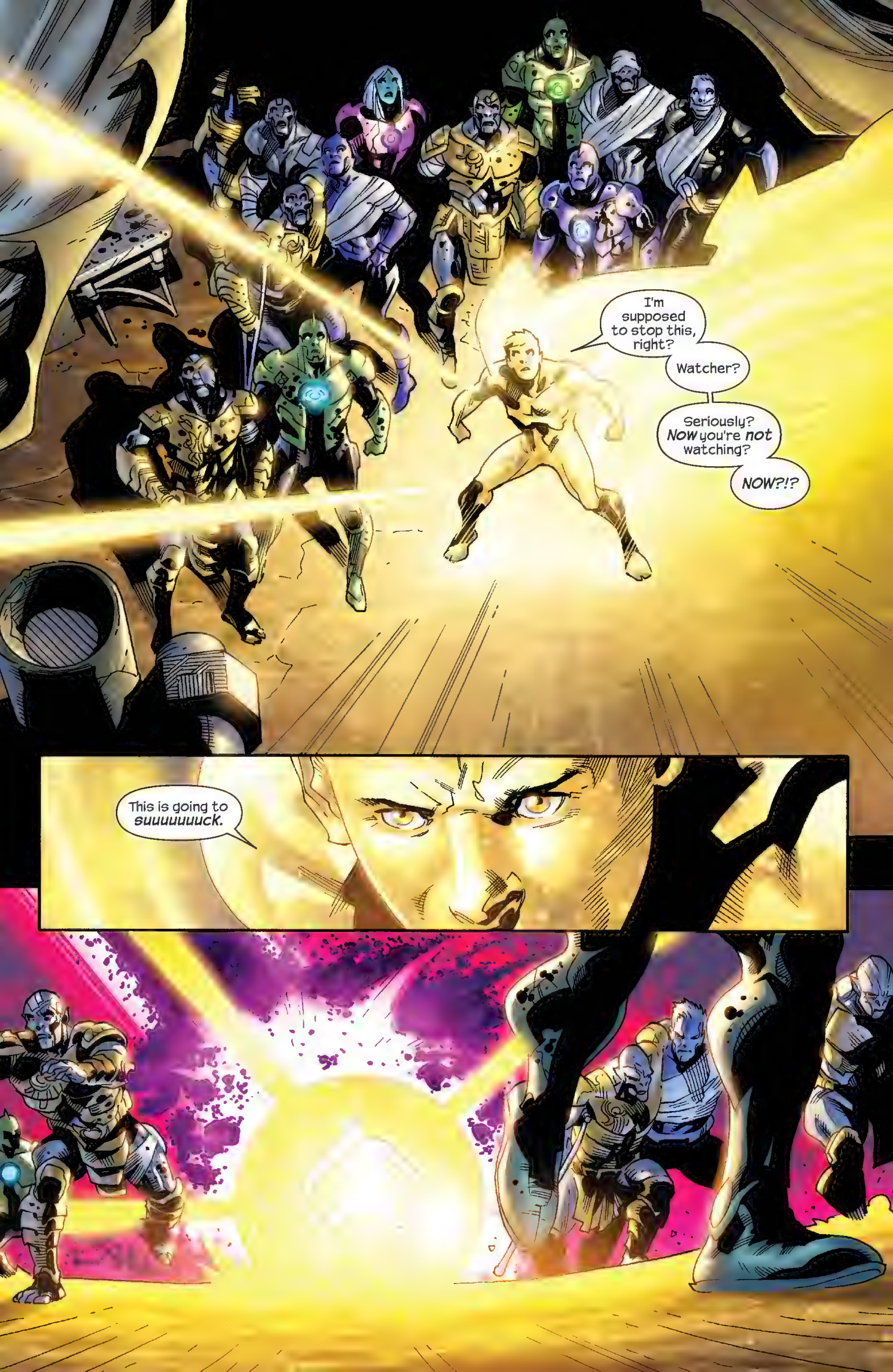

RAELA SYSTEM, PLANET 3.1.4 CHITAURI-OCCUPIED SPACE SECTOR 2310.
"We're losing him..."
I need a defibrillator... something! *Dammit all to Harial!*
*They* keep taking the medipaks--
They are ***Kree*** medipaks, Chitauri--
***HEY!*** *This guy needs help over here!*
I cannot... my hands are full...
Hey. You!
Come on. Guy's ***DYING*** here.
So, let him.
***Kree scum*** killed millions of ours--
You will help him, or else--
Or else you'll kill me.
I'd rather die than help a--
Do as he asks.
*Now.*
Yes, Admiral Kalxor.

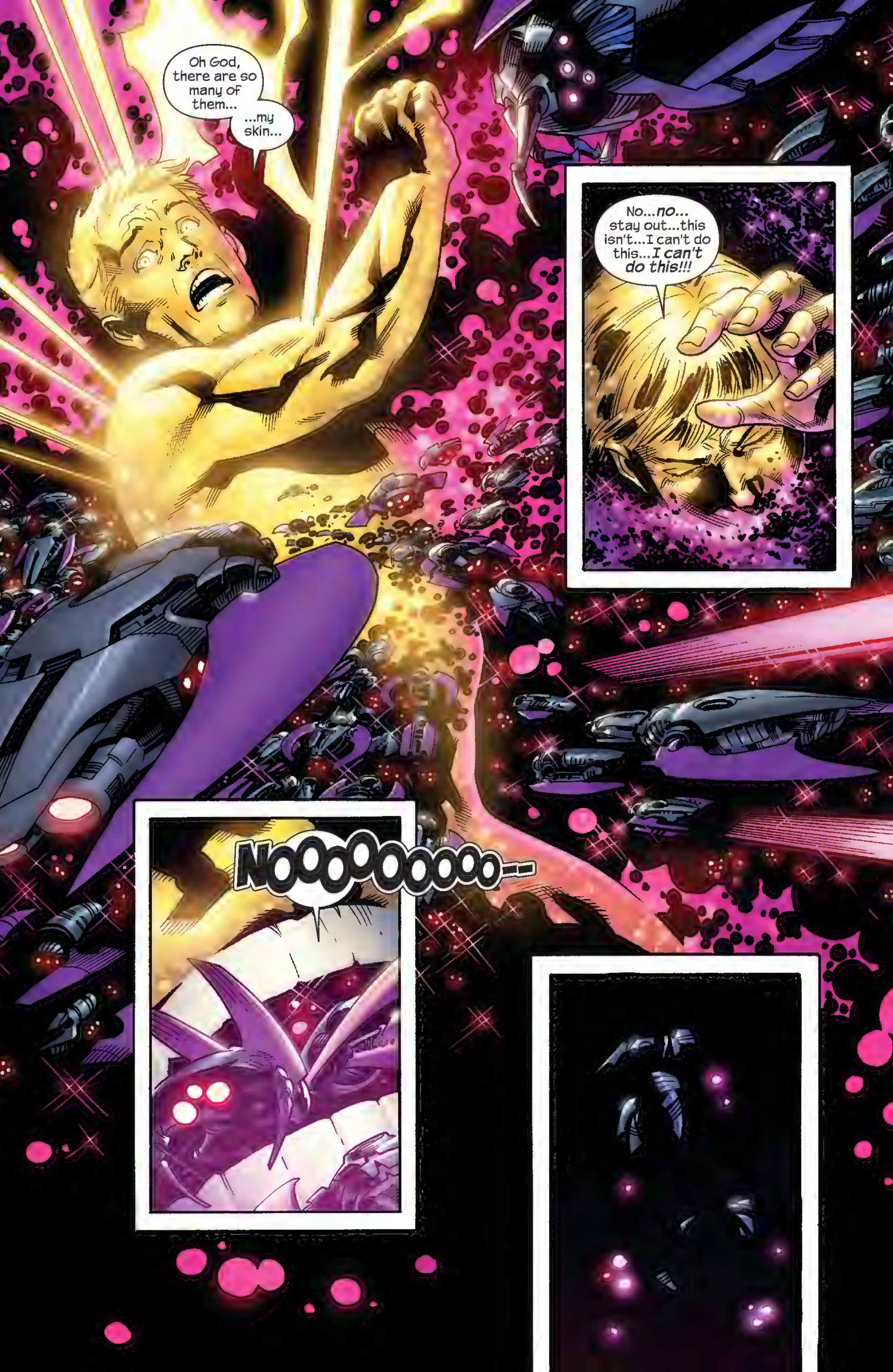

Thank you.
You saved our lives, human. We owe you thanks.
Few have battled *the Unmaker* as you did.
The Unmaker?
The *Gah Lak Tus swarm,* surely you've heard of it--
It's destroyed *three* of our home worlds...
It's the *only* thing that I've ever seen get Kree and Chitauri to stop murdering each other.
Perhaps if the Chitauri, Kree, and Hu-Mans joined forces, we would stand a chance.
I suppose that's wishful thinking.
Perhaps, you'd share your technology?
I...I just y'know, blasted him and stuff.
I don't really know what I'm doing...
The Human race is far more... impressive than they first appear.
You may have opened a pathway, young man.
A future where Hu-man, Kree, and Chitauri--
BOOOOOM
What's that?
A sonic boom.
He is here.

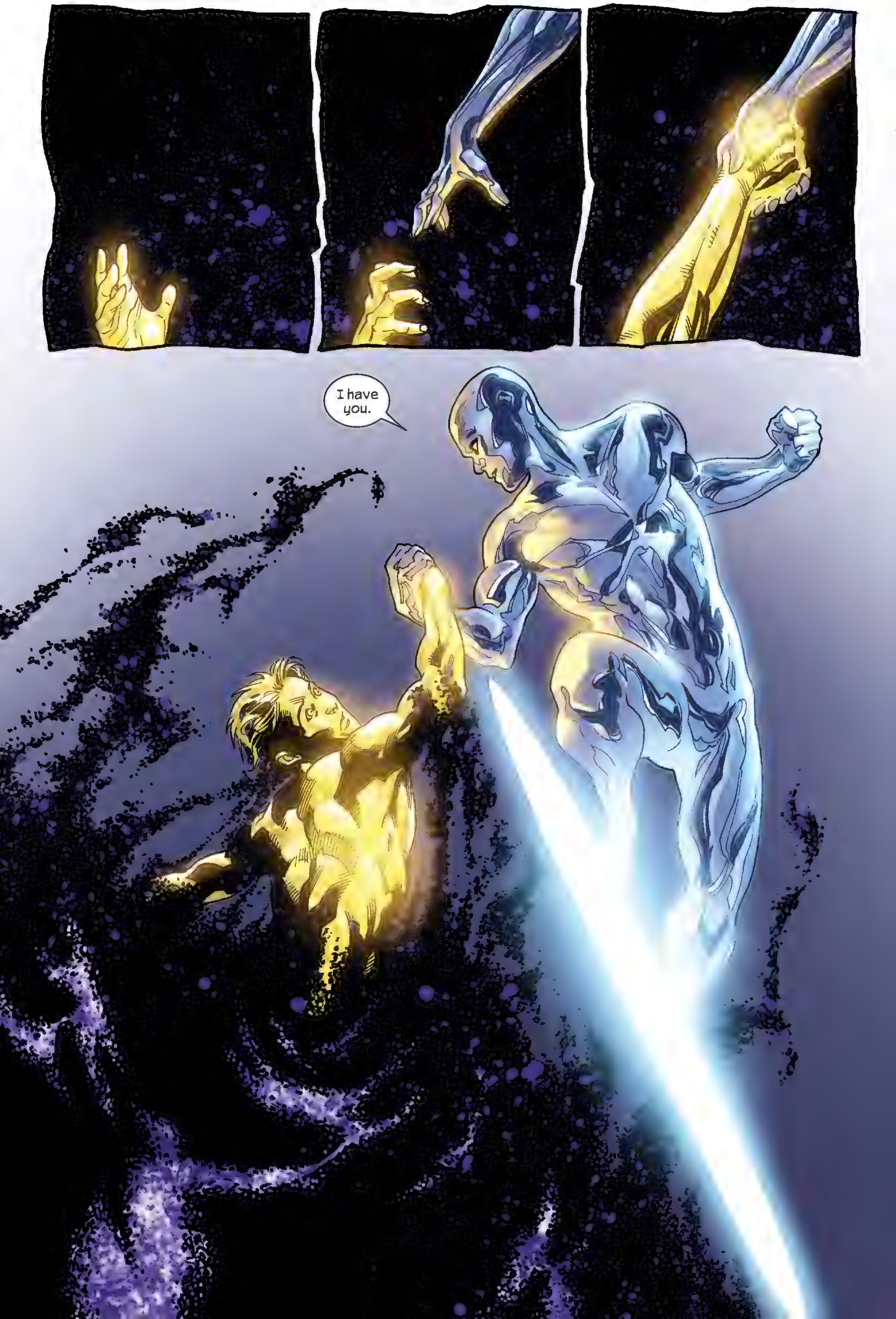

Rick Jones. Now is your time.
Watcher?
You okay? You were freaking out--
No time. Rick Jones. Please. The fracturing has begun.
As my world died, and the world before mine died, and on and on--
This is the time. Your time.
I don't-- I'm not the guy, man, I *told* you, pick one of *these* guys--
I picked you. You. You are the chosen. You are the one. you will save them all--
BUT HOW?!?
When it is time, you will know.
--Oh. Wow.
Uh, guys, do you see what I see?

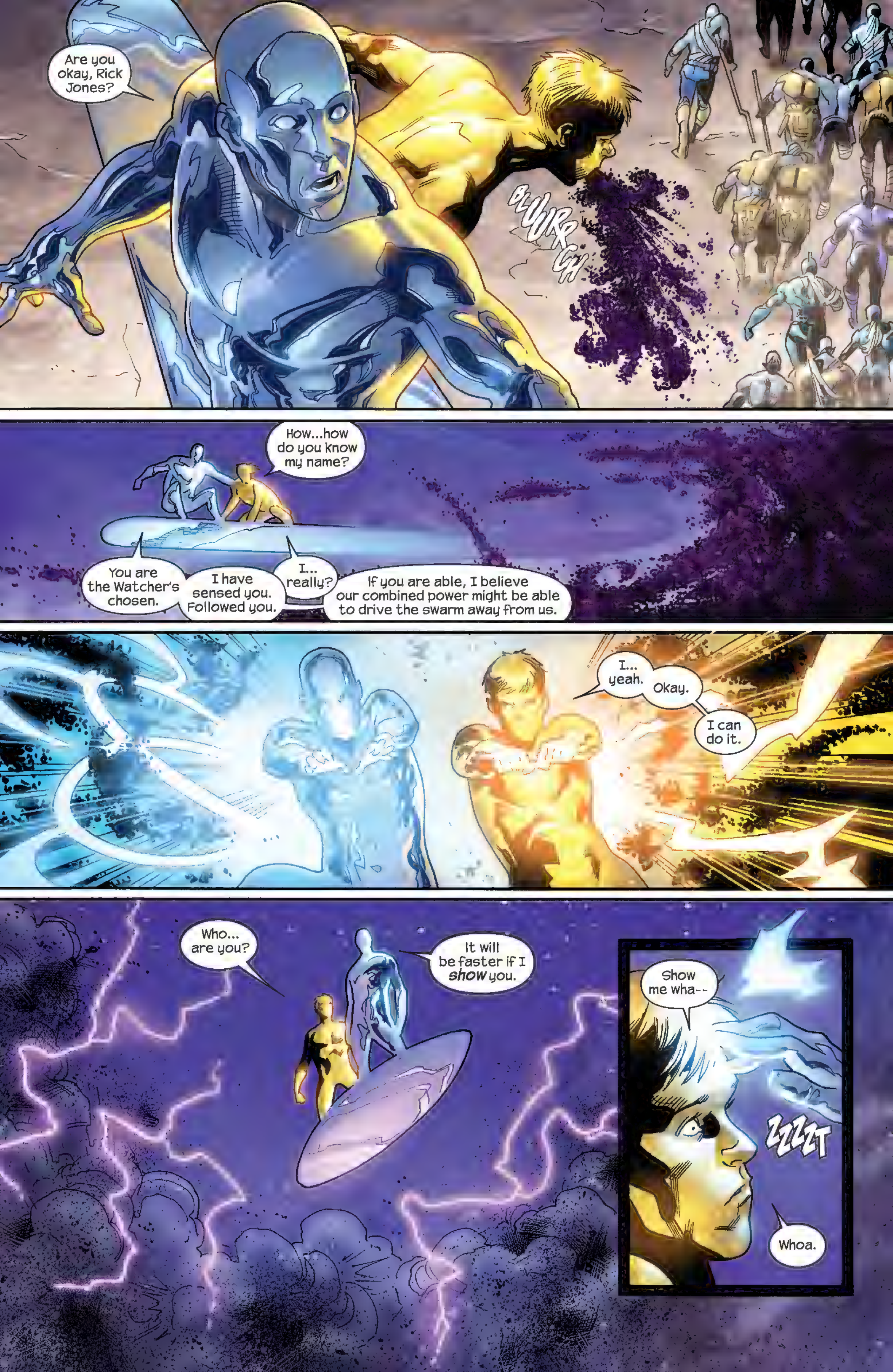

I think we're...going to need a bigger armada.

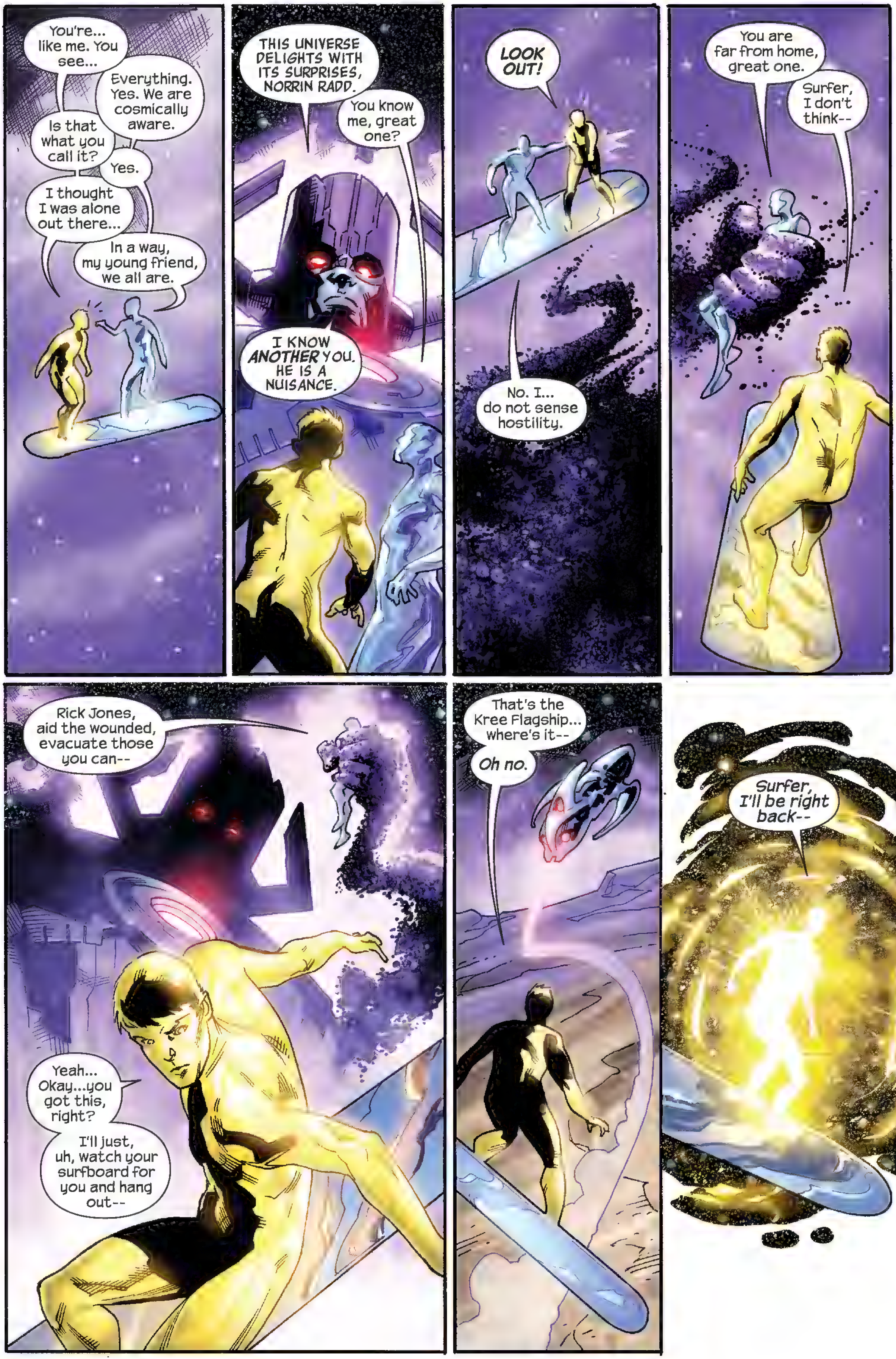

"He comes from another reality.
"Torn across time. Tearing across space.
"The power. The power, unseen, unknowable.
"Not Gah Lak Tus. Not anymore.
"The Gah Lak Tus swarm serves at his feet. The universe quakes before him. The end bleeds through.
"He is Galactus.
"He is the End."

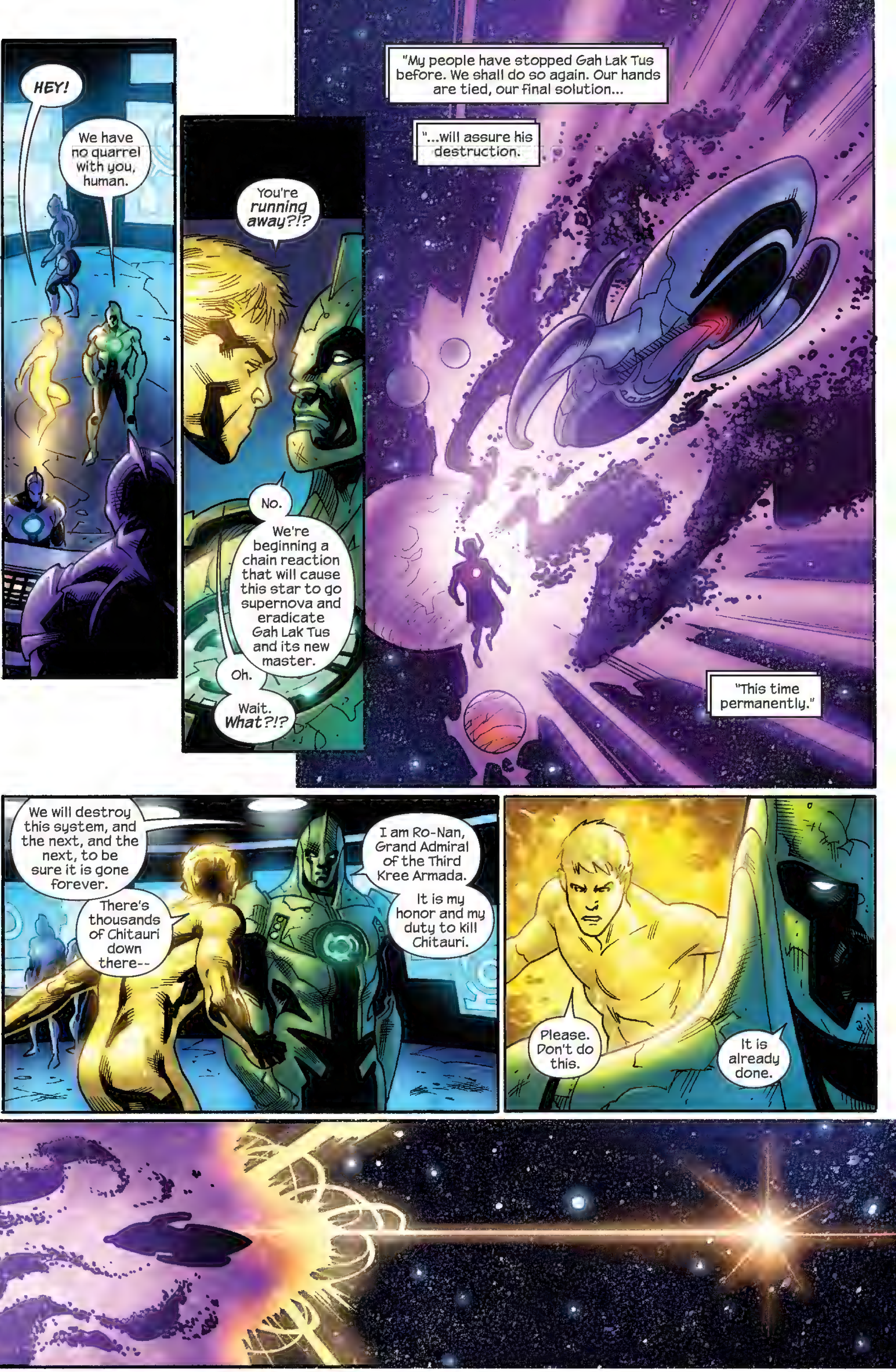

I'm supposed to stop this, right?
Watcher?
Seriously? *Now* you're *not* watching?
*NOW?!?*
This is going to *suuuuuuuck.*

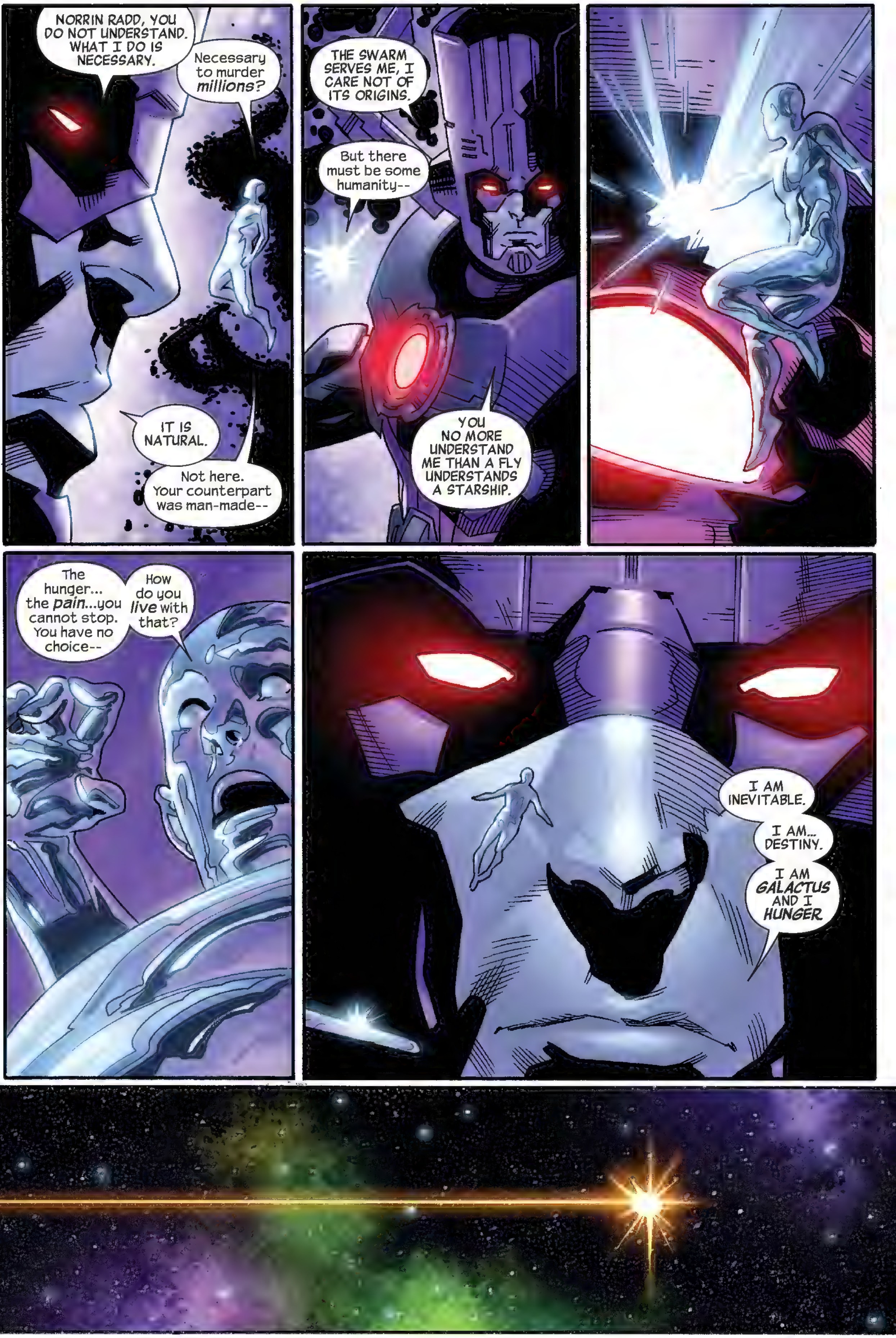

Oh God, there are so many of them...
...my skin...
No...*no*... stay out...this isn't...I can't do this...*I can't do this!!!*
NOOOOOOOOOO--

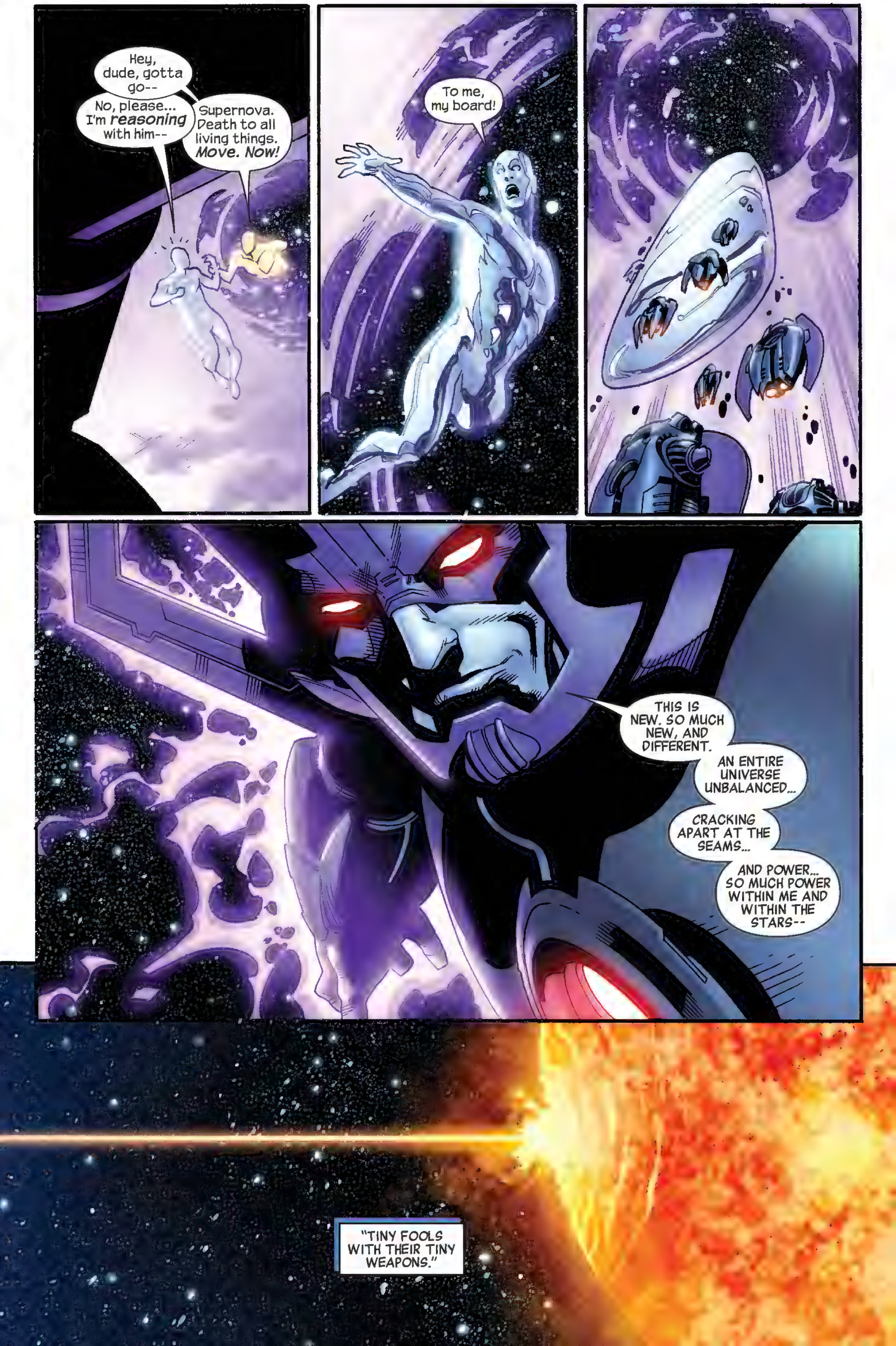

I have you.

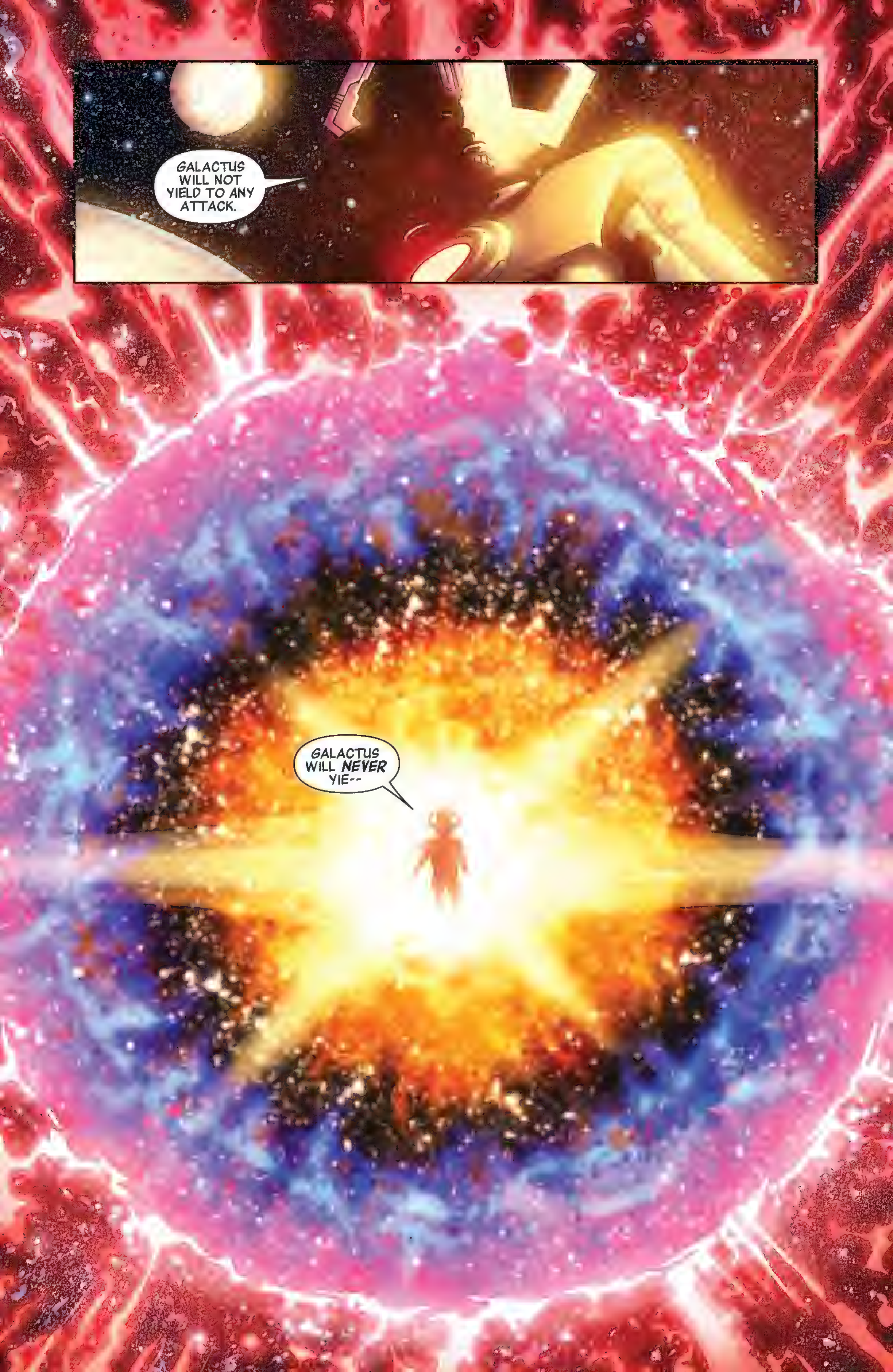

Are you okay, Rick Jones?
BLUURRGH
How...how do you know my name?
You are the Watcher's chosen.
I have sensed you. Followed you.
I... really?
If you are able, I believe our combined power might be able to drive the swarm away from us.
I... yeah.
Okay.
I can do it.
Who... are you?
It will be faster if I *show* you.
Show me wha--
ZZZZT
Whoa.

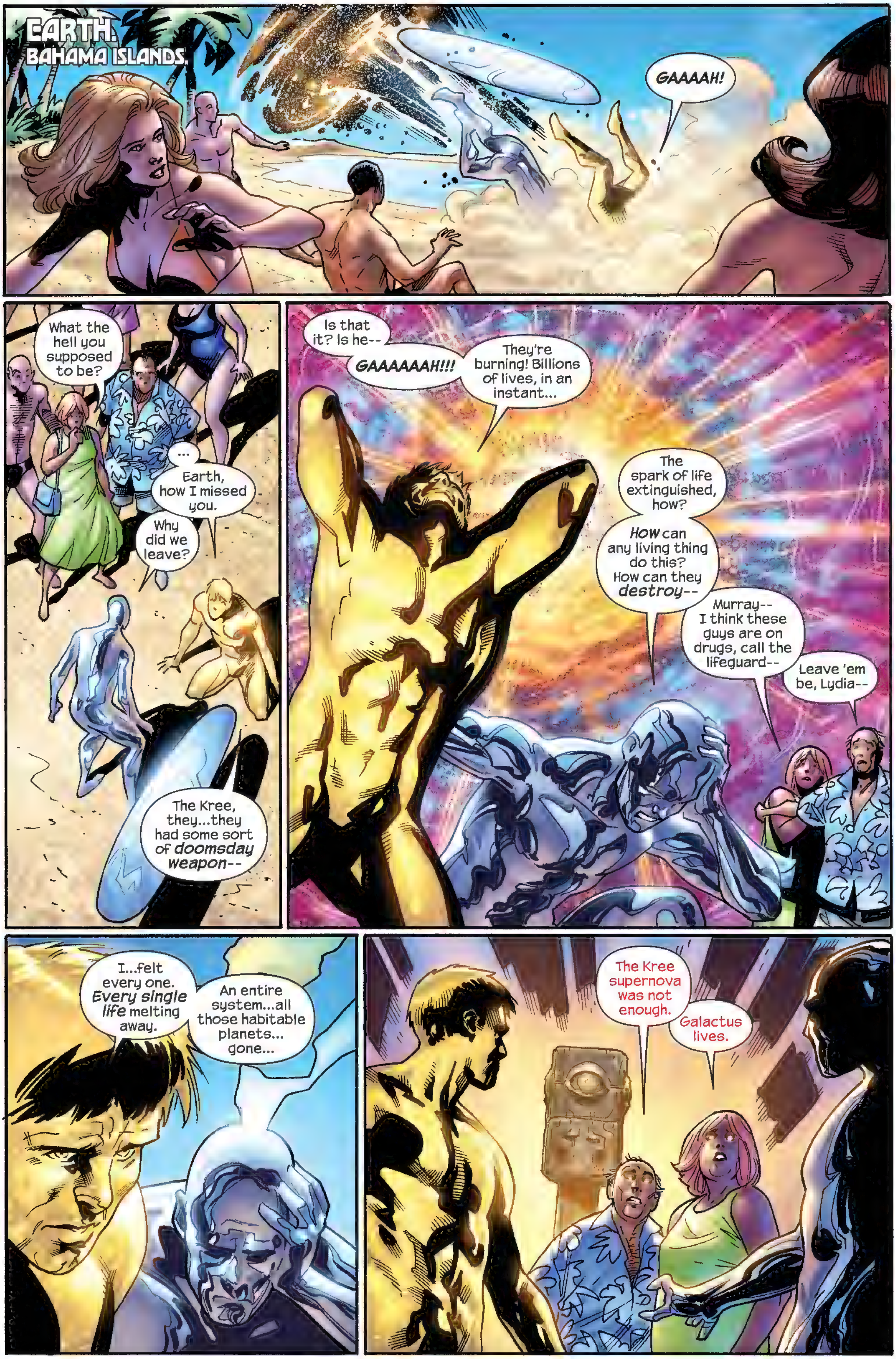

You're... like me. You see...
Everything. Yes. We are cosmically aware.
Is that what you call it?
Yes.
I thought I was alone out there...
In a way, my young friend, we all are.
THIS UNIVERSE DELIGHTS WITH ITS SURPRISES, NORRIN RADD.
You know me, great one?
I KNOW *ANOTHER* YOU. HE IS A NUISANCE.
*LOOK OUT!*
No. I... do not sense hostility.
You are far from home, great one.
Surfer, I don't think--
Rick Jones, aid the wounded, evacuate those you can--
Yeah... Okay...you got this, right?
I'll just, uh, watch your surfboard for you and hang out--
That's the Kree Flagship... where's it--
*Oh no.*
*Surfer, I'll be right back--*

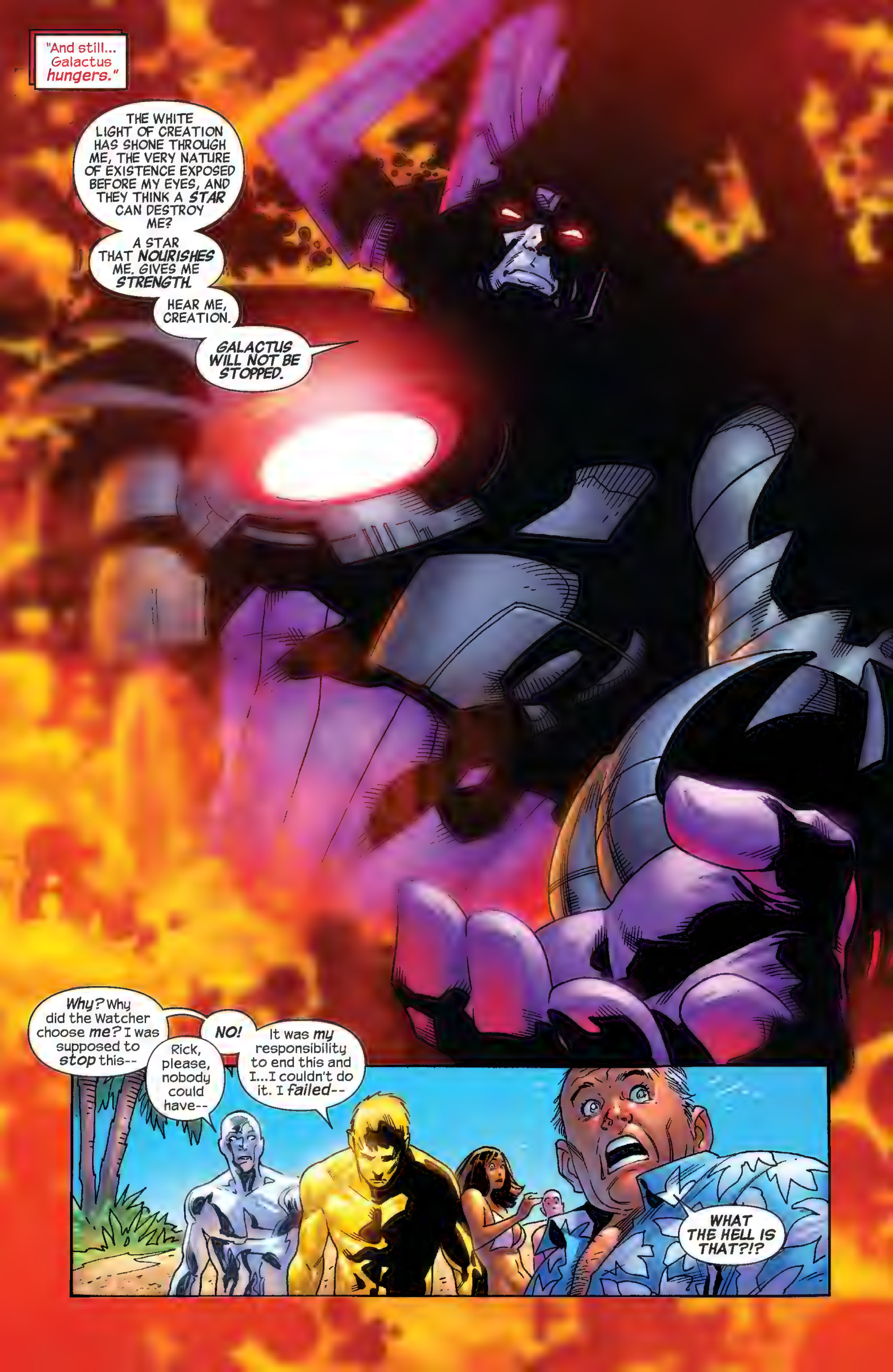

HEY!
We have no quarrel with you, human.
You're *running away?!?*
No.
We're beginning a chain reaction that will cause this star to go supernova and eradicate Gah Lak Tus and its new master.
Oh.
Wait. *What?!?*
"My people have stopped Gah Lak Tus before. We shall do so again. Our hands are tied, our final solution...
"...will assure his destruction.
"This time permanently."
We will destroy this system, and the next, and the next, to be sure it is gone forever.
There's thousands of Chitauri down there--
I am Ro-Nan, Grand Admiral of the Third Kree Armada.
It is my honor and my duty to kill Chitauri.
Please. Don't do this.
It is already done.

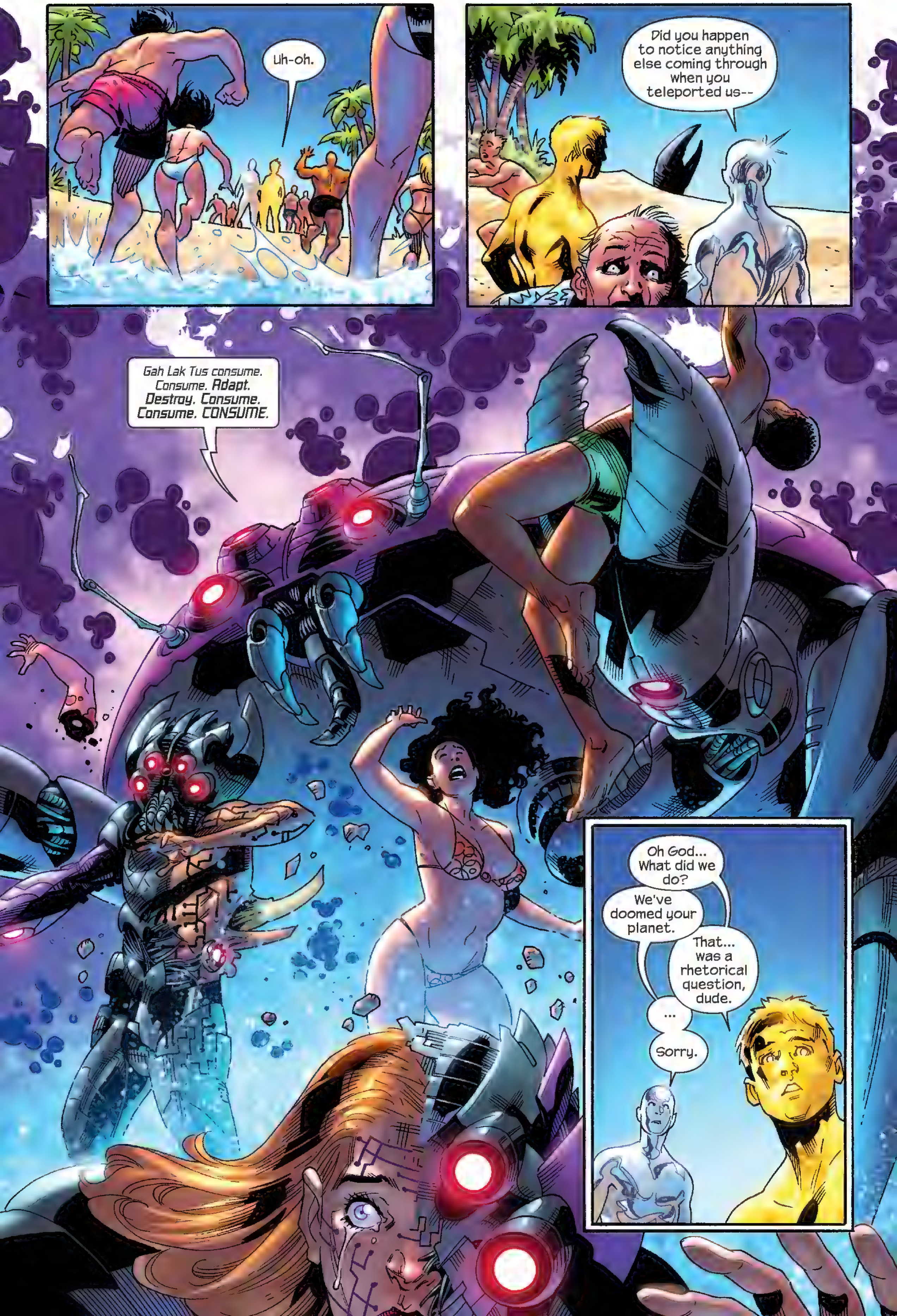

NORRIN RADD, YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND. WHAT I DO IS NECESSARY.
Necessary to murder *millions?*
IT IS NATURAL.
Not here. Your counterpart was man-made--
THE SWARM SERVES ME, I CARE NOT OF ITS ORIGINS.
But there must be some humanity--
YOU NO MORE UNDERSTAND ME THAN A FLY UNDERSTANDS A STARSHIP.
The hunger... the *pain*...you cannot stop. You have no choice--
How do you *live* with that?
I AM INEVITABLE.
I AM... DESTINY.
I AM ***GALACTUS*** AND I ***HUNGER***.


Hey, dude, gotta go--
No, please... I'm *reasoning* with him--
Supernova. Death to all living things. *Move. Now!*
To me, my board!
THIS IS NEW. SO MUCH NEW, AND DIFFERENT.
AN ENTIRE UNIVERSE UNBALANCED...
CRACKING APART AT THE SEAMS...
AND POWER... SO MUCH POWER WITHIN ME AND WITHIN THE STARS--
"TINY FOOLS WITH THEIR TINY WEAPONS."

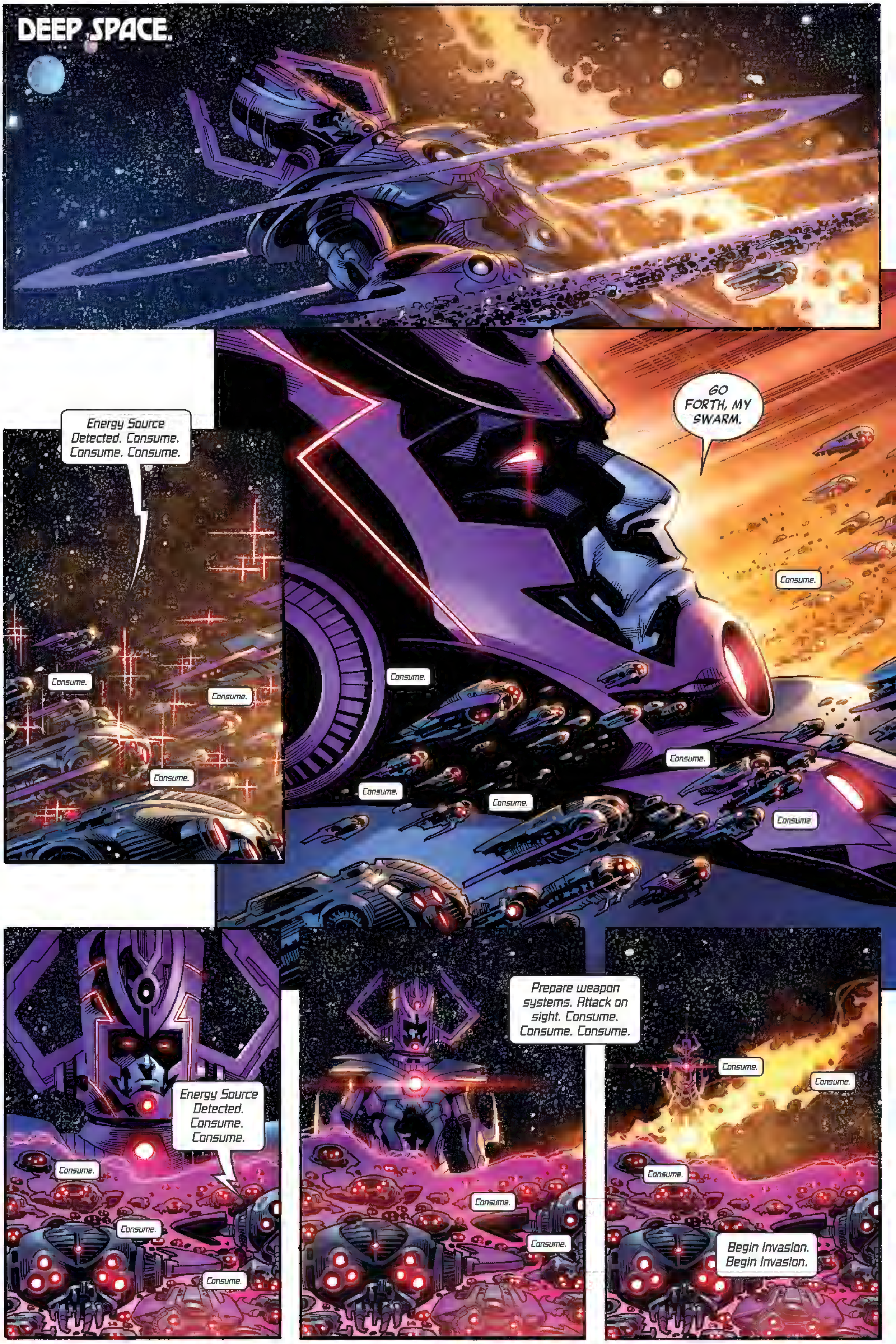

GALACTUS WILL NOT YIELD TO ANY ATTACK.
GALACTUS WILL *NEVER* YIE--

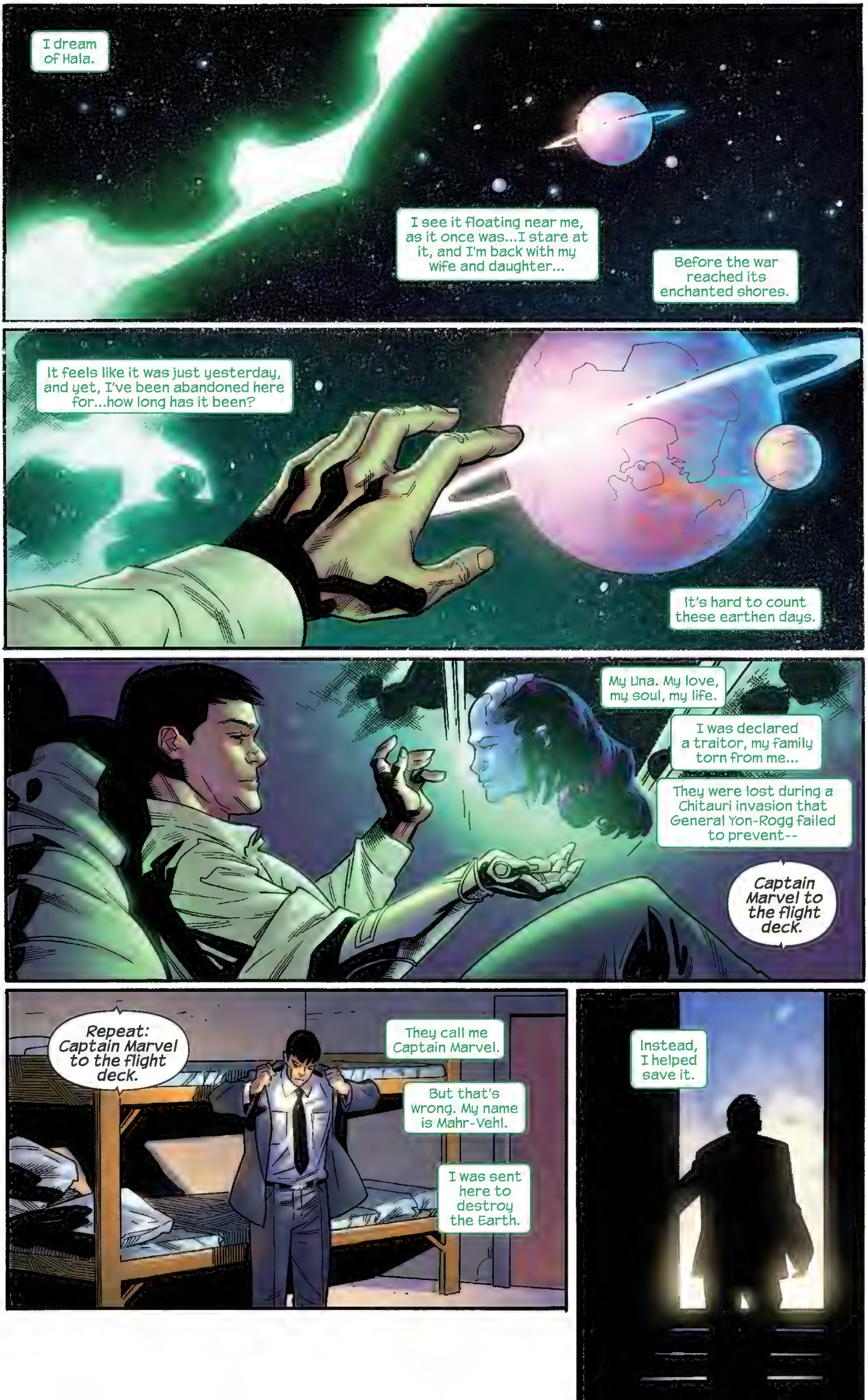

EARTH.
BAHAMA ISLANDS.
GAAAAH!
What the hell you supposed to be?
...
Earth, how I missed you.
Why did we leave?
The Kree, they...they had some sort of doomsday weapon--
Is that it? Is he--
GAAAAAAH!!!
They're burning! Billions of lives, in an instant...
The spark of life extinguished, how?
How can any living thing do this? How can they destroy--
Murray-- I think these guys are on drugs, call the lifeguard--
Leave 'em be, Lydia--
I...felt every one. Every single life melting away.
An entire system...all those habitable planets... gone...
The Kree supernova was not enough.
Galactus lives.

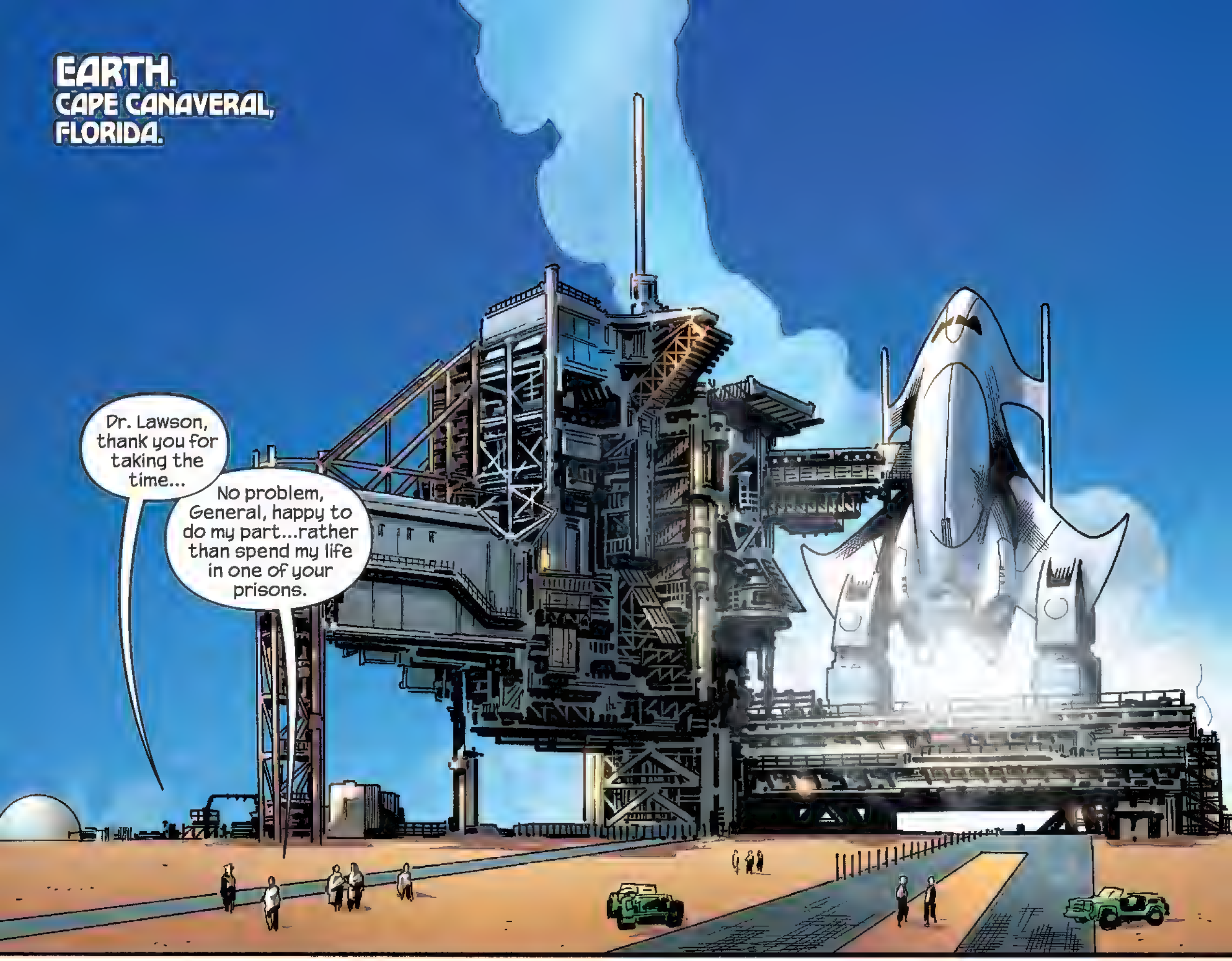

"And still... Galactus *hungers*."
THE WHITE LIGHT OF CREATION HAS SHONE THROUGH ME, THE VERY NATURE OF EXISTENCE EXPOSED BEFORE MY EYES, AND THEY THINK A ***STAR*** CAN DESTROY ME?
A STAR THAT ***NOURISHES*** ME. GIVES ME ***STRENGTH.***
HEAR ME, CREATION.
***GALACTUS WILL NOT BE STOPPED.***
*Why?* Why did the Watcher choose *me?* I was supposed to *stop* this--
***NO!***
It was *my* responsibility to end this and I...I couldn't do it. I *failed*--
Rick, please, nobody could have--
***WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!?***

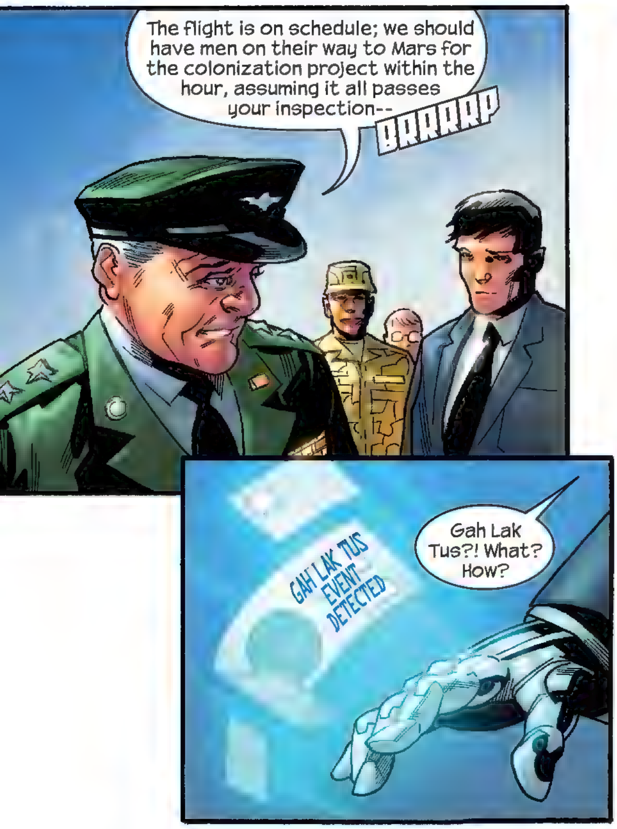

Uh-oh.
Did you happen to notice anything else coming through when you teleported us--
Gah Lak Tus consume. Consume. Adapt. Destroy. Consume. Consume. CONSUME.
Oh God... What did we do?
We've doomed your planet.
That... was a rhetorical question, dude.
...
Sorry.

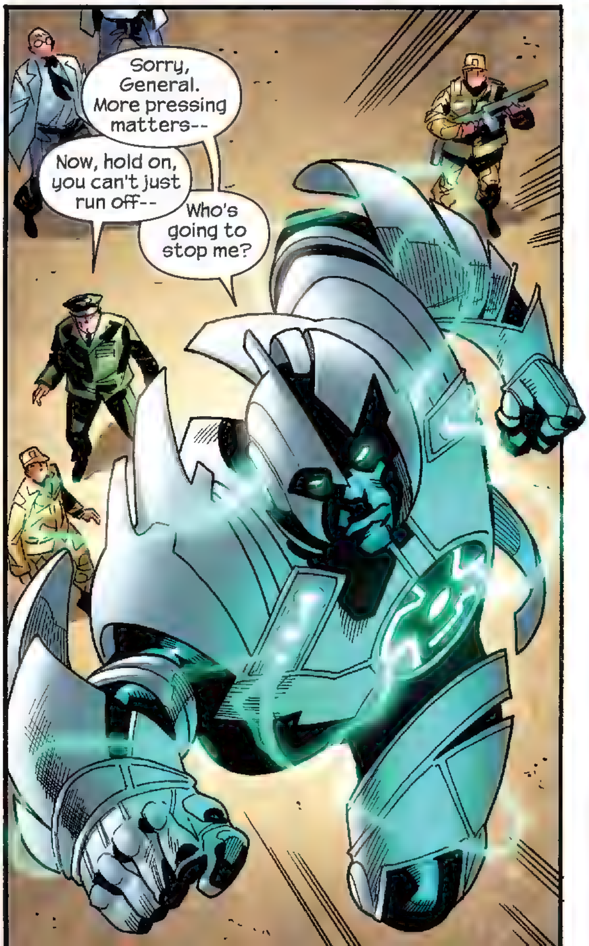
HUNGER #3

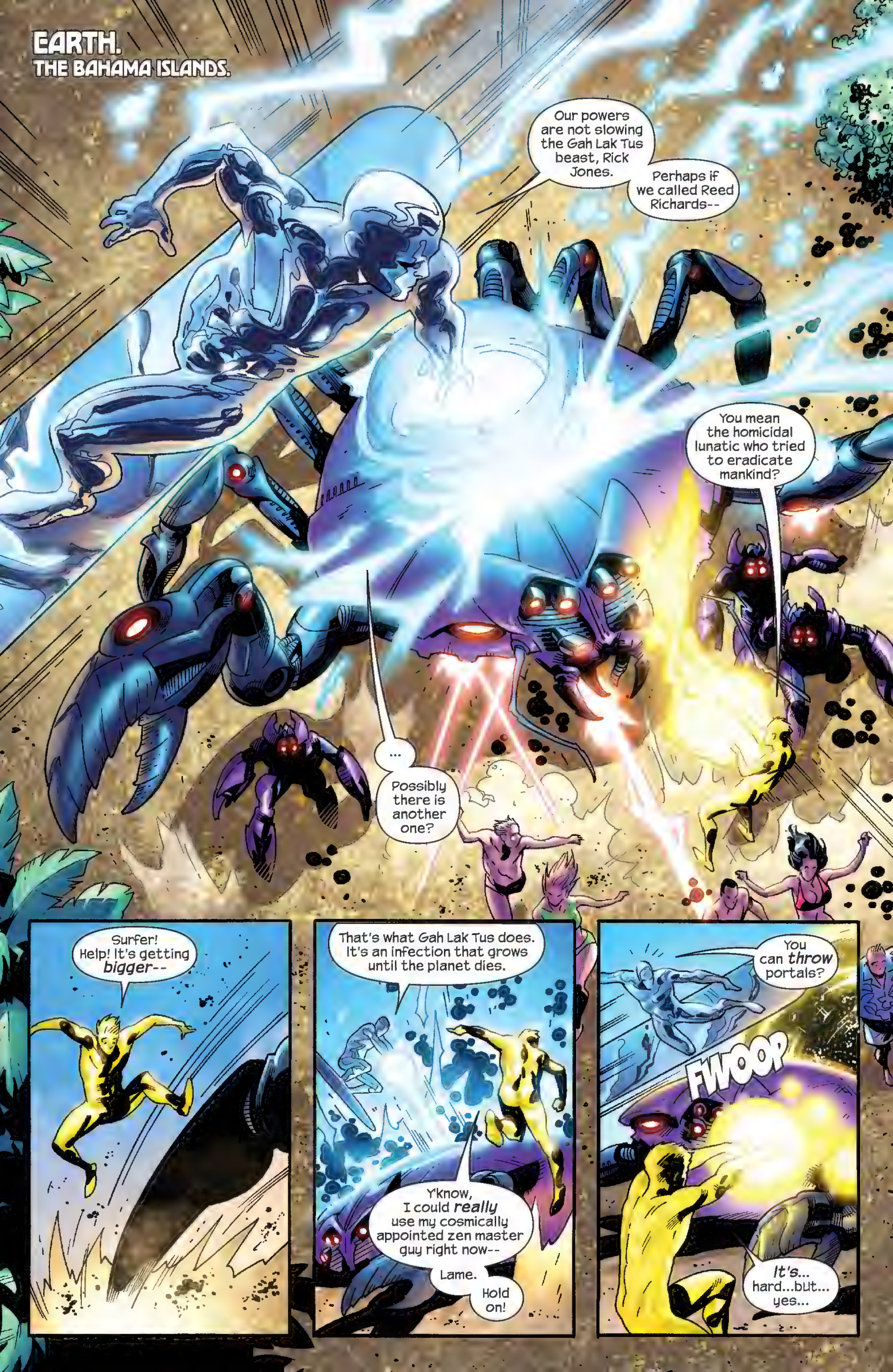

DEEP SPACE.
Energy Source Detected. Consume. Consume. Consume.
GO FORTH, MY SWARM.
Consume.
Consume.
Consume.
Consume.
Consume.
Consume.
Consume.
Consume.
Consume.
Consume.
Energy Source Detected. Consume. Consume.
Consume.
Consume.
Consume.
Prepare weapon systems. Attack on sight. Consume. Consume. Consume.
Consume.
Consume.
Consume.
Consume.
Consume.
Begin Invasion. Begin Invasion.

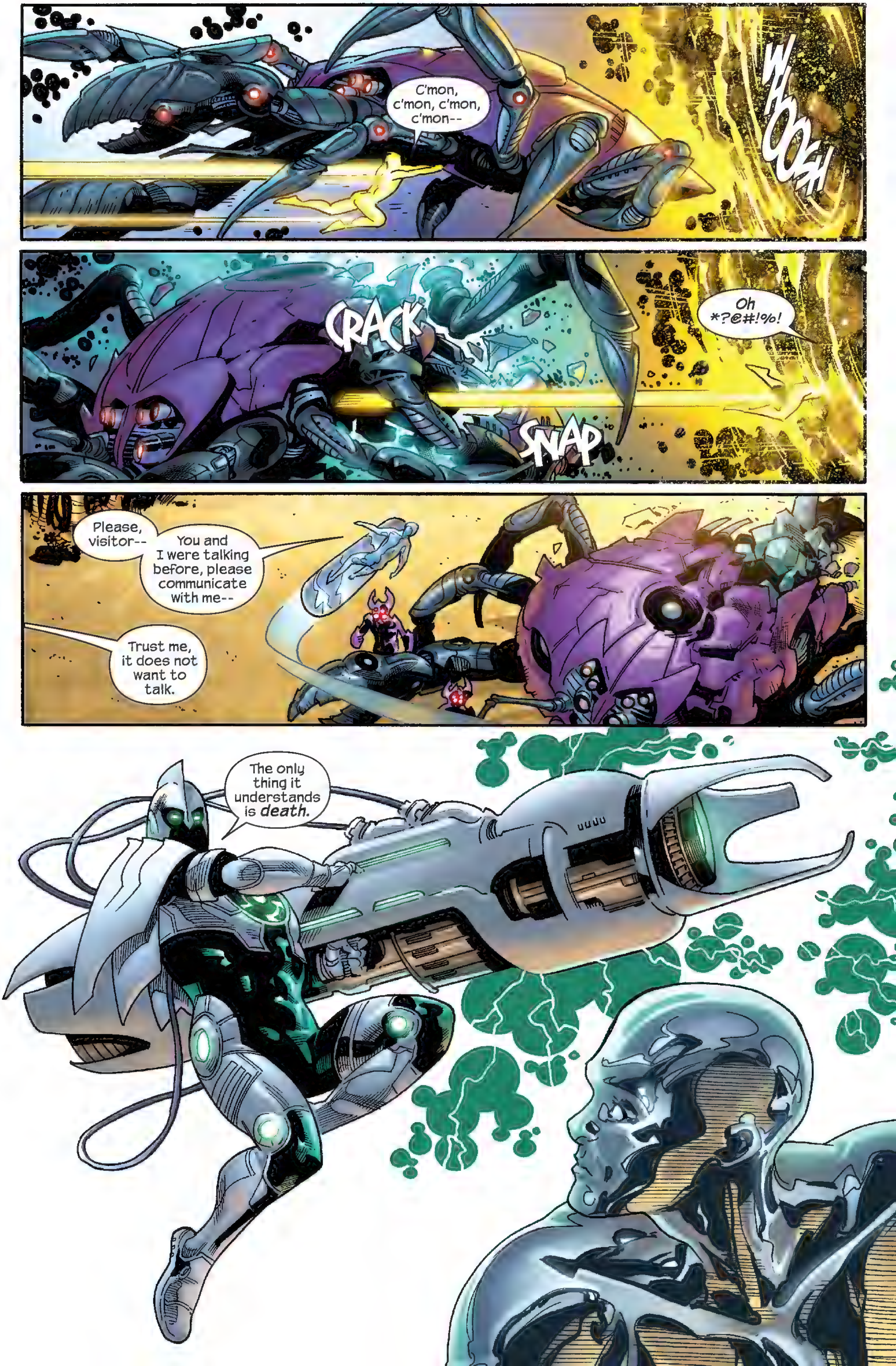

I dream of Hala.
I see it floating near me, as it once was...I stare at it, and I'm back with my wife and daughter...
Before the war reached its enchanted shores.
It feels like it was just yesterday, and yet, I've been abandoned here for...how long has it been?
It's hard to count these earthen days.
My Una. My love, my soul, my life.
I was declared a traitor, my family torn from me...
They were lost during a Chitauri invasion that General Yon-Rogg failed to prevent--
Captain Marvel to the flight deck.
Repeat: Captain Marvel to the flight deck.
They call me Captain Marvel.
But that's wrong. My name is Mahr-Vehl.
I was sent here to destroy the Earth.
Instead, I helped save it.

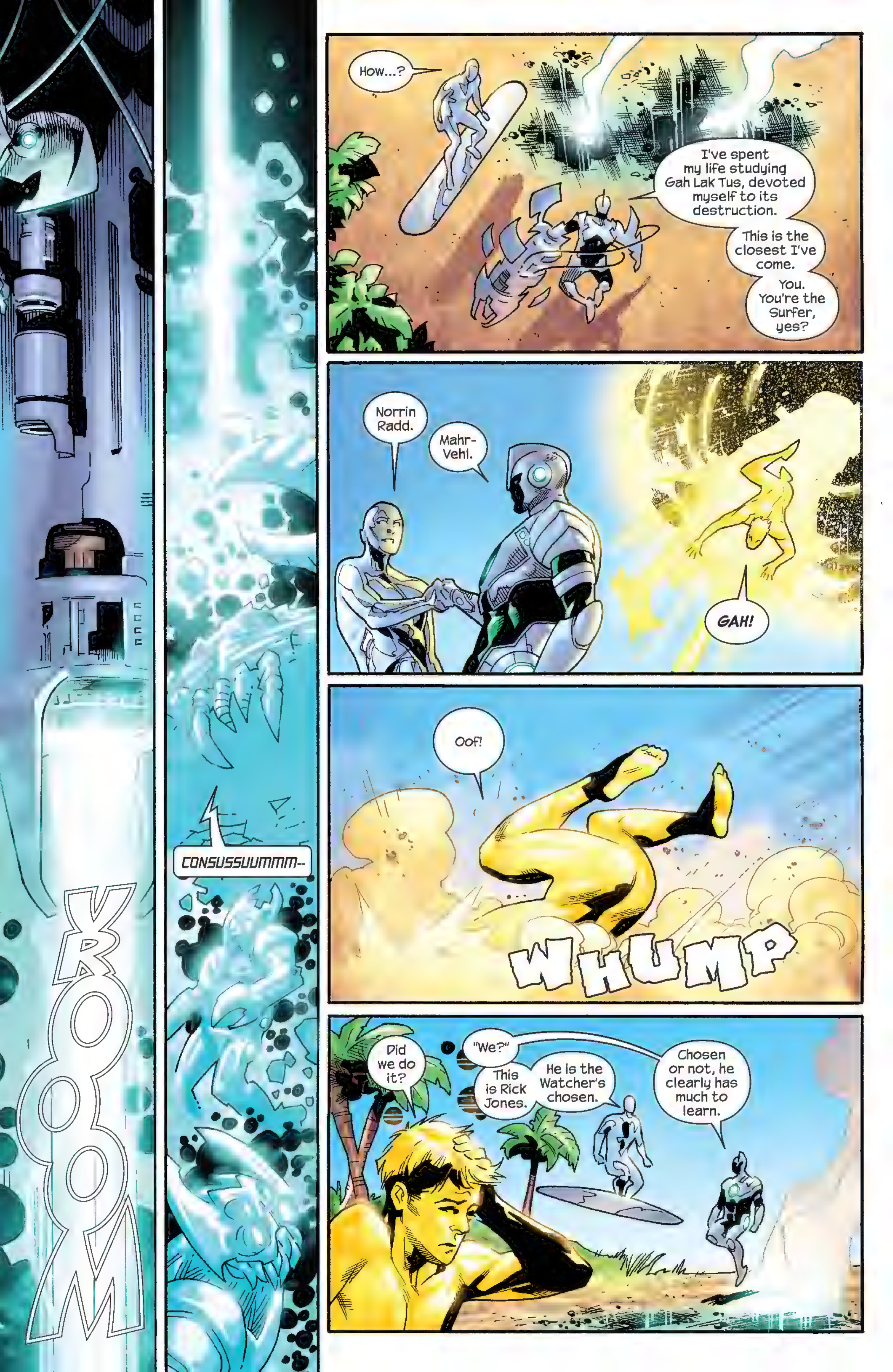

EARTH.
CAPE CANAVERAL, FLORIDA.
Dr. Lawson, thank you for taking the time...
No problem, General, happy to do my part...rather than spend my life in one of your prisons.

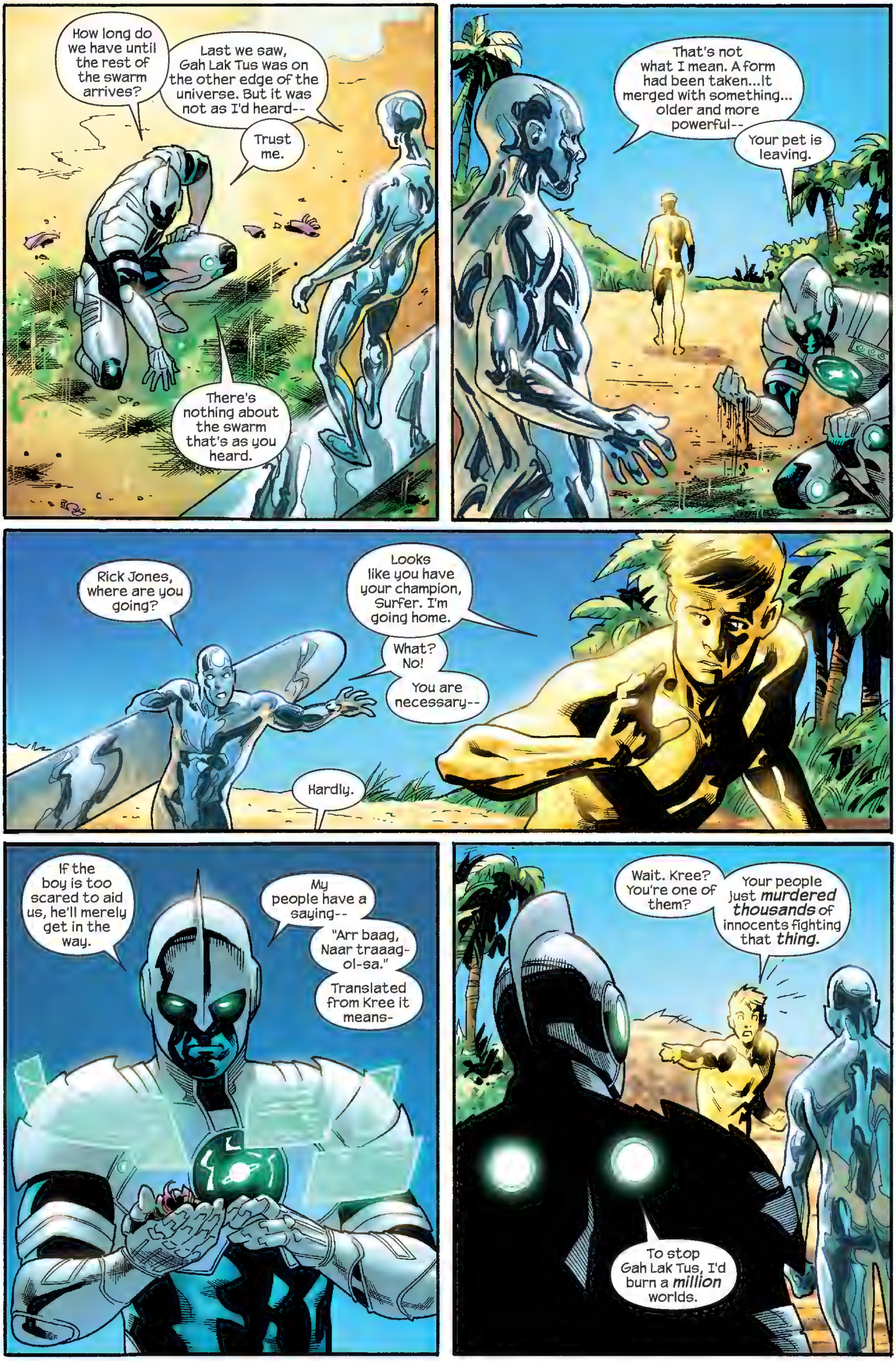

The flight is on schedule; we should have men on their way to Mars for the colonization project within the hour, assuming it all passes your inspection--
BRRRRP
GAH LAK TUS EVENT DETECTED
Gah Lak Tus?! What? How?

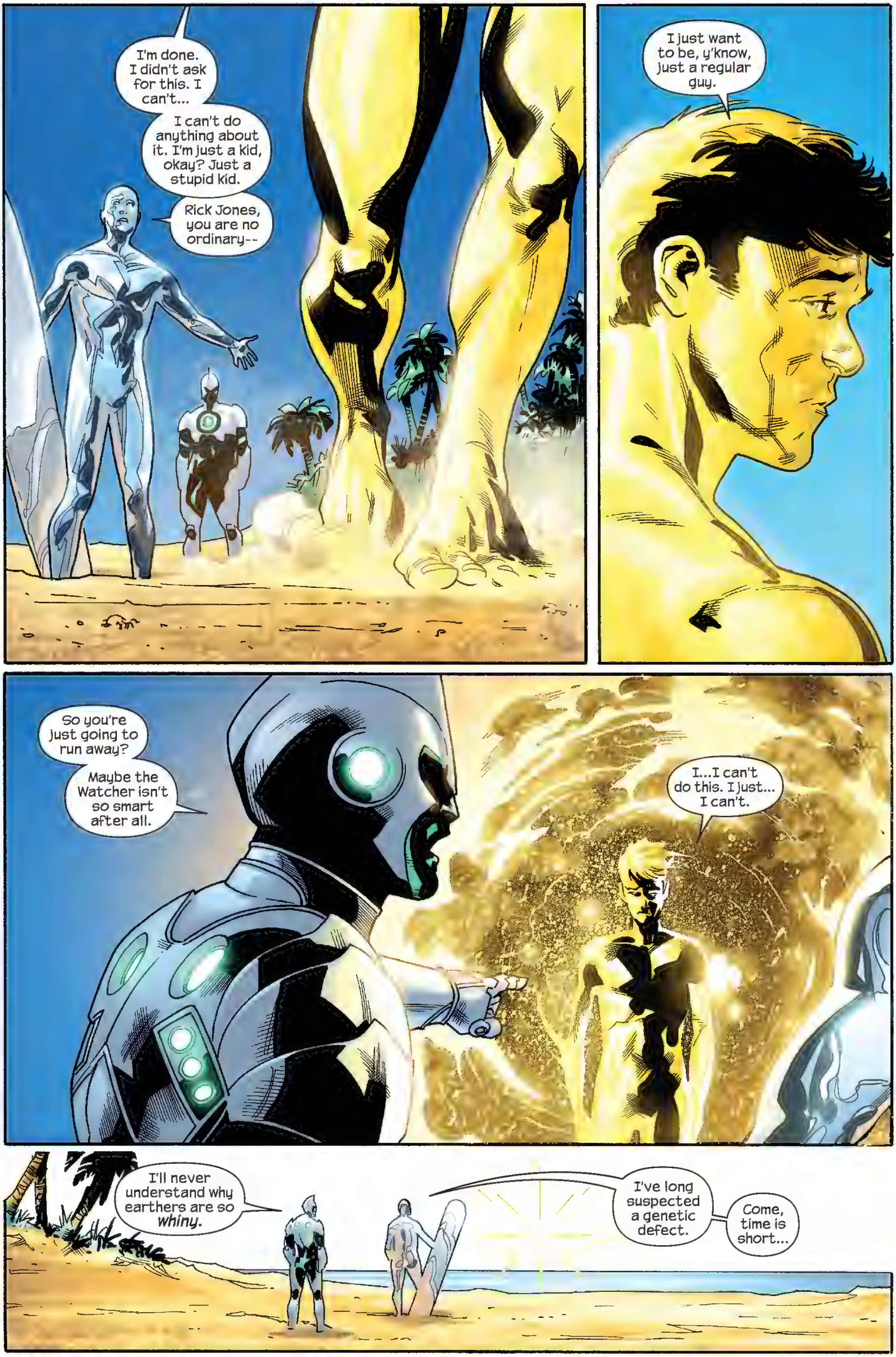

Sorry, General. More pressing matters--
Now, hold on, you can't just run off--
Who's going to stop me?

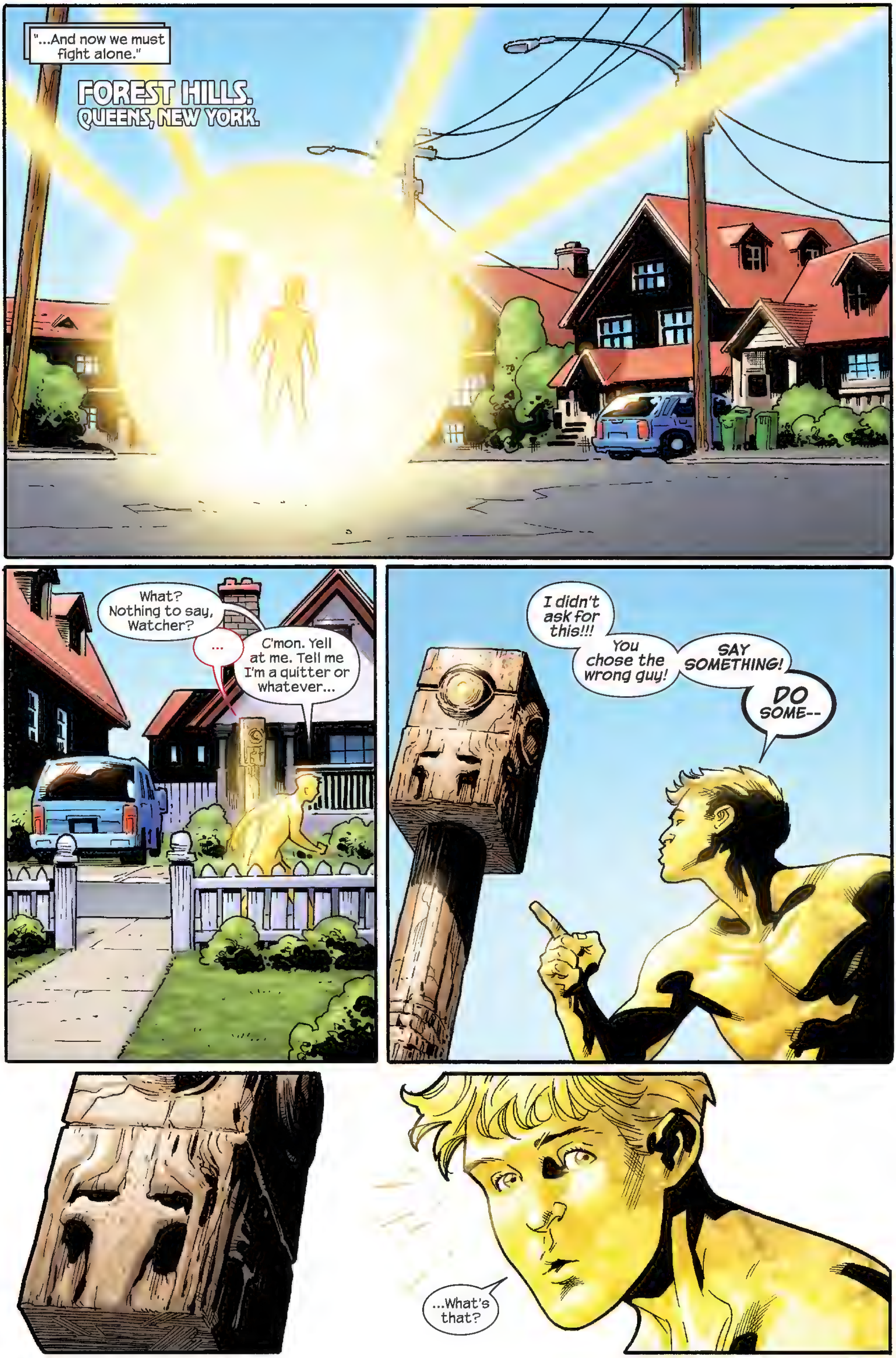

EARTH.
THE BAHAMA ISLANDS.
Our powers are not slowing the Gah Lak Tus beast, Rick Jones.
Perhaps if we called Reed Richards--
You mean the homicidal lunatic who tried to eradicate mankind?
...
Possibly there is another one?
Surfer! Help! It's getting *bigger*--
That's what Gah Lak Tus does. It's an infection that grows until the planet dies.
Y'know, I could *really* use my cosmically appointed zen master guy right now--
Lame.
Hold on!
You can *throw* portals?
FWOOP
*It's...* hard...but... yes...

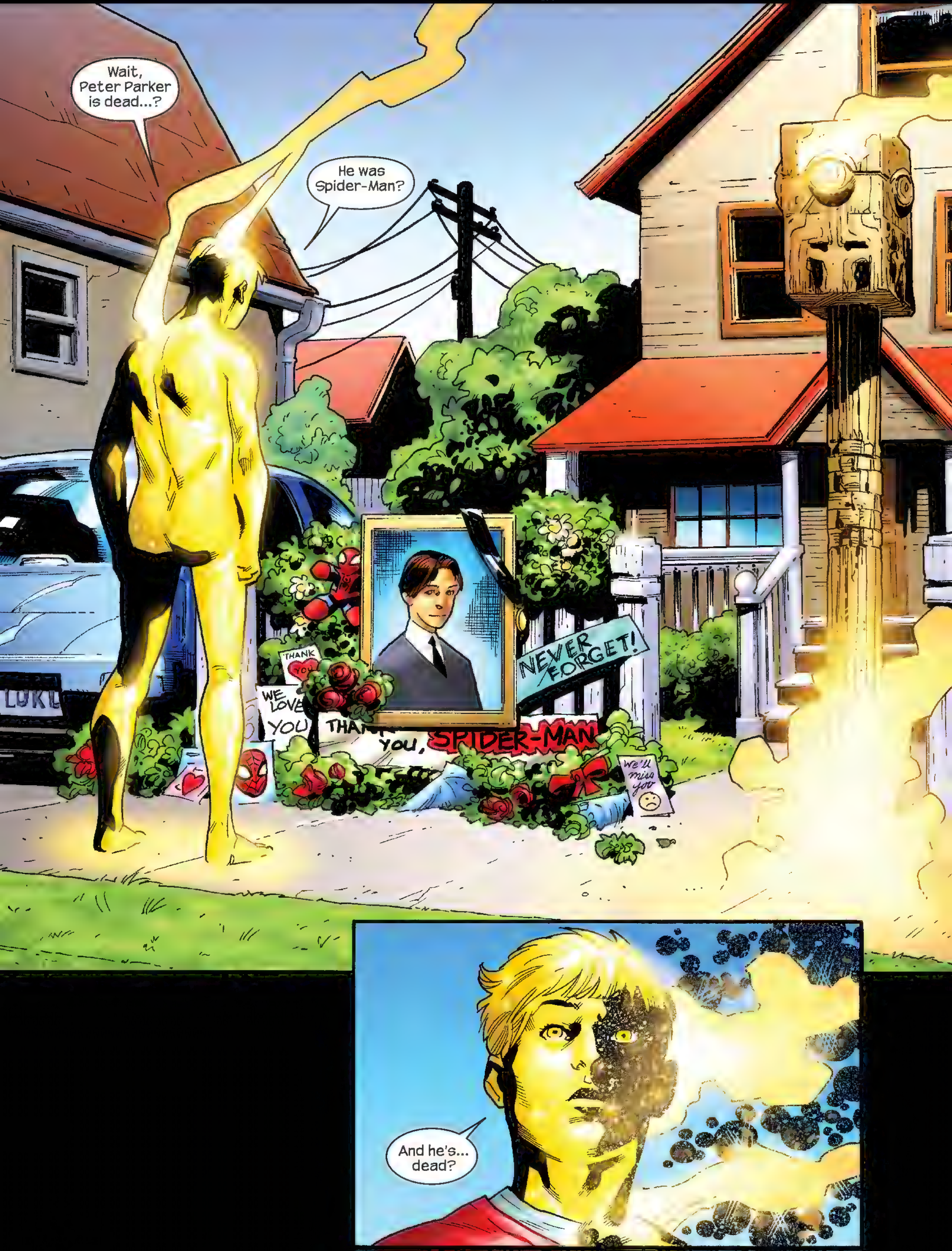

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon--
WHOOSH
CRACK
Oh *?@#!%!
SNAP
Please, visitor--
You and I were talking before, please communicate with me--
Trust me, it does not want to talk.
The only thing it understands is *death.*

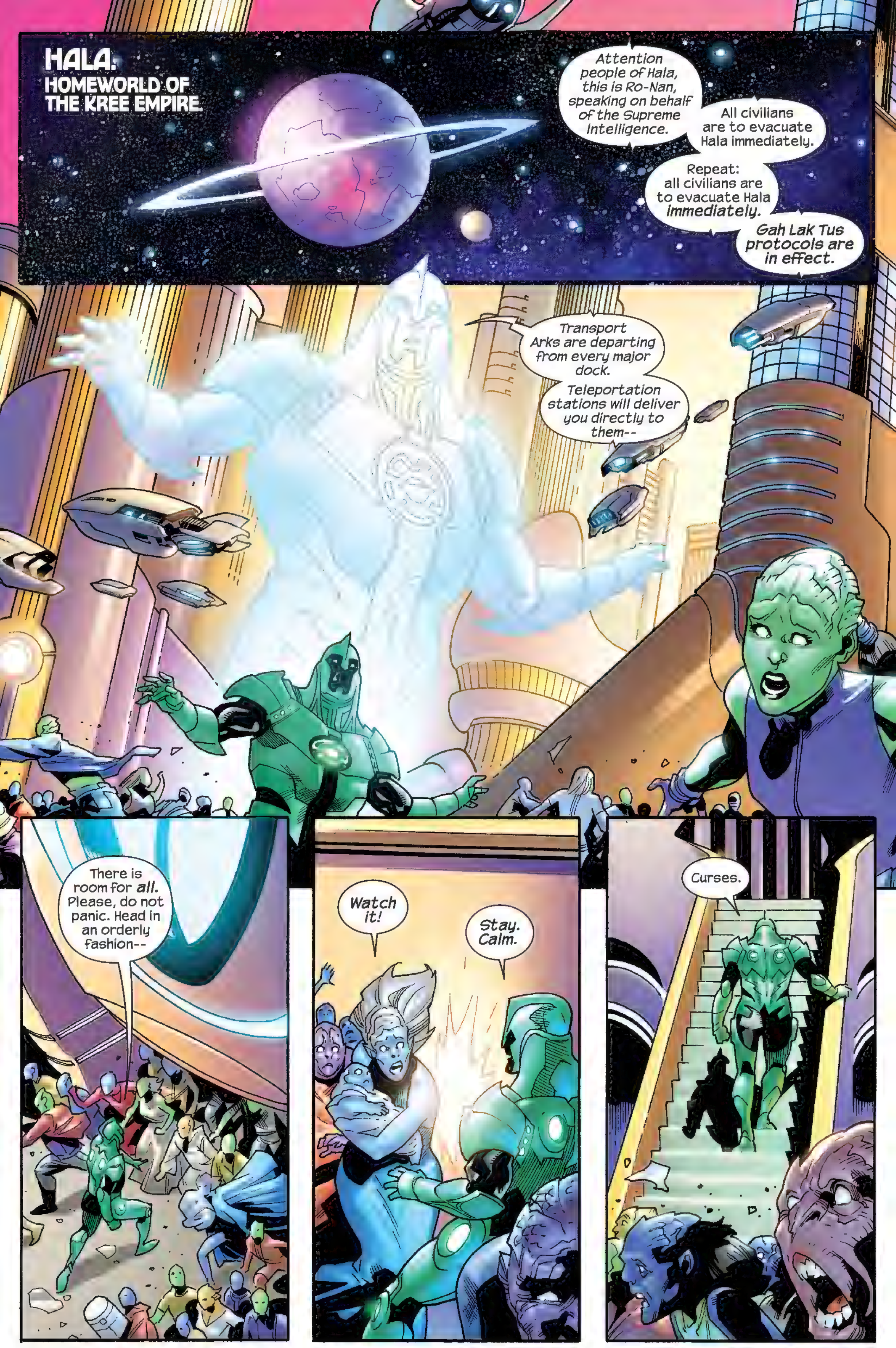

VROOOM
CONSUSSUUMMM--
How...?
I've spent my life studying Gah Lak Tus, devoted myself to its destruction.
This is the closest I've come.
You. You're the Surfer, yes?
Norrin Radd.
Mahr-Vehl.
GAH!
Oof!
WHUMP
Did we do it?
"We?"
This is Rick Jones.
He is the Watcher's chosen.
Chosen or not, he clearly has much to learn.

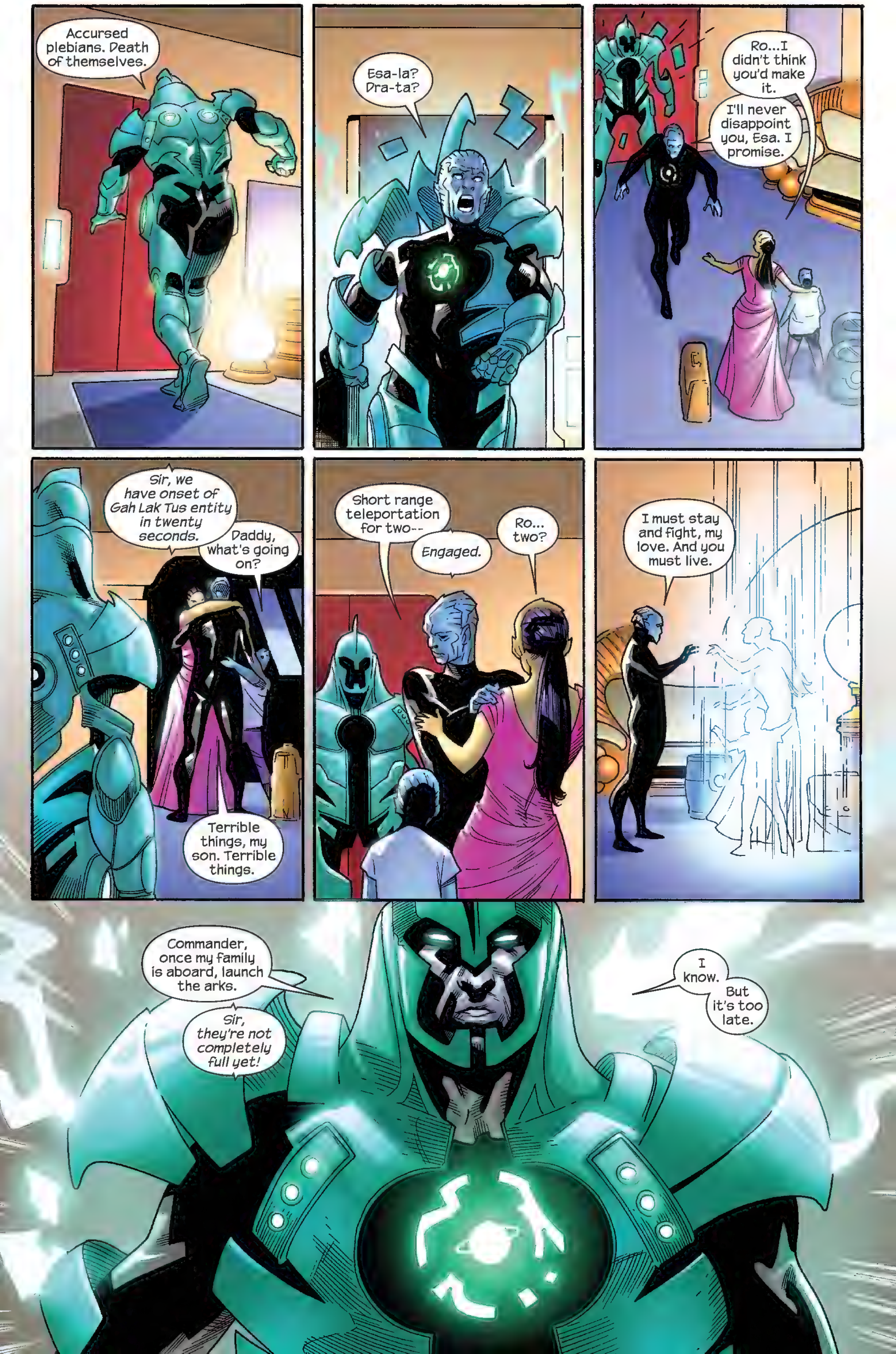

How long do we have until the rest of the swarm arrives?
Last we saw, Gah Lak Tus was on the other edge of the universe. But it was not as I'd heard--
Trust me.
There's nothing about the swarm that's as you heard.
That's not what I mean. A form had been taken...It merged with something... older and more powerful--
Your pet is leaving.
Rick Jones, where are you going?
Looks like you have your champion, Surfer. I'm going home.
What? No!
You are necessary--
Hardly.
If the boy is too scared to aid us, he'll merely get in the way.
My people have a saying--
"Arr baag, Naar traaag-ol-sa."
Translated from Kree it means-
Wait. Kree? You're one of them?
Your people just *murdered thousands* of innocents fighting that *thing.*
To stop Gah Lak Tus, I'd burn a *million* worlds.

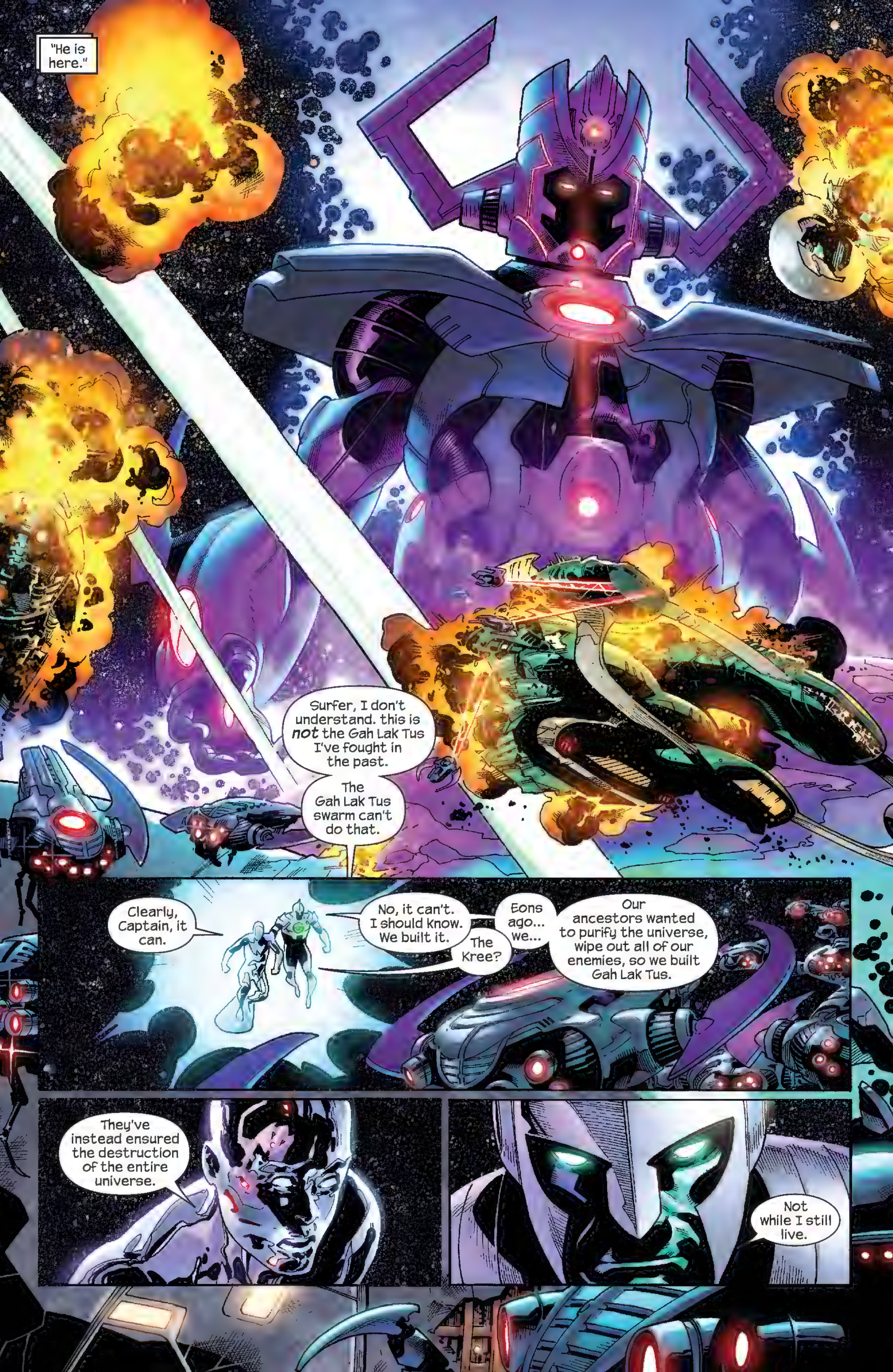

I'm done. I didn't ask for this. I can't...
I can't do anything about it. I'm just a kid, okay? Just a stupid kid.
Rick Jones, you are no ordinary--
I just want to be, y'know, just a regular guy.
So you're just going to run away?
Maybe the Watcher isn't so smart after all.
I...I can't do this. I just... I can't.
I'll never understand why earthers are so *whiny*.
I've long suspected a genetic defect.
Come, time is short...

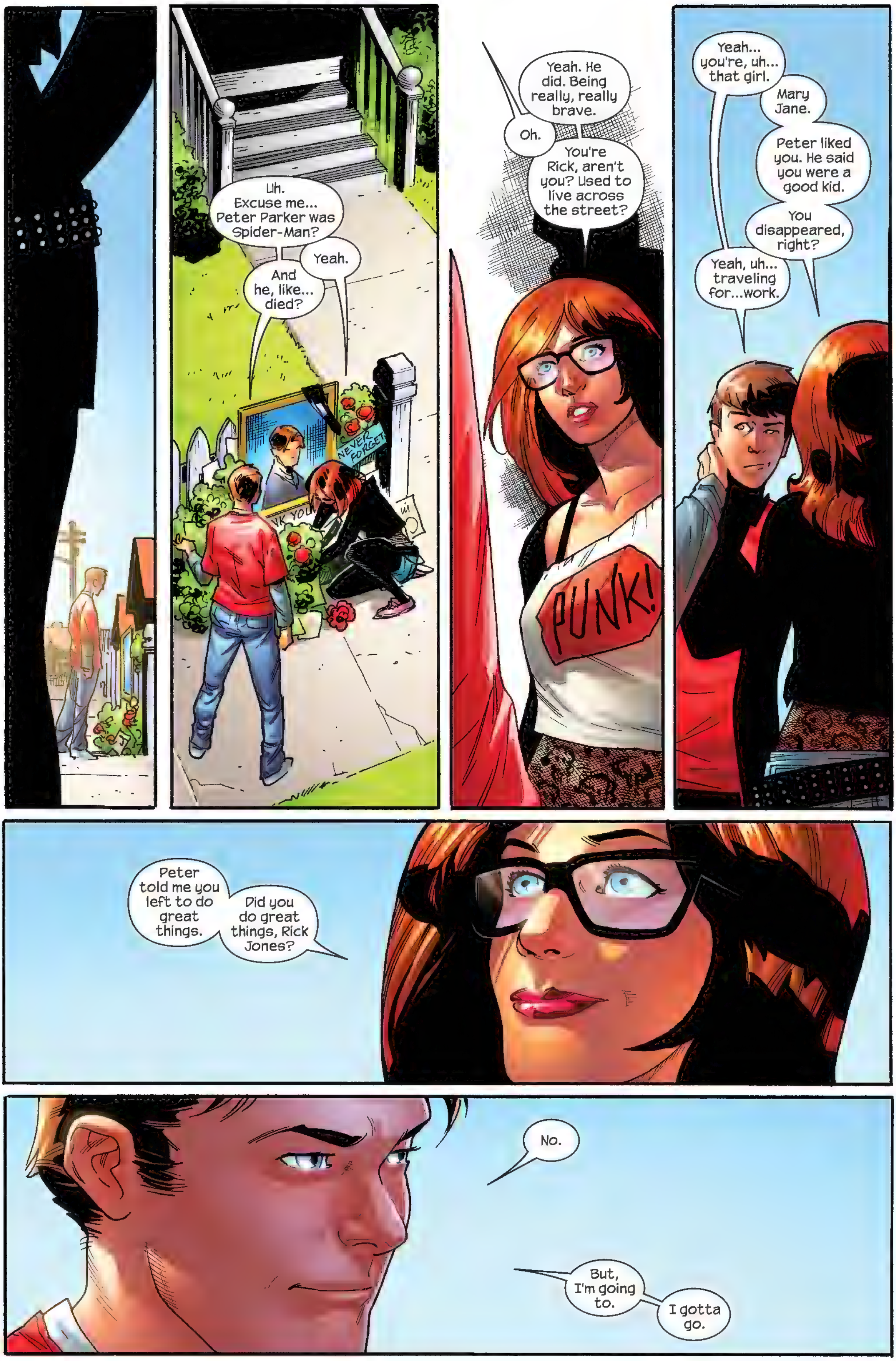

"...And now we must fight alone."
FOREST HILLS.
QUEENS, NEW YORK.
What? Nothing to say, Watcher?
...
C'mon. Yell at me. Tell me I'm a quitter or whatever...
I didn't ask for this!!!
You chose the wrong guy!
SAY SOMETHING!
DO SOME--
...What's that?

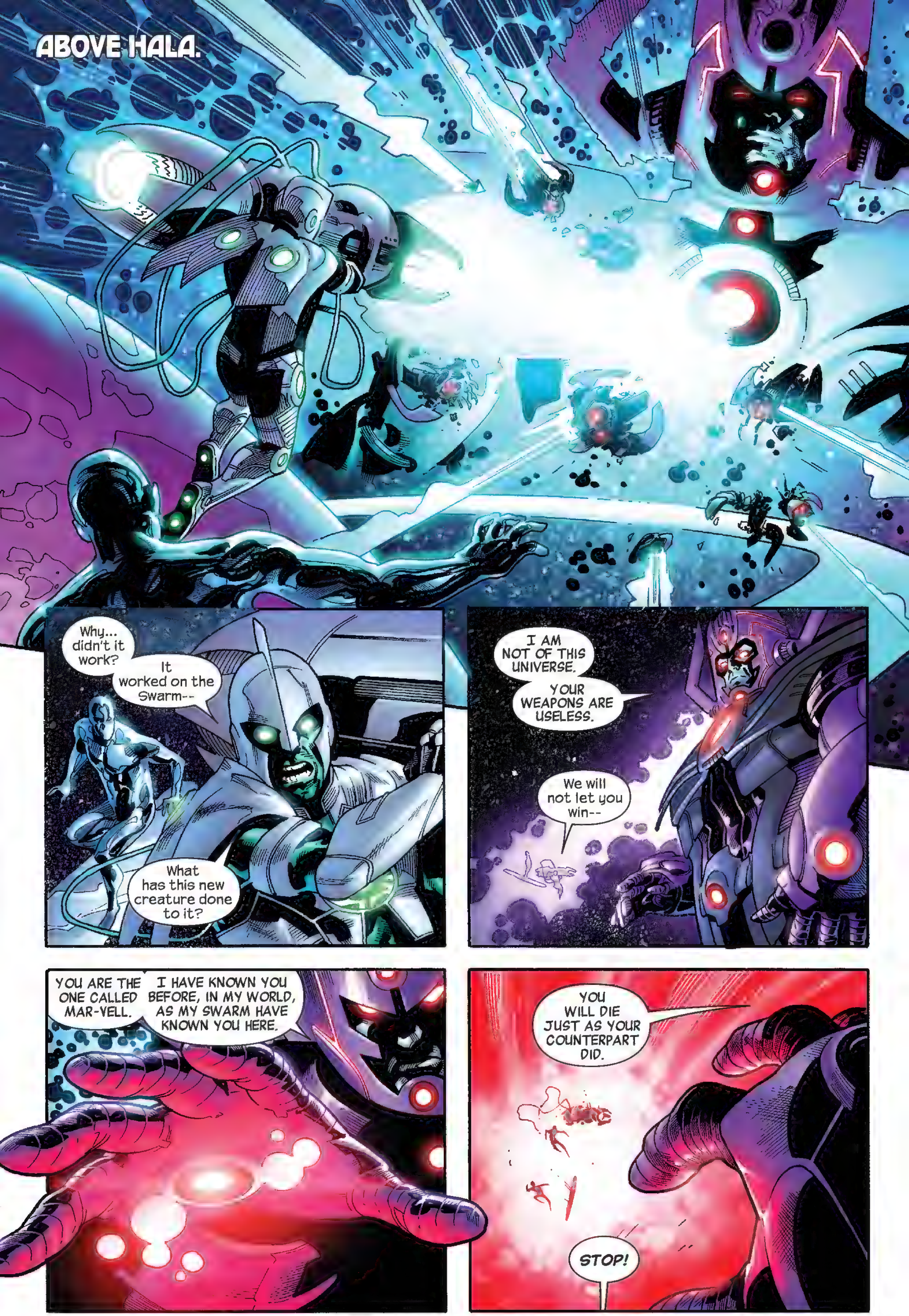

Wait, Peter Parker is dead...?
He was Spider-Man?
THANK YOU
WE LOVE YOU
THANK YOU, SPIDER-MAN
NEVER FORGET!
We'll miss you
And he's... dead?

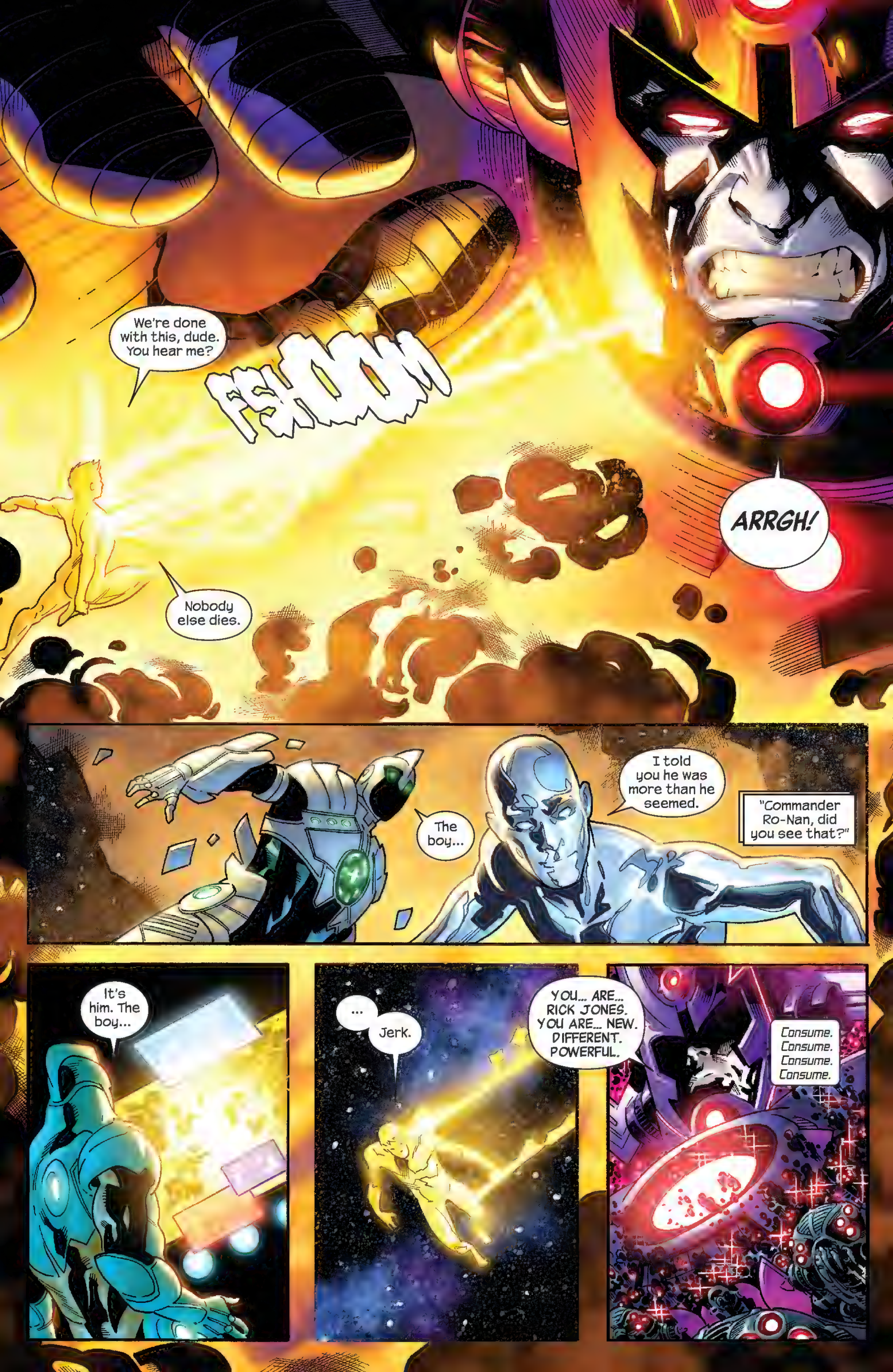

HALA. HOMEWORLD OF THE KREE EMPIRE.
Attention people of Hala, this is Ro-Nan, speaking on behalf of the Supreme Intelligence.
All civilians are to evacuate Hala immediately.
Repeat: all civilians are to evacuate Hala *immediately.*
*Gah Lak Tus protocols are in effect.*
Transport Arks are departing from every major dock.
Teleportation stations will deliver you directly to them--
There is room for *all.* Please, do not panic. Head in an orderly fashion--
*Watch it!*
*Stay. Calm.*
Curses.

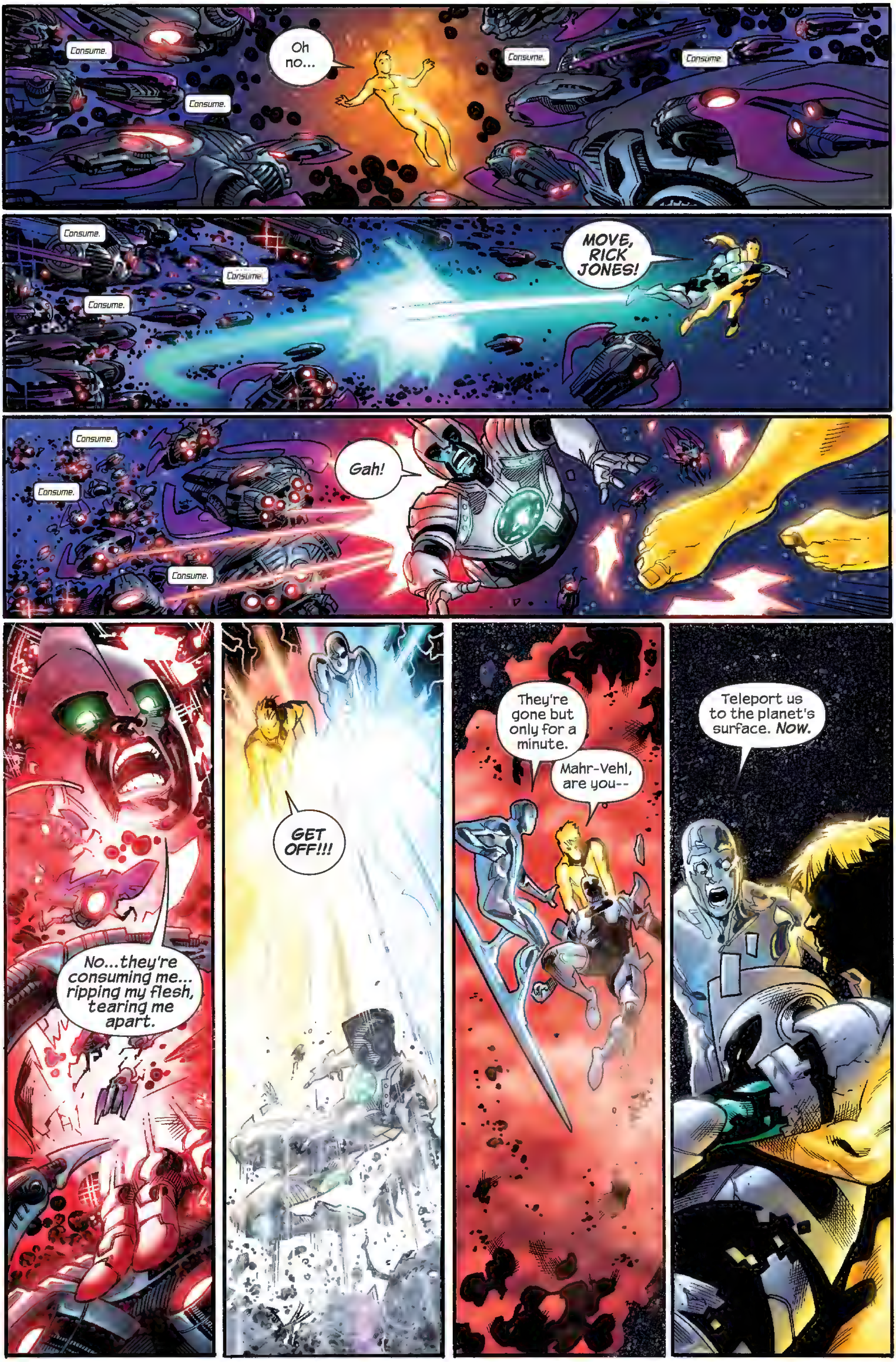

Accursed plebians. Death of themselves.
Esa-la? Dra-ta?
Ro...I didn't think you'd make it.
I'll never disappoint you, Esa. I promise.
Sir, we have onset of Gah Lak Tus entity in twenty seconds.
Daddy, what's going on?
Terrible things, my son. Terrible things.
Short range teleportation for two--
Engaged.
Ro... two?
I must stay and fight, my love. And you must live.
Commander, once my family is aboard, launch the arks.
Sir, they're not completely full yet!
I know.
But it's too late.

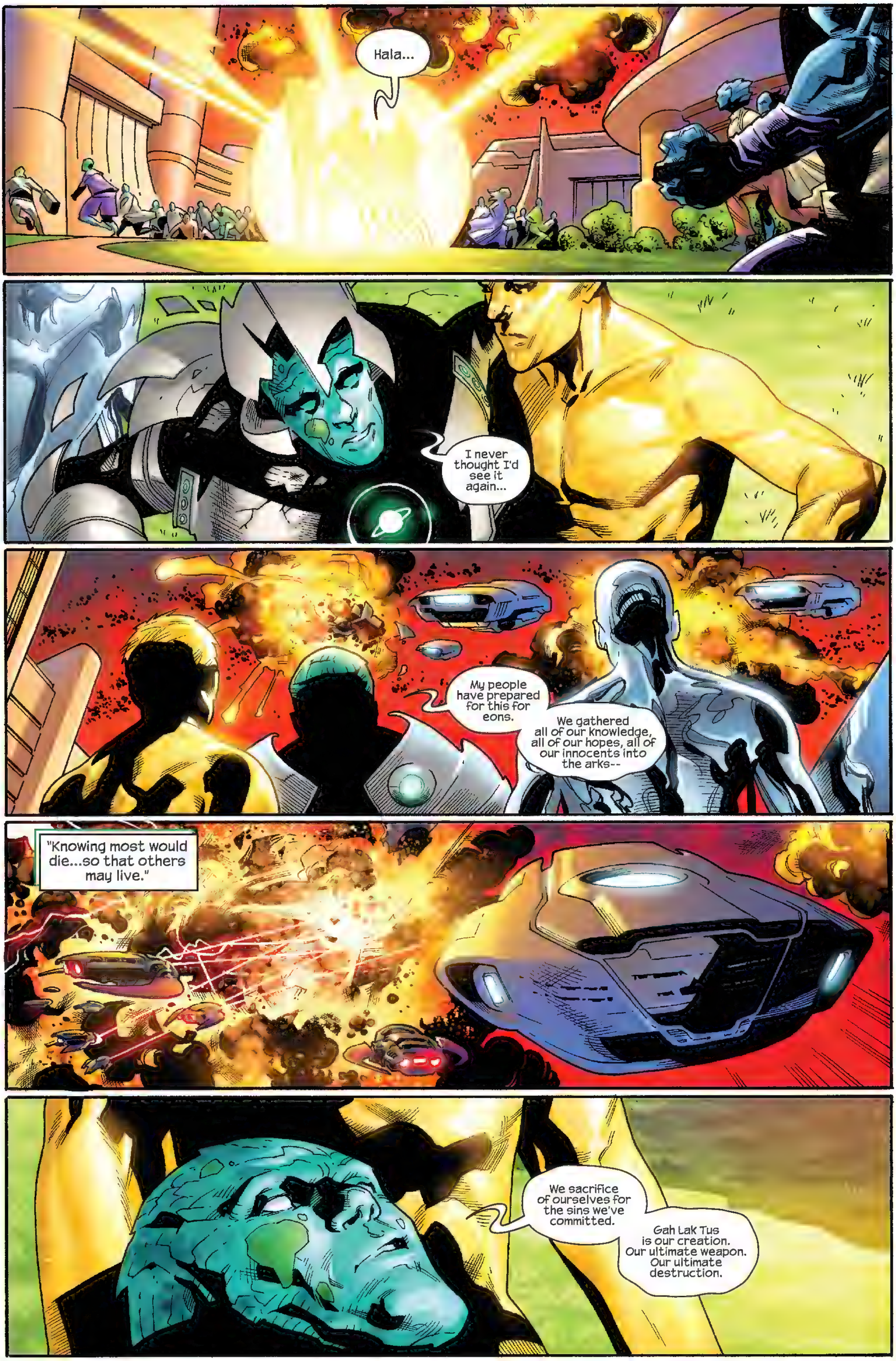

"He is here."
Surfer, I don't understand. this is *not* the Gah Lak Tus I've fought in the past.
The Gah Lak Tus swarm can't do that.
Clearly, Captain, it can.
No, it can't. I should know. We built it.
The Kree?
Eons ago... we...
Our ancestors wanted to purify the universe, wipe out all of our enemies, so we built Gah Lak Tus.
They've instead ensured the destruction of the entire universe.
Not while I still live.

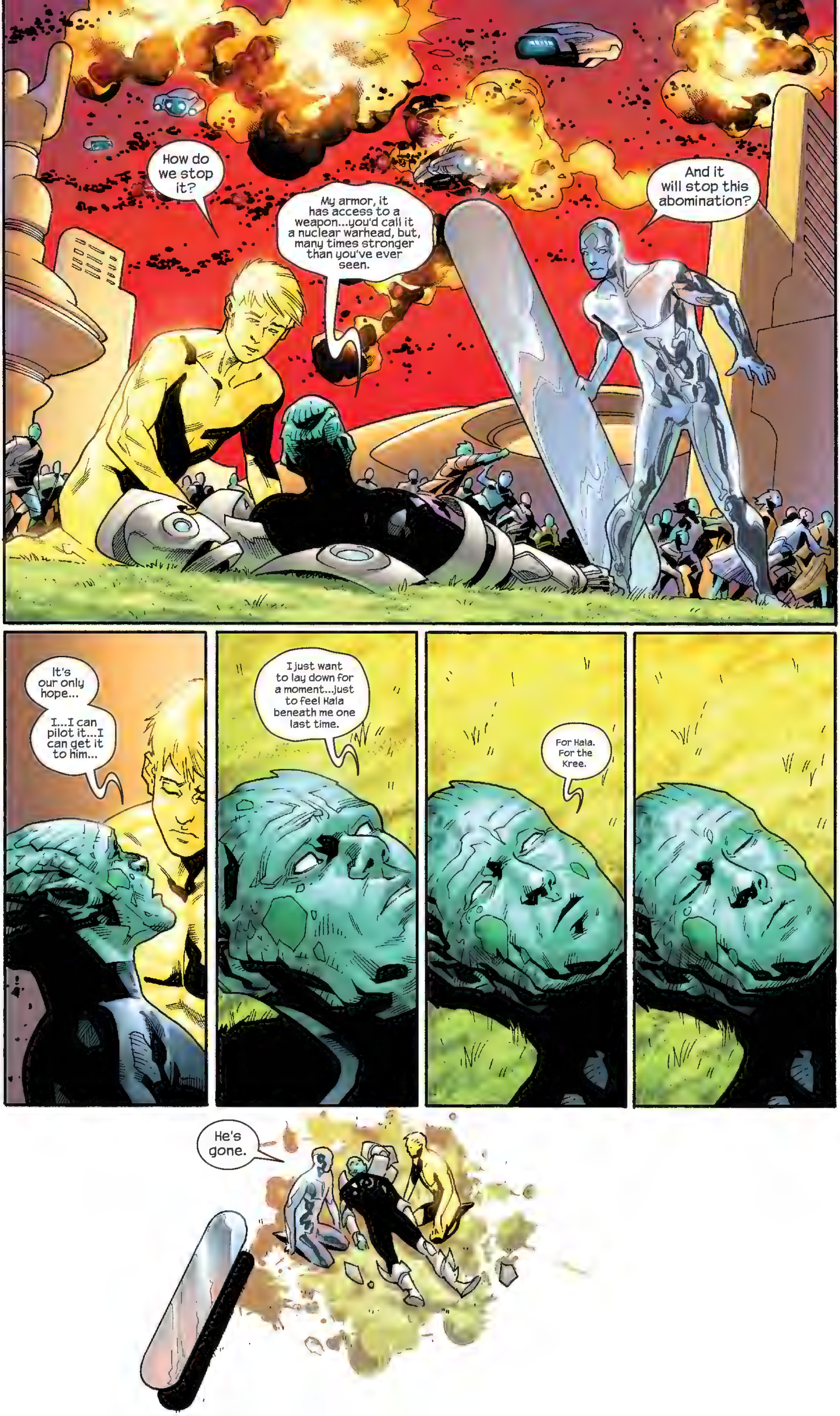

Uh.
Excuse me...
Peter Parker was Spider-Man?
Yeah.
And he, like... died?
NEVER FORGET
K YOU
Yeah. He did. Being really, really brave.
Oh.
You're Rick, aren't you? Used to live across the street?
PUNK!
Yeah... you're, uh... that girl.
Mary Jane.
Peter liked you. He said you were a good kid.
You disappeared, right?
Yeah, uh... traveling for...work.
Peter told me you left to do great things.
Did you do great things, Rick Jones?
No.
But, I'm going to.
I gotta go.

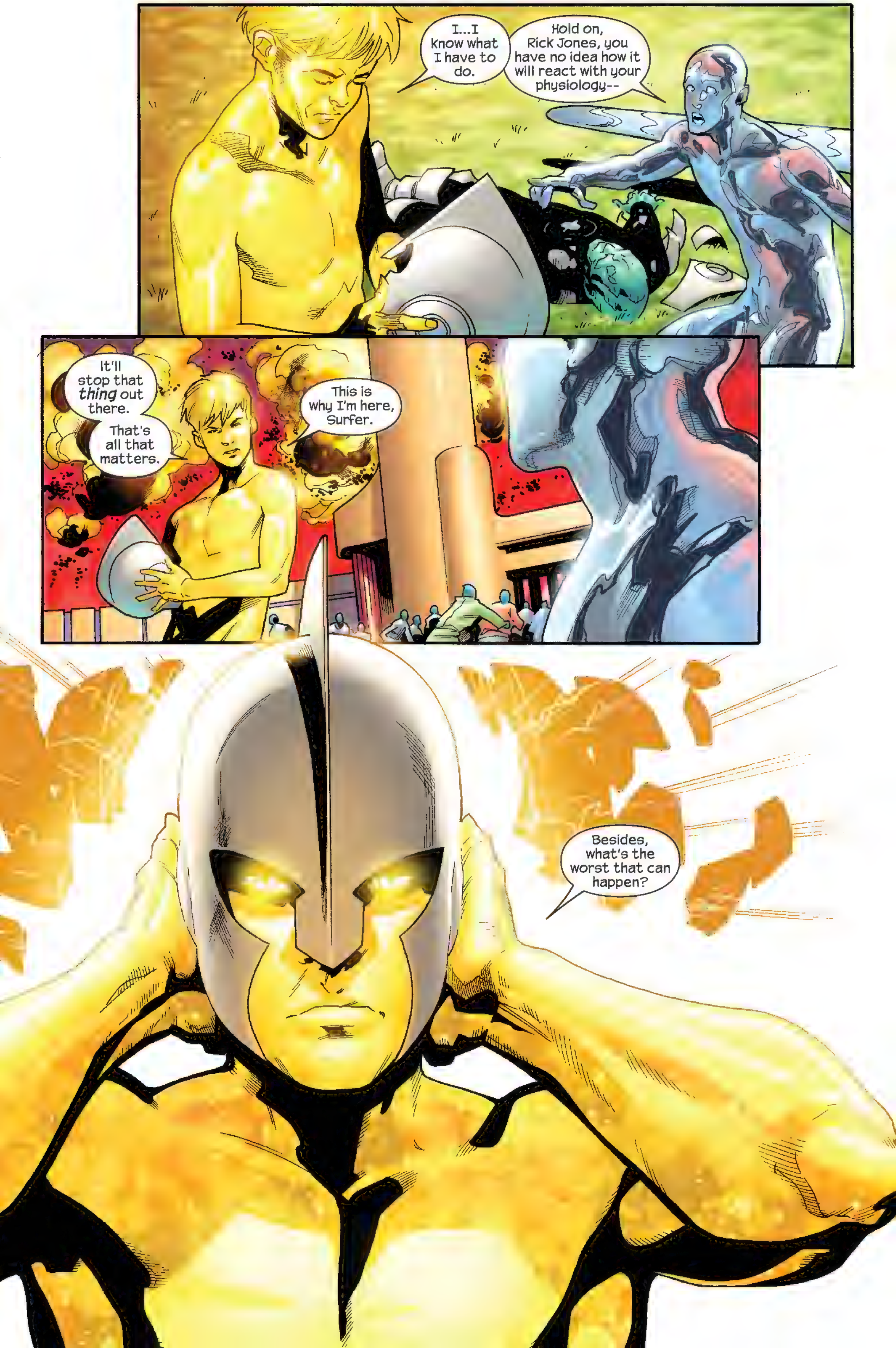

ABOVE HALA.
Why... didn't it work?
It worked on the Swarm--
What has this new creature done to it?
I AM NOT OF THIS UNIVERSE.
YOUR WEAPONS ARE USELESS.
We will not let you win--
YOU ARE THE ONE CALLED MAR-VELL.
I HAVE KNOWN YOU BEFORE, IN MY WORLD, AS MY SWARM HAVE KNOWN YOU HERE.
YOU WILL DIE JUST AS YOUR COUNTERPART DID.
STOP!


We're done with this, dude. You hear me?
FSHOOM
ARRGH!
Nobody else dies.
The boy...
I told you he was more than he seemed.
"Commander Ro-Nan, did you see that?"
It's him. The boy...
...
Jerk.
YOU... ARE... RICK JONES. YOU ARE... NEW. DIFFERENT. POWERFUL.
Consume. Consume. Consume. Consume.

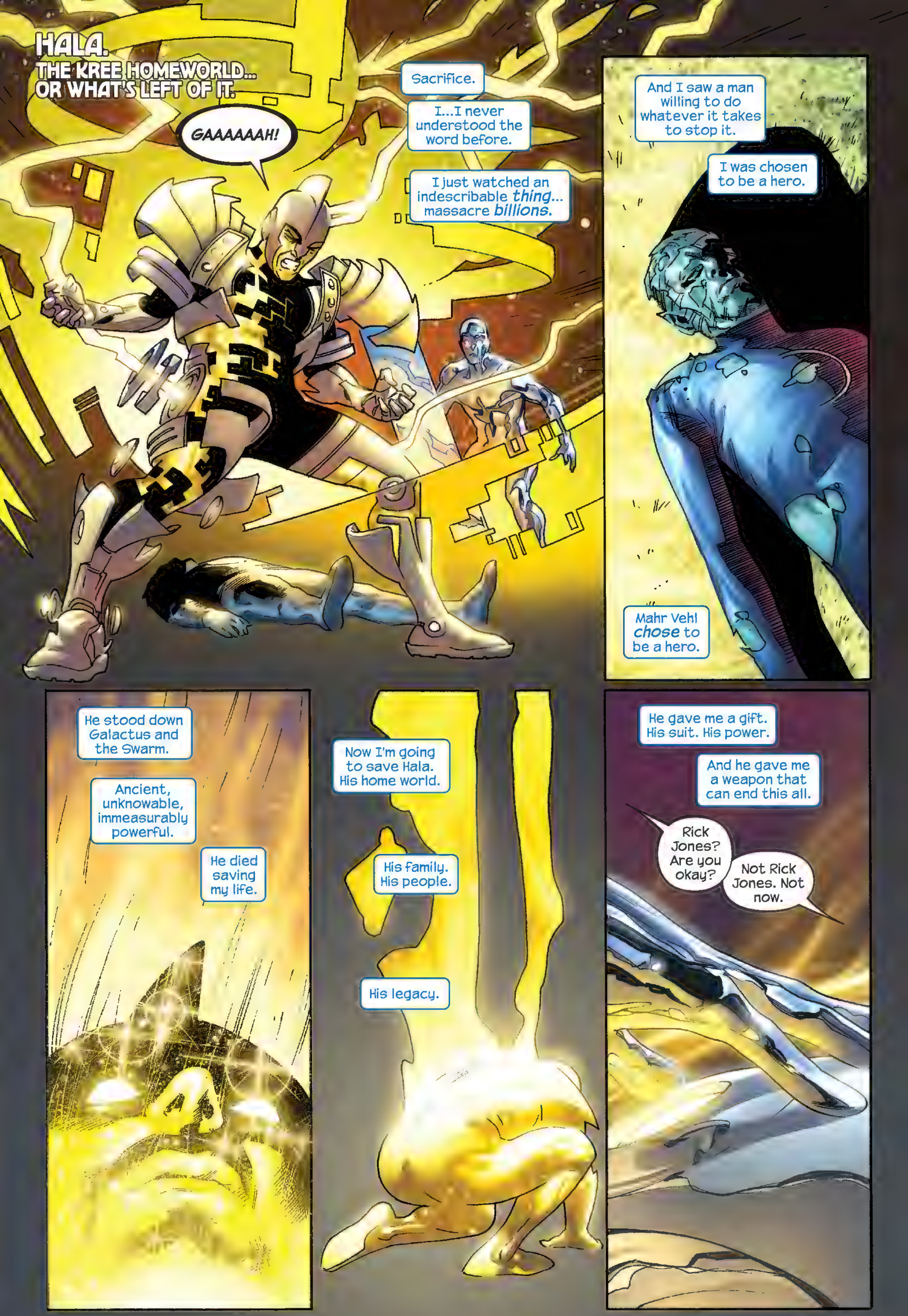

Consume.
Consume.
Oh no...
Consume.
Consume.
Consume.
Consume.
Consume.
MOVE, RICK JONES!
Consume.
Consume.
Gah!
Consume.
No...they're consuming me... ripping my flesh, tearing me apart.
GET OFF!!!
They're gone but only for a minute.
Mahr-Vehl, are you--
Teleport us to the planet's surface. *Now.*

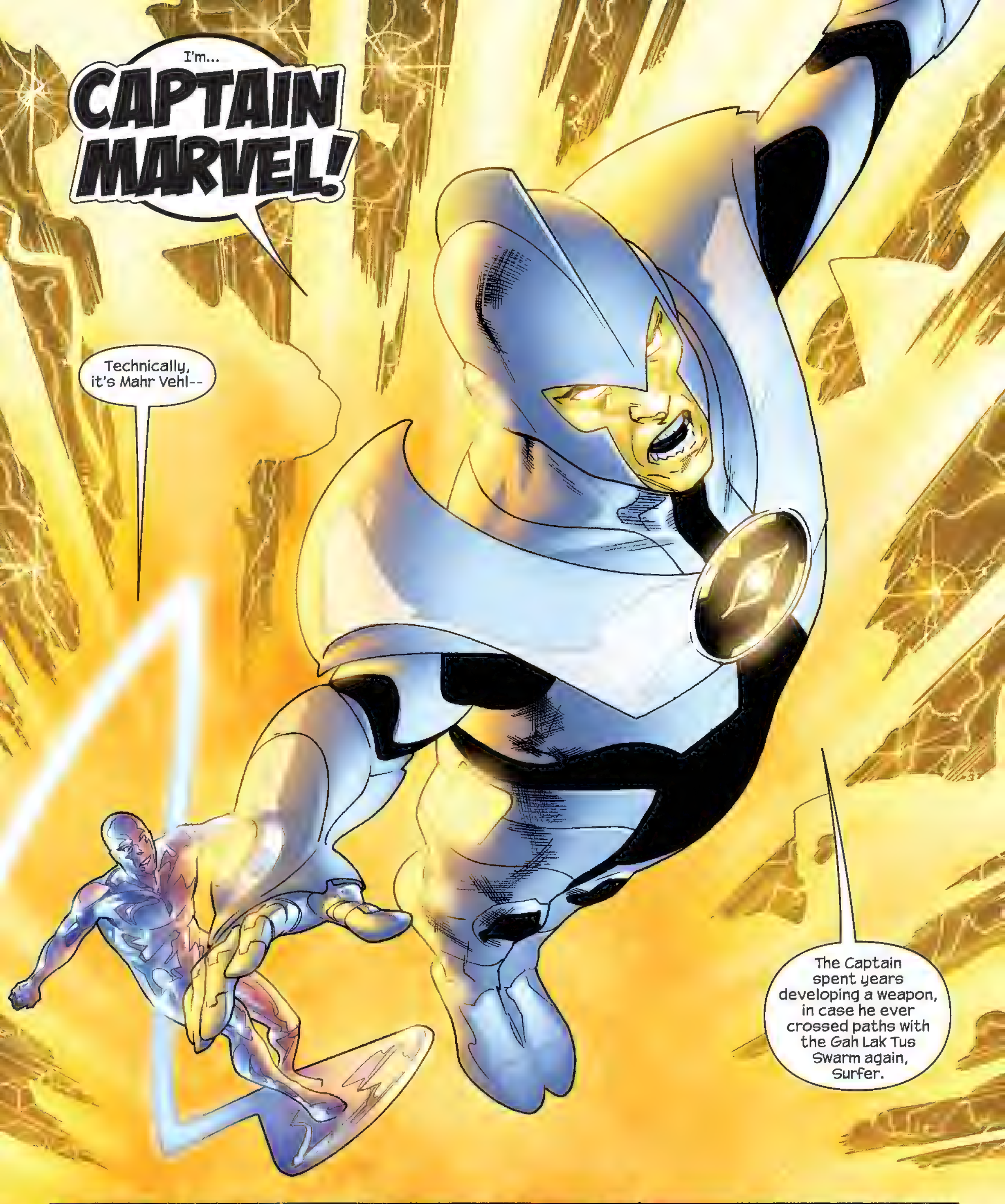

Hala...
I never thought I'd see it again...
My people have prepared for this for eons.
We gathered all of our knowledge, all of our hopes, all of our innocents into the arks--
"Knowing most would die...so that others may live."
We sacrifice of ourselves for the sins we've committed.
Gah Lak Tus is our creation. Our ultimate weapon. Our ultimate destruction.

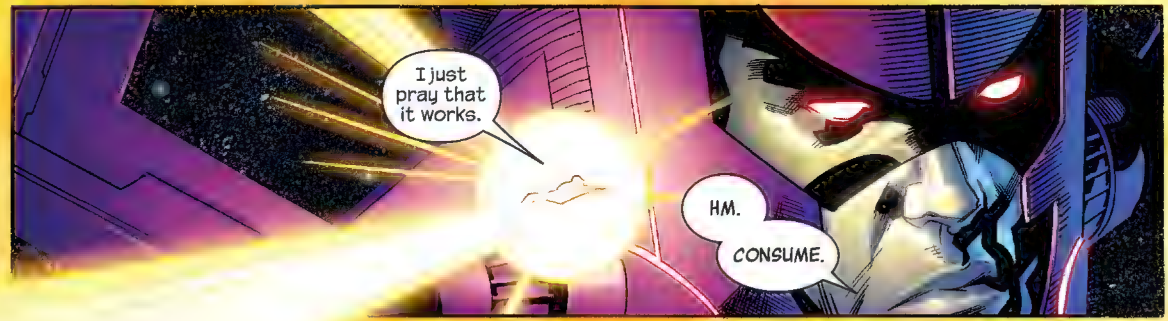

How do we stop it?
My armor, it has access to a weapon...you'd call it a nuclear warhead, but, many times stronger than you've ever seen.
And it will stop this abomination?
It's our only hope...
I...I can pilot it...I can get it to him...
I just want to lay down for a moment...just to feel Hala beneath me one last time.
For Hala. For the Kree.
He's gone.

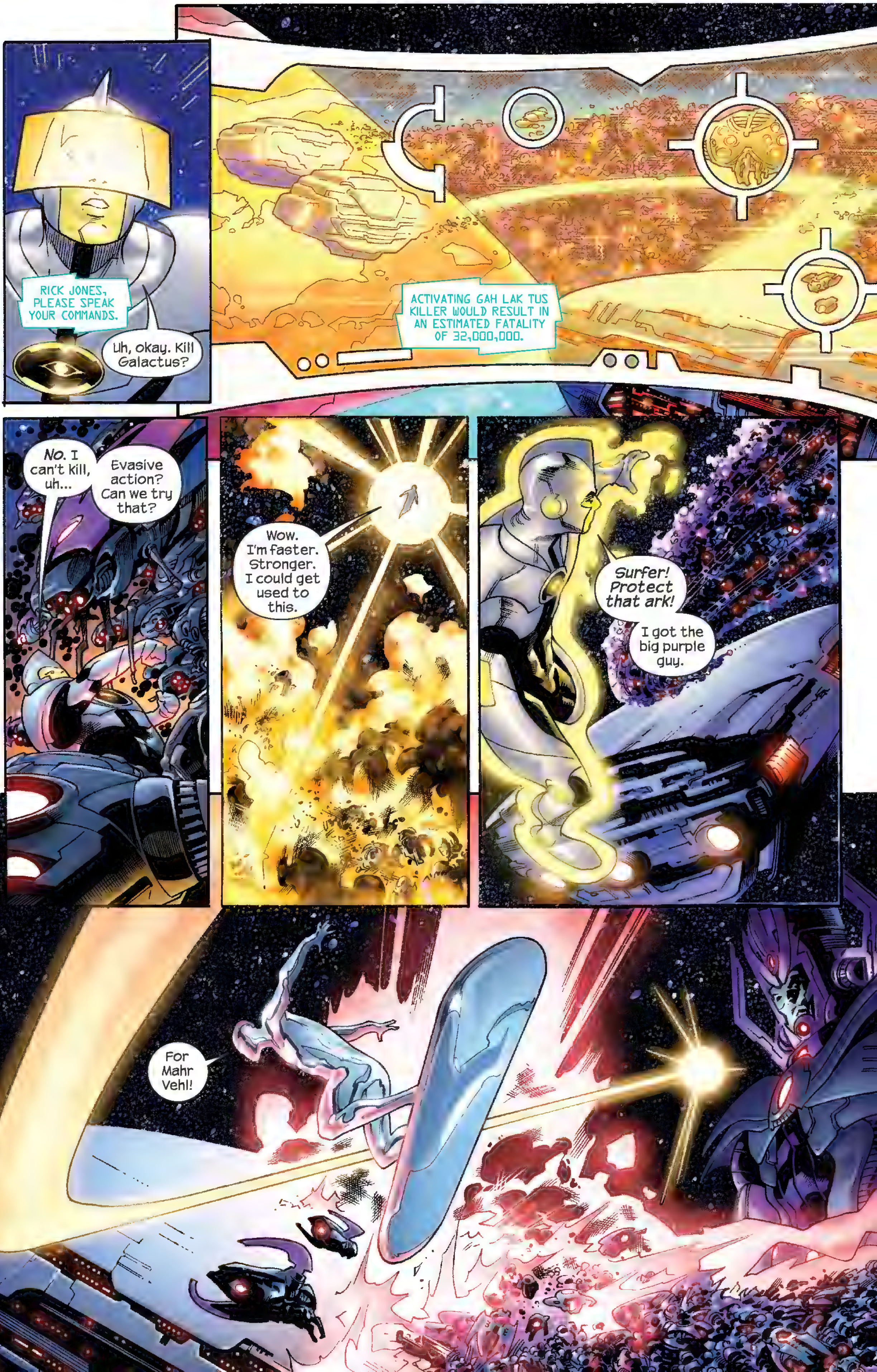

I...I know what I have to do.
Hold on, Rick Jones, you have no idea how it will react with your physiology--
It'll stop that *thing* out there.
That's all that matters.
This is why I'm here, Surfer.
Besides, what's the worst that can happen?

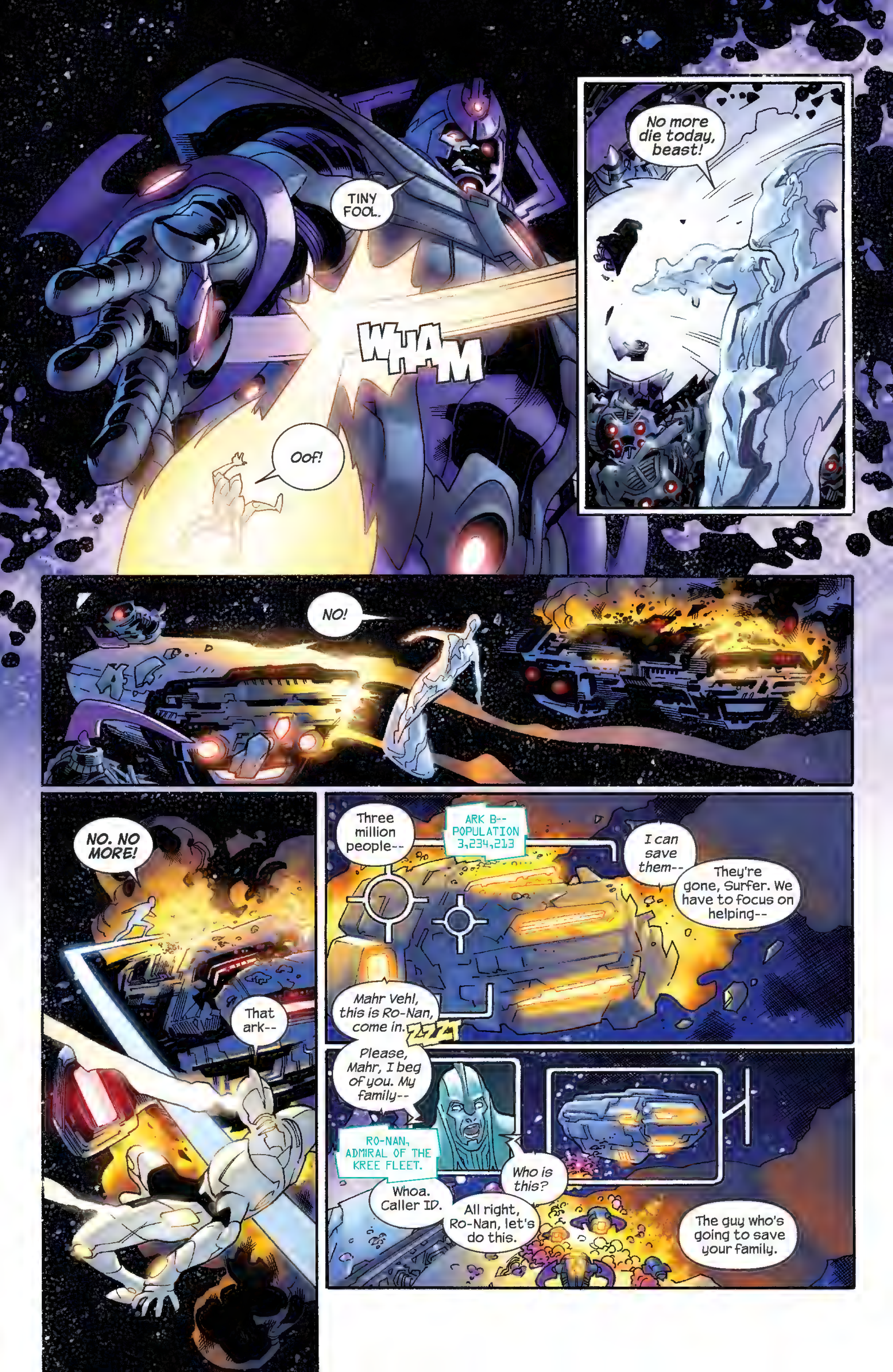
# HUNGER #4

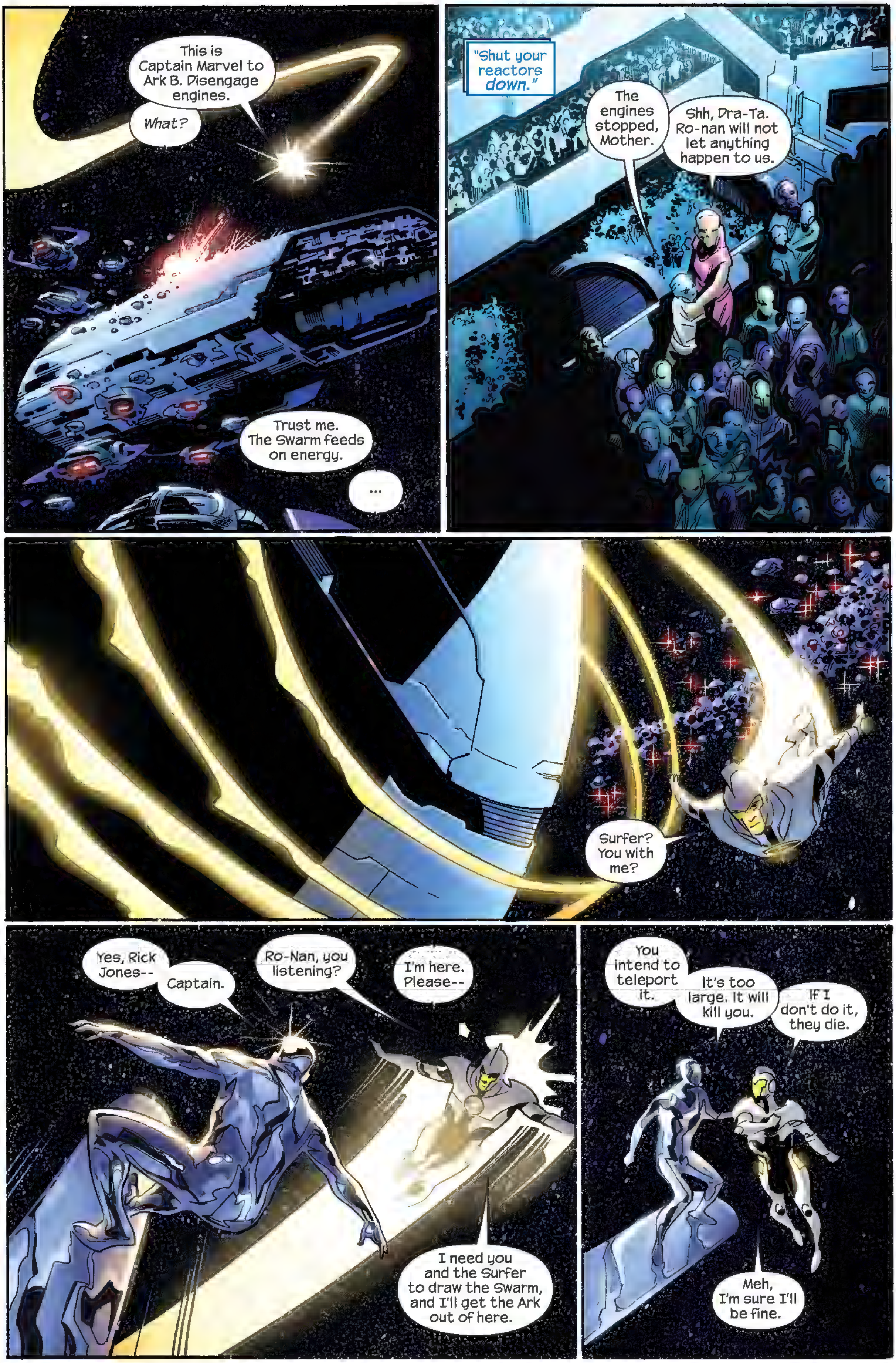

HALA. THE KREE HOMEWORLD... OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT.
GAAAAAAH!
Sacrifice.
I...I never understood the word before.
I just watched an indescribable *thing*... massacre *billions*.
And I saw a man willing to do whatever it takes to stop it.
I was chosen to be a hero.
Mahr Vehl *chose* to be a hero.
He stood down Galactus and the Swarm.
Ancient, unknowable, immeasurably powerful.
He died saving my life.
Now I'm going to save Hala. His home world.
His family. His people.
His legacy.
He gave me a gift. His suit. His power.
And he gave me a weapon that can end this all.
Rick Jones? Are you okay?
Not Rick Jones. Not now.

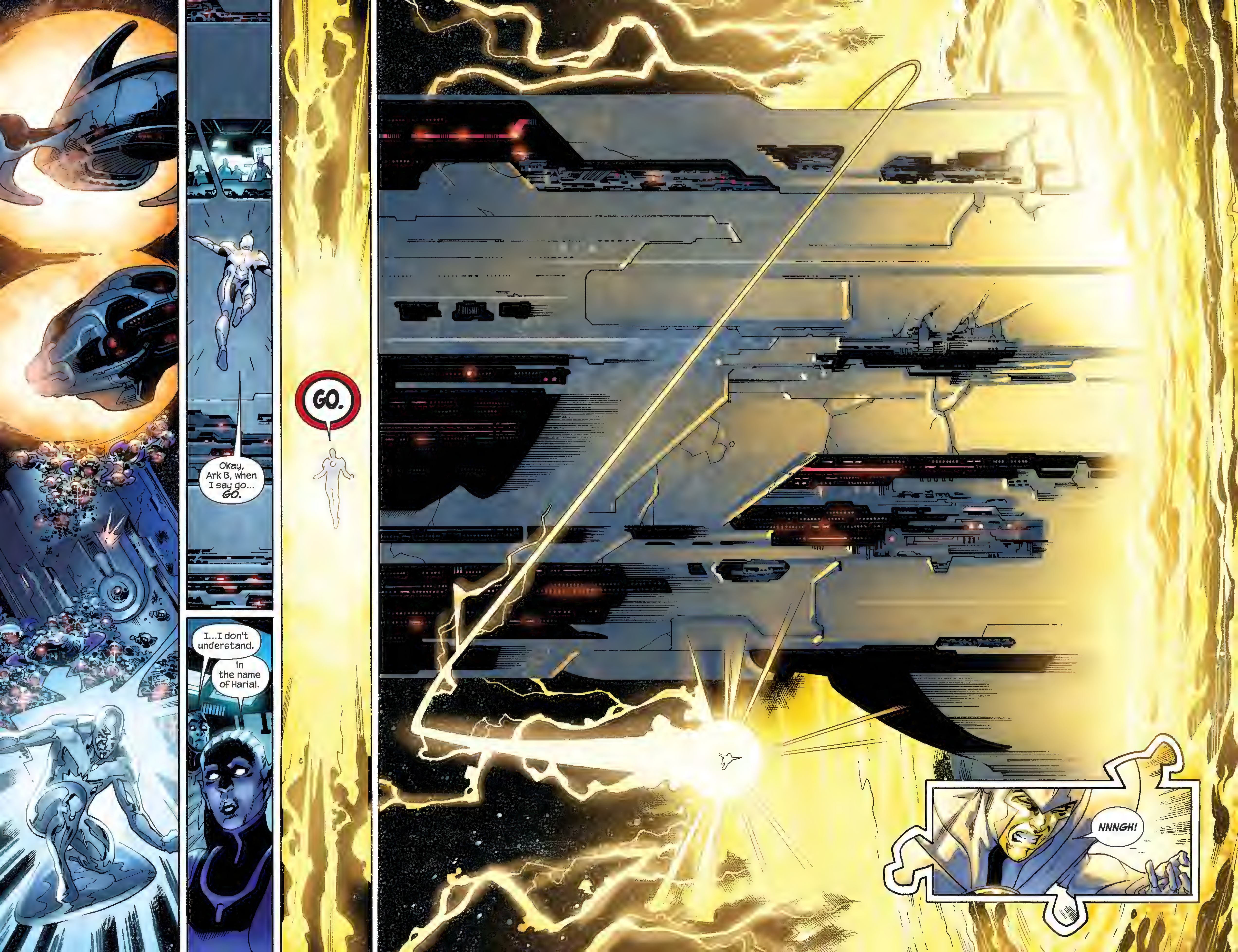

I'm... CAPTAIN MARVEL!
Technically, it's Mahr Vehl--
The Captain spent years developing a weapon, in case he ever crossed paths with the Gah Lak Tus Swarm again, Surfer.

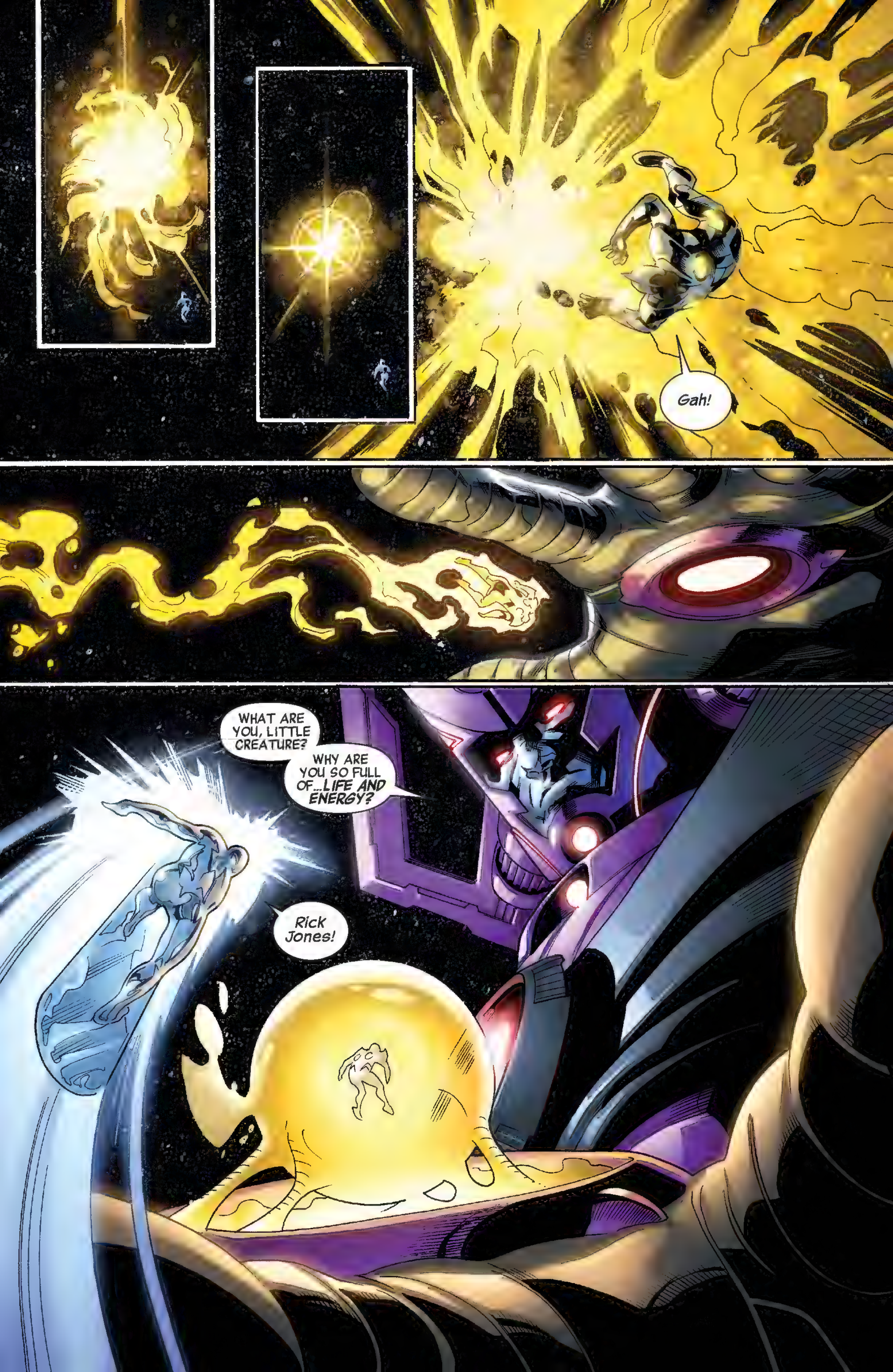

I just pray that it works.
HM.
CONSUME.

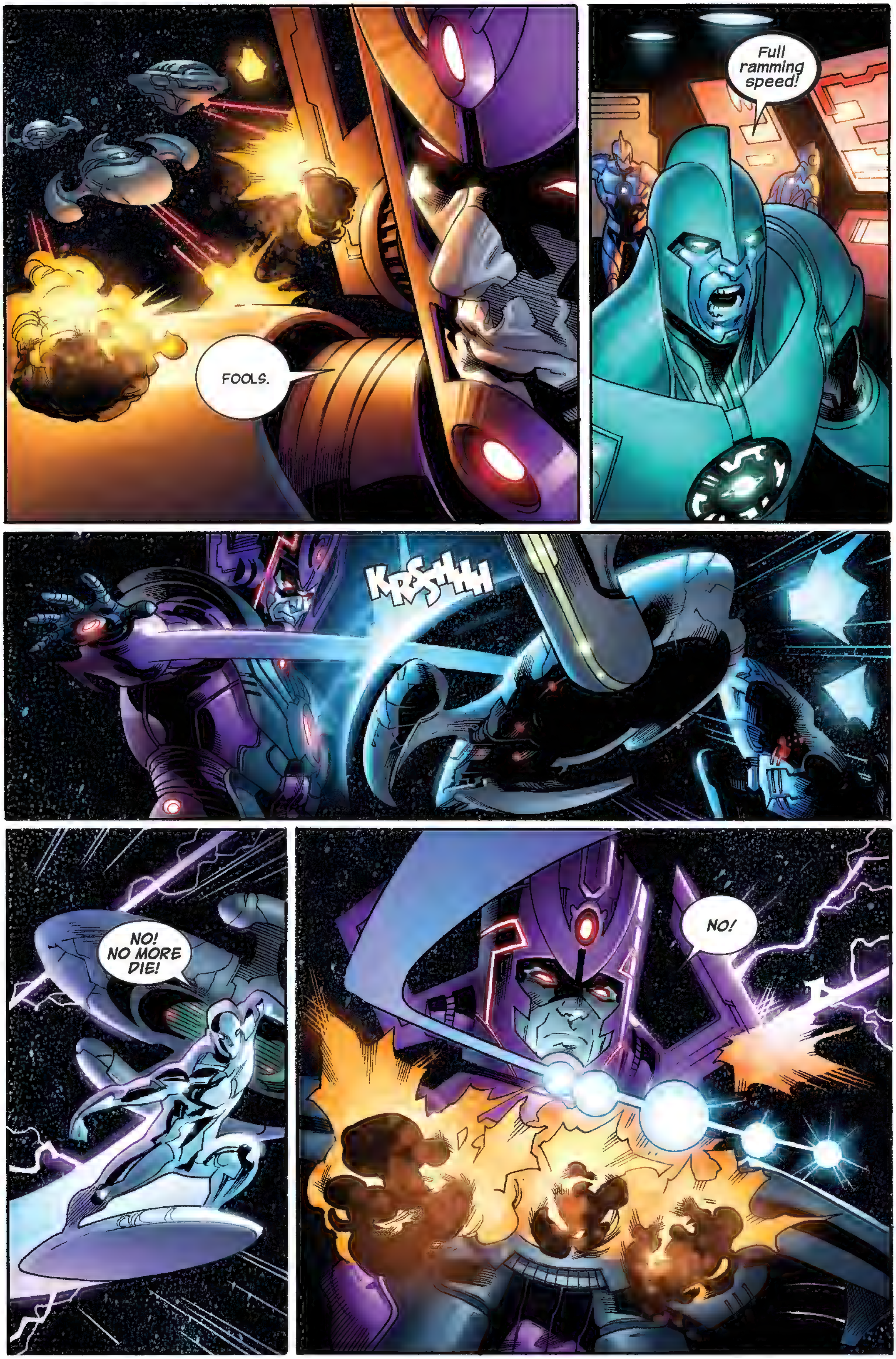

RICK JONES, PLEASE SPEAK YOUR COMMANDS.
Uh, okay. Kill Galactus?
ACTIVATING GAH LAK TUS KILLER WOULD RESULT IN AN ESTIMATED FATALITY OF 32,000,000.
*No.* I can't kill, uh...
Evasive action? Can we try that?
Wow. I'm faster. Stronger. I could get used to this.
*Surfer! Protect that ark!*
I got the big purple guy.
For Mahr Vehl!

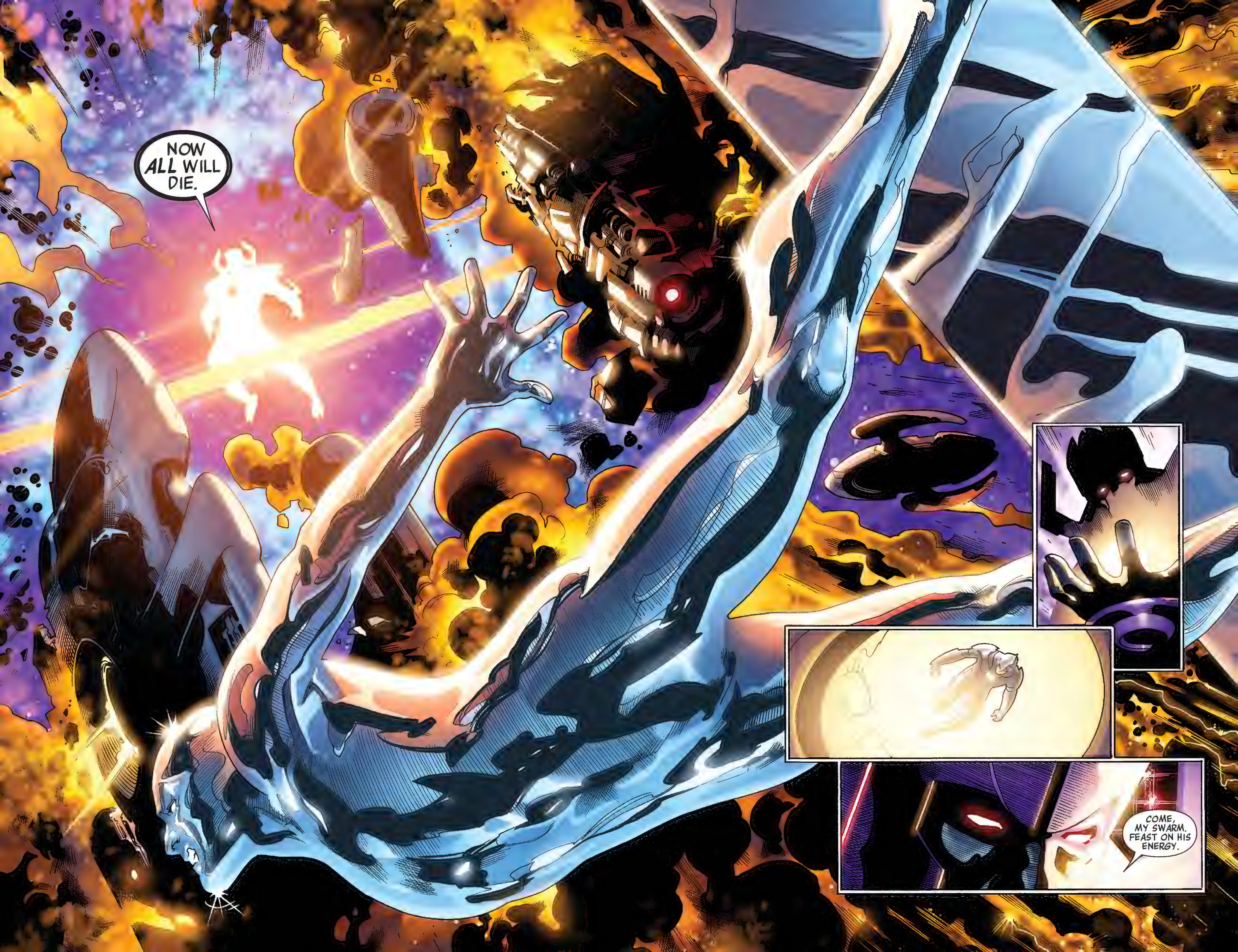

TINY FOOL.
WHAM
Oof!
No more die today, beast!
NO!
NO. NO MORE!
That ark--
Three million people--
ARK B-- POPULATION 3,234,213
I can save them--
They're gone, Surfer. We have to focus on helping--
Mahr Vehl, this is Ro-Nan, come in.
ZZZ
Please, Mahr, I beg of you. My family--
RO-NAN, ADMIRAL OF THE KREE FLEET.
Whoa. Caller ID.
Who is this?
All right, Ro-Nan, let's do this.
The guy who's going to save your family.

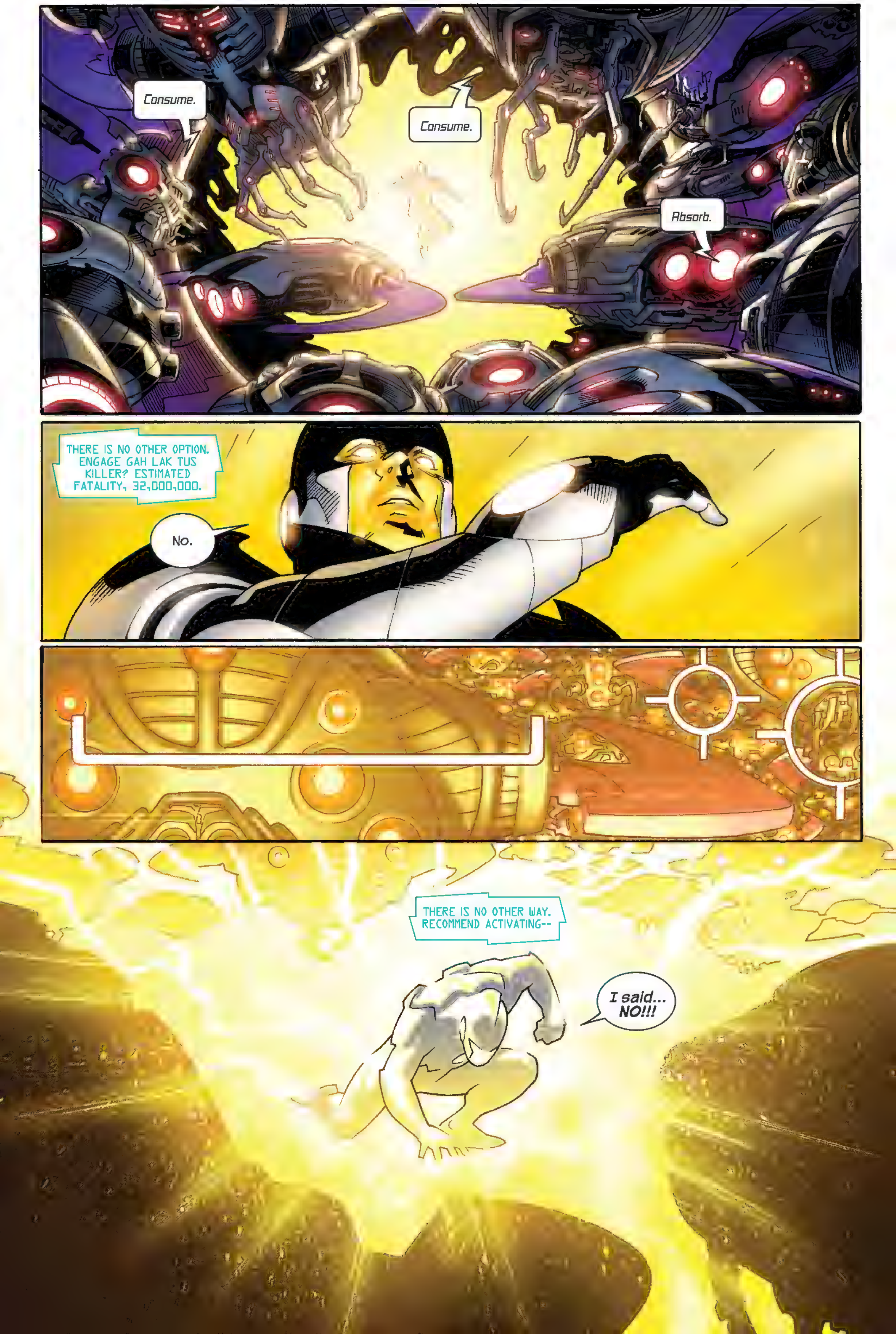

This is Captain Marvel to Ark B. Disengage engines.
What?
Trust me. The Swarm feeds on energy.
...
"Shut your reactors *down.*"
The engines stopped, Mother.
Shh, Dra-Ta. Ro-nan will not let anything happen to us.
Surfer? You with me?
Yes, Rick Jones--
Captain.
Ro-Nan, you listening?
I'm here. Please--
I need you and the Surfer to draw the Swarm, and I'll get the Ark out of here.
You intend to teleport it.
It's too large. It will kill you.
If I don't do it, they die.
Meh, I'm sure I'll be fine.

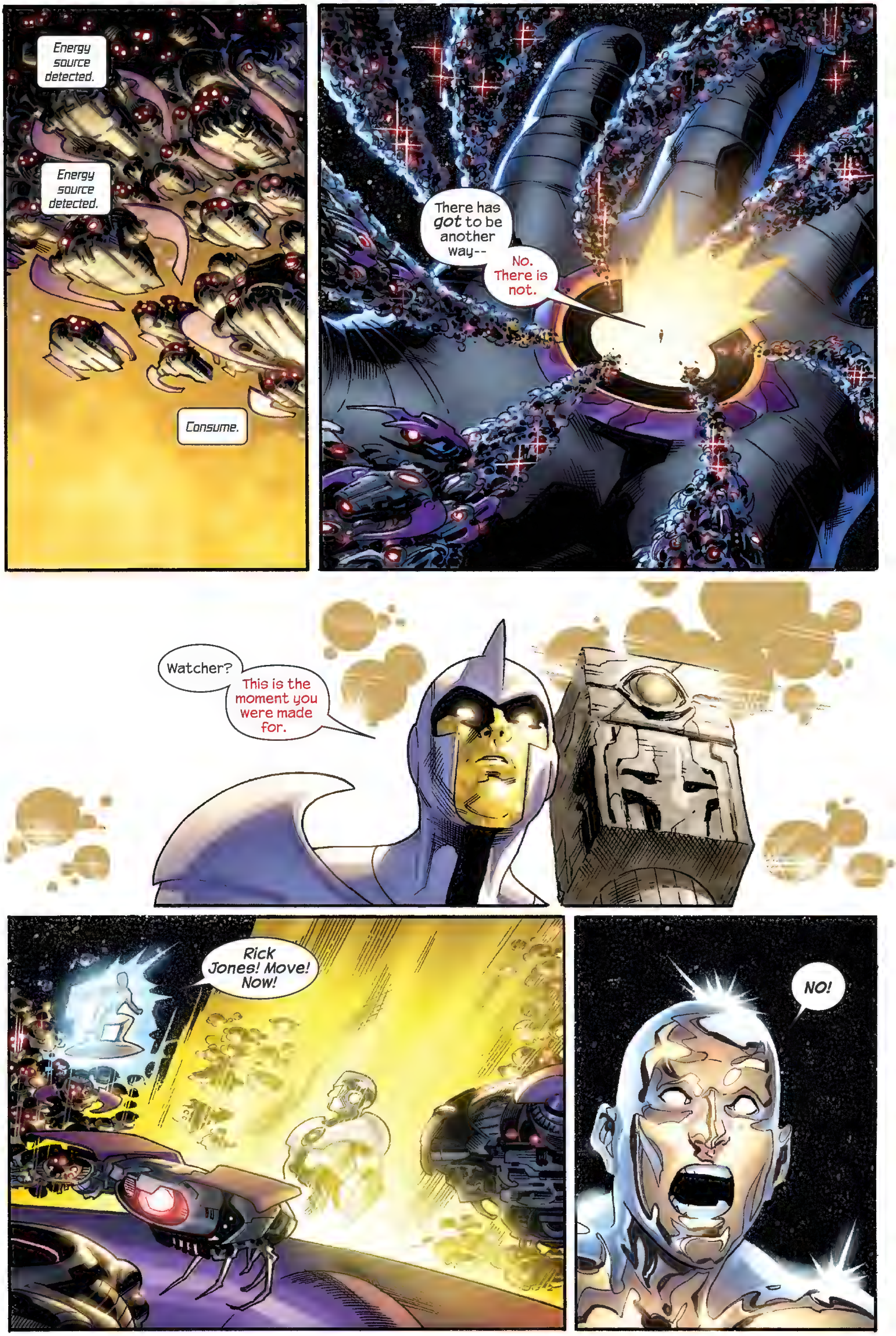

Okay, Ark B, when I say go... GO.
I...I don't understand.
In the name of Harial.
GO.
NNNGH!

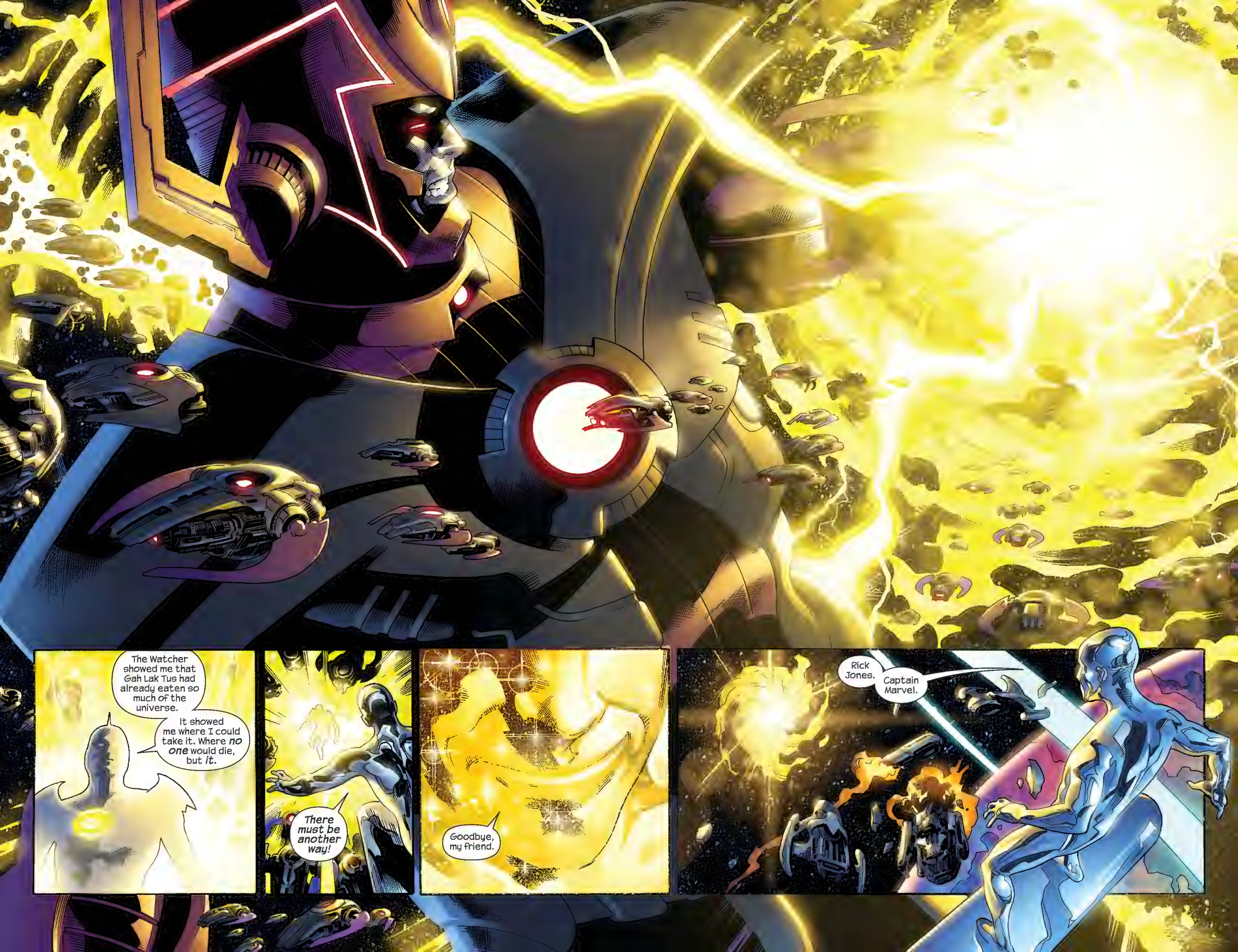

Gah!
WHAT ARE YOU, LITTLE CREATURE?
WHY ARE YOU SO FULL OF...LIFE AND ENERGY?
Rick Jones!

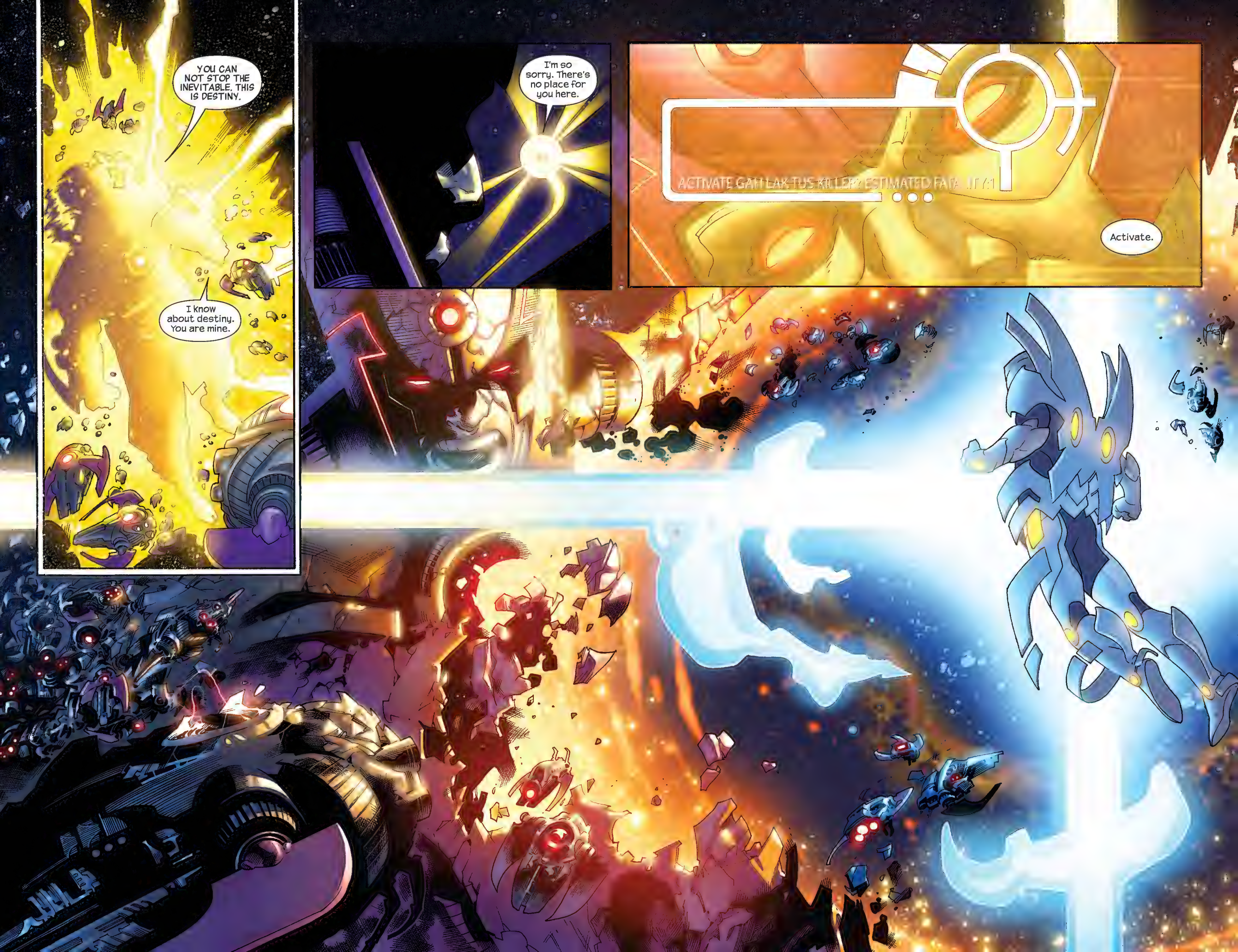

FOOLS.
Full ramming speed!
KRSHHH
NO! NO MORE DIE!
NO!

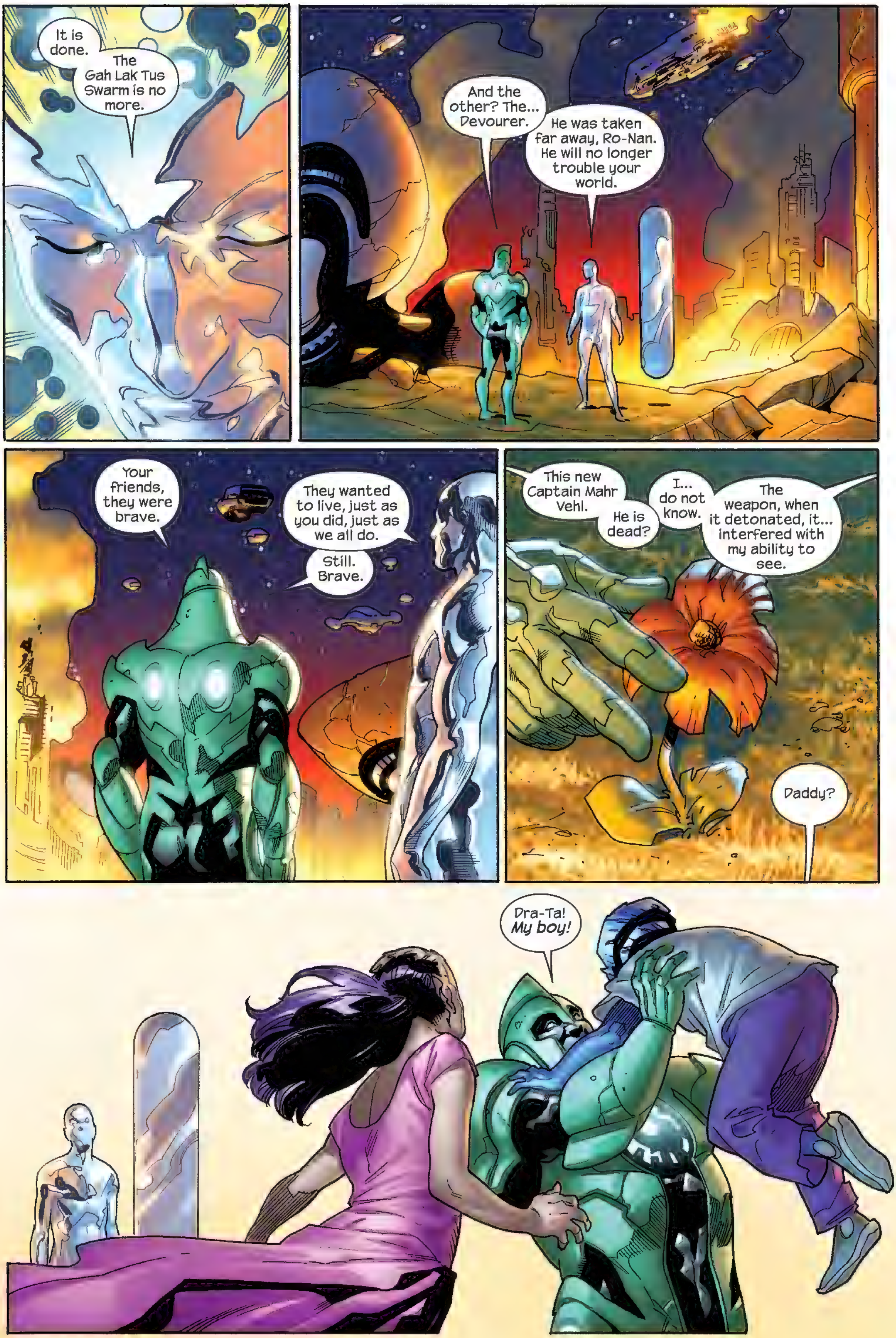

NOW *ALL* WILL DIE.
COME, MY SWARM. FEAST ON HIS ENERGY.

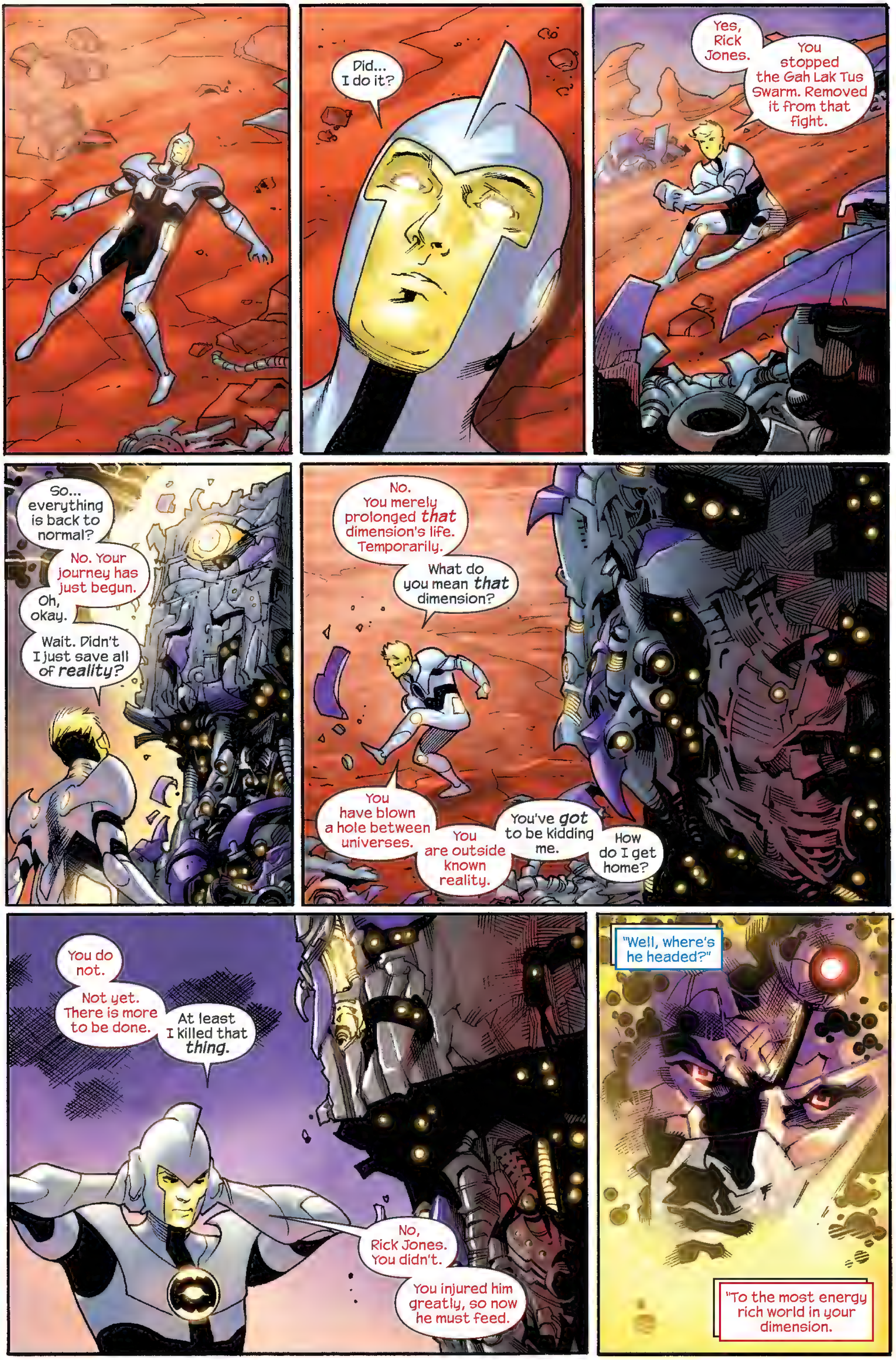

Consume.
Consume.
Absorb.
THERE IS NO OTHER OPTION. ENGAGE GAH LAK TUS KILLER? ESTIMATED FATALITY, 32,000,000.
No.
THERE IS NO OTHER WAY. RECOMMEND ACTIVATING--
I said... NO!!!

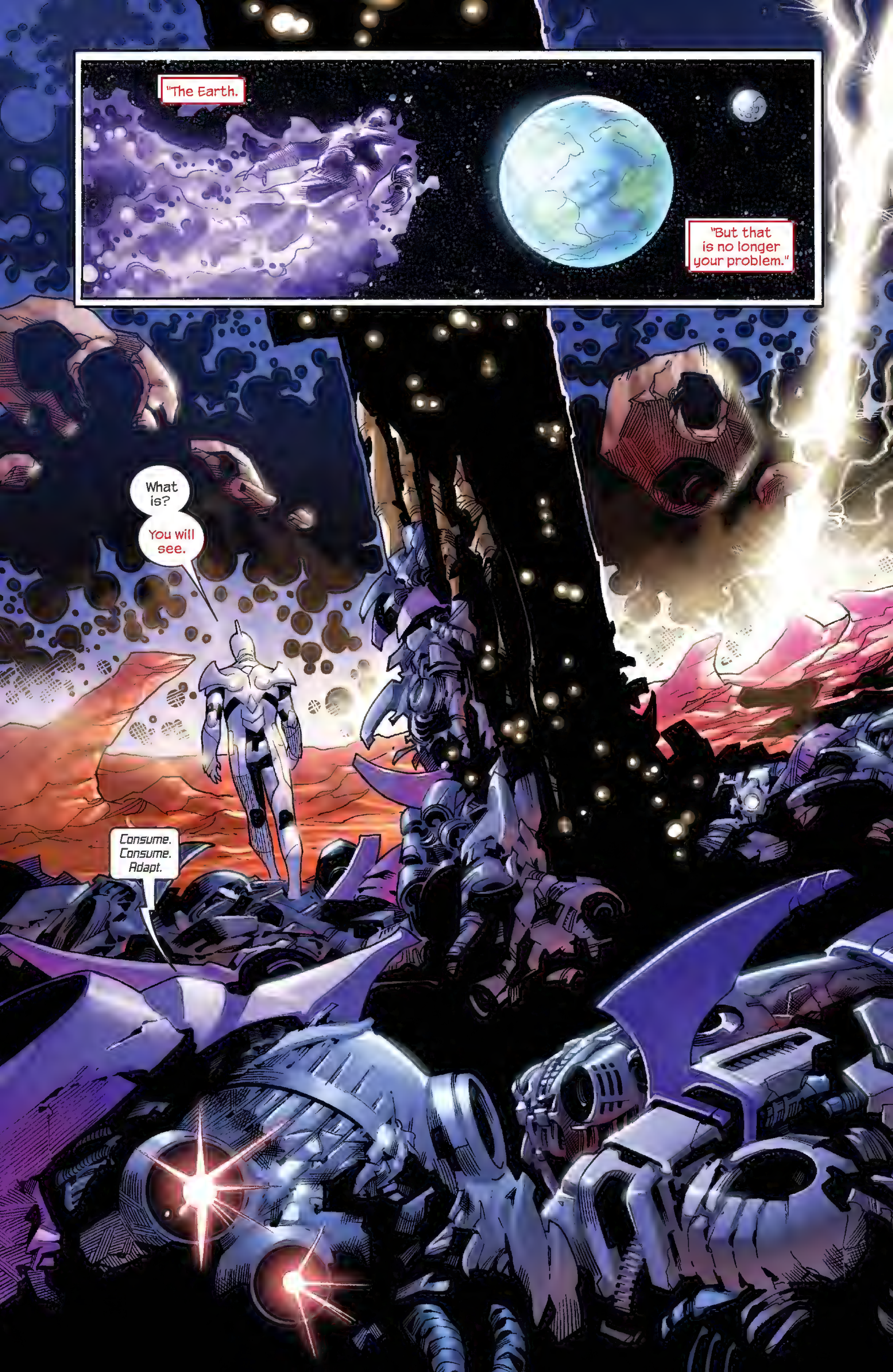

Energy source detected.
Energy source detected.
Consume.
There has *got* to be another way--
No. There is not.
Watcher?
This is the moment you were made for.
Rick Jones! Move! Now!
NO!

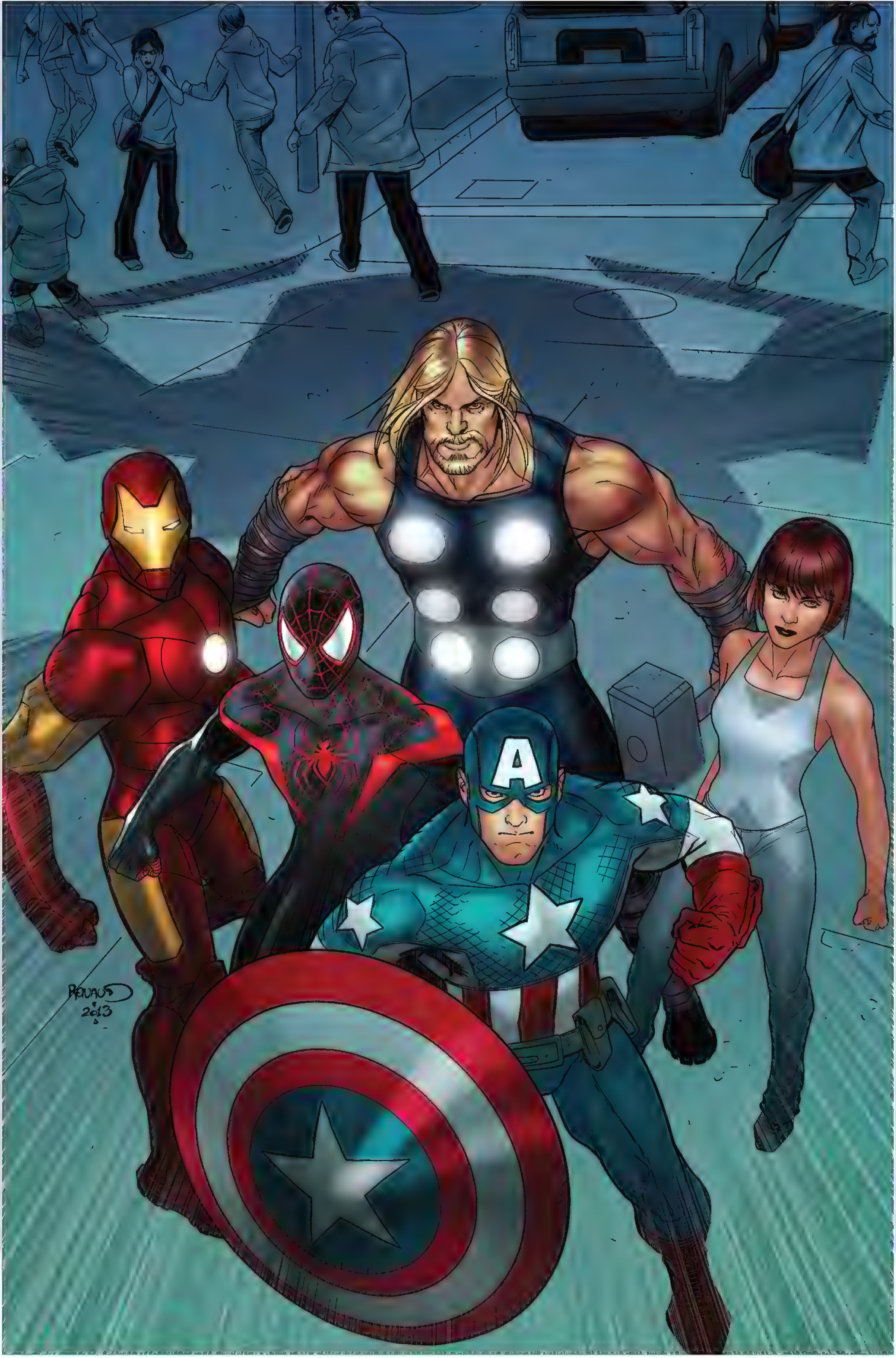

The Watcher showed me that Gah Lak Tus had already eaten so much of the universe.
It showed me where I could take it. Where *no one* would die, but *it*.
*There must be another way!*
Goodbye, my friend.
Rick Jones.
Captain Marvel.


YOU CAN NOT STOP THE INEVITABLE. THIS IS DESTINY.
I know about destiny. You are mine.
I'm so sorry. There's no place for you here.
ACTIVATE GAH LAK TUS KILLER? ESTIMATED FATALITY 1:1
Activate.


It is done.
The Gah Lak Tus Swarm is no more.
And the other? The... Devourer.
He was taken far away, Ro-Nan. He will no longer trouble your world.
Your friends, they were brave.
They wanted to live, just as you did, just as we all do.
Still. Brave.
This new Captain Mahr Vehl.
He is dead?
I... do not know.
The weapon, when it detonated, it... interfered with my ability to see.
Daddy?
Dra-Ta! *My boy!*

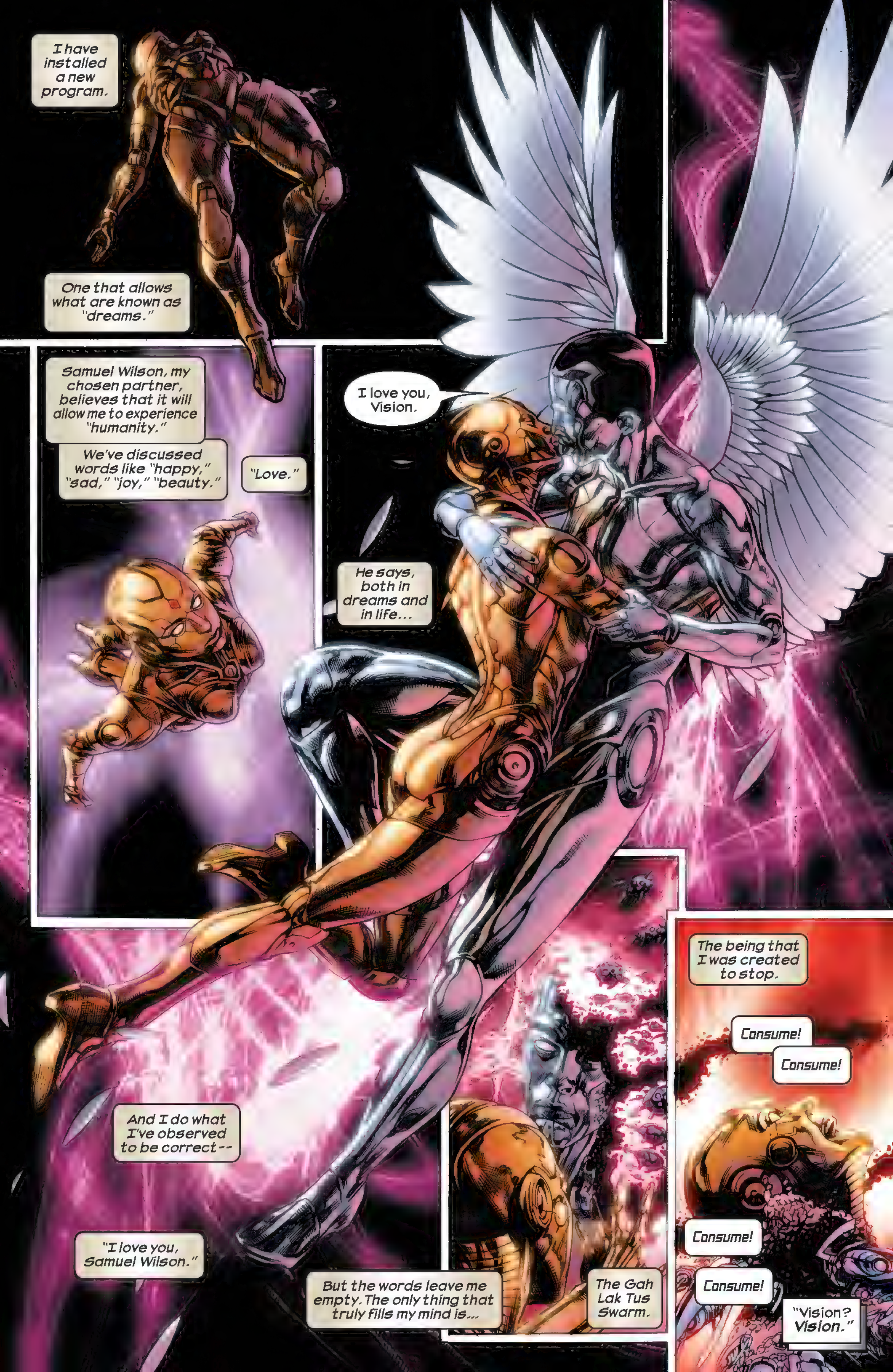

Did... I do it?
Yes, Rick Jones.
You stopped the Gah Lak Tus Swarm. Removed it from that fight.
So... everything is back to normal?
No. Your journey has just begun.
Oh, okay.
Wait. Didn't I just save all of *reality?*
No. You merely prolonged *that* dimension's life. Temporarily.
What do you mean *that* dimension?
You have blown a hole between universes.
You are outside known reality.
You've *got* to be kidding me.
How do I get home?
You do not.
Not yet. There is more to be done.
At least I killed that *thing.*
No, Rick Jones. You didn't.
You injured him greatly, so now he must feed.
"Well, where's he headed?"
"To the most energy rich world in your dimension.

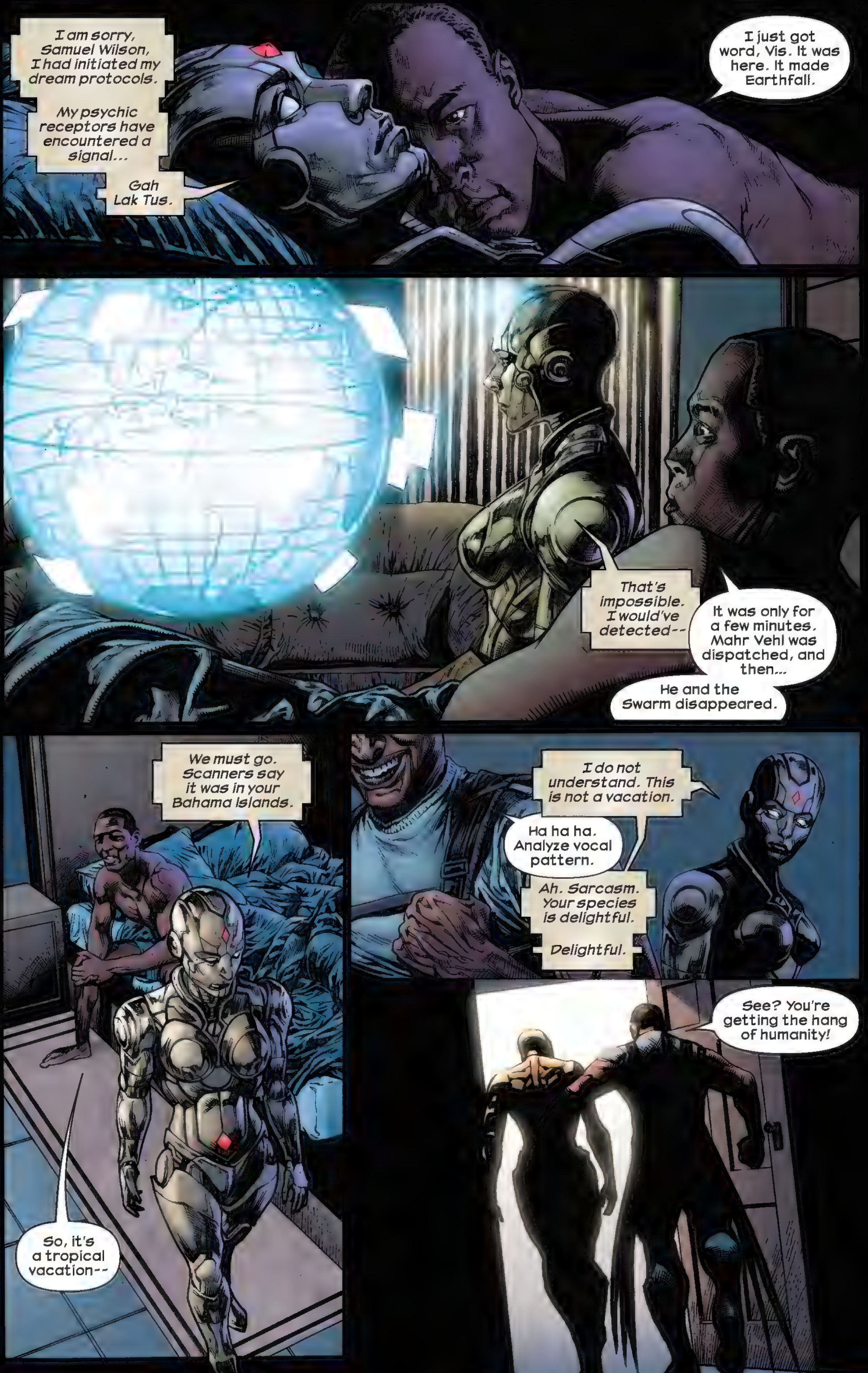

"The Earth.
"But that is no longer your problem."
What is?
You will see.
Consume. Consume. Adapt.

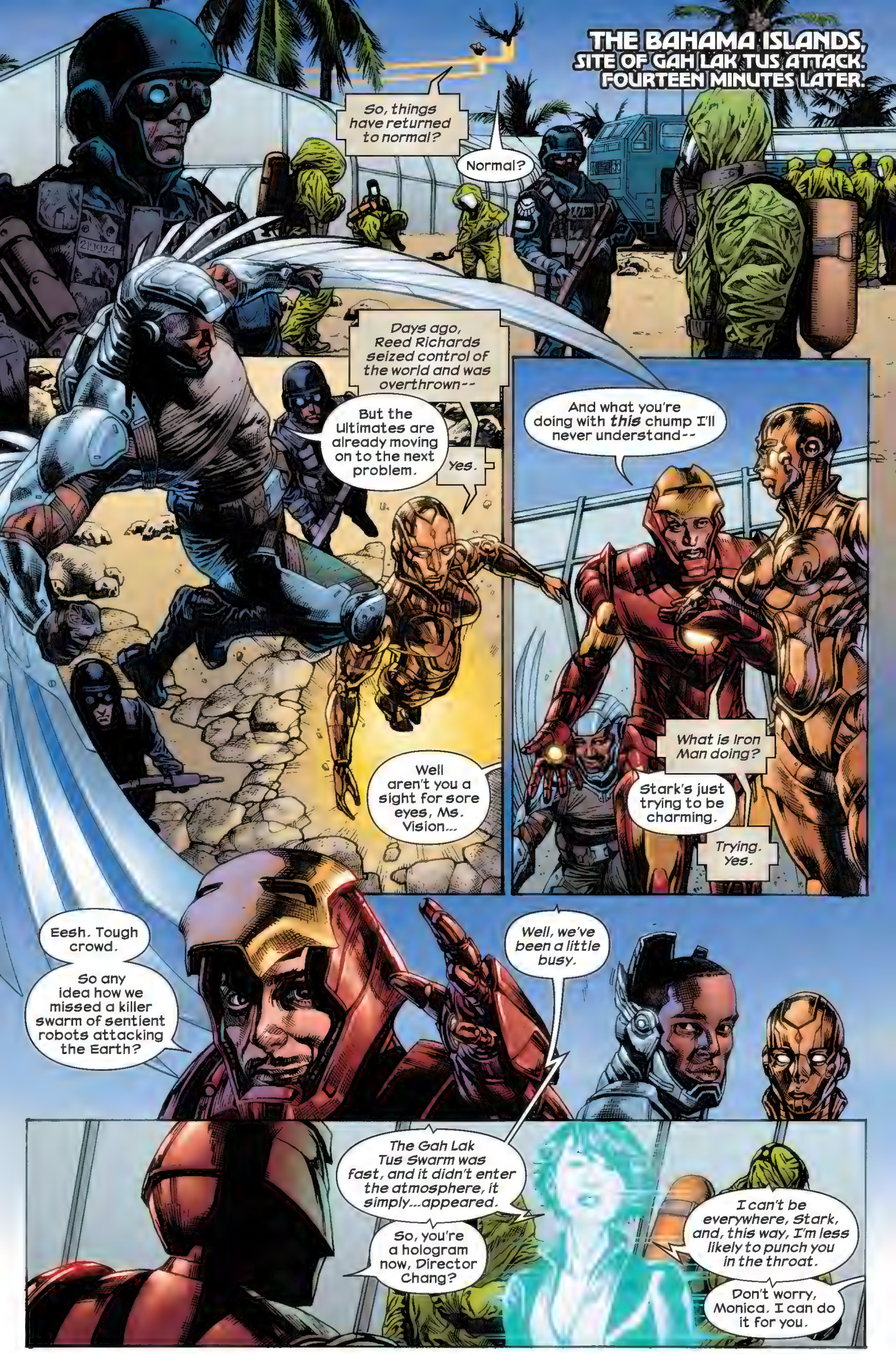

RENAUD
2013

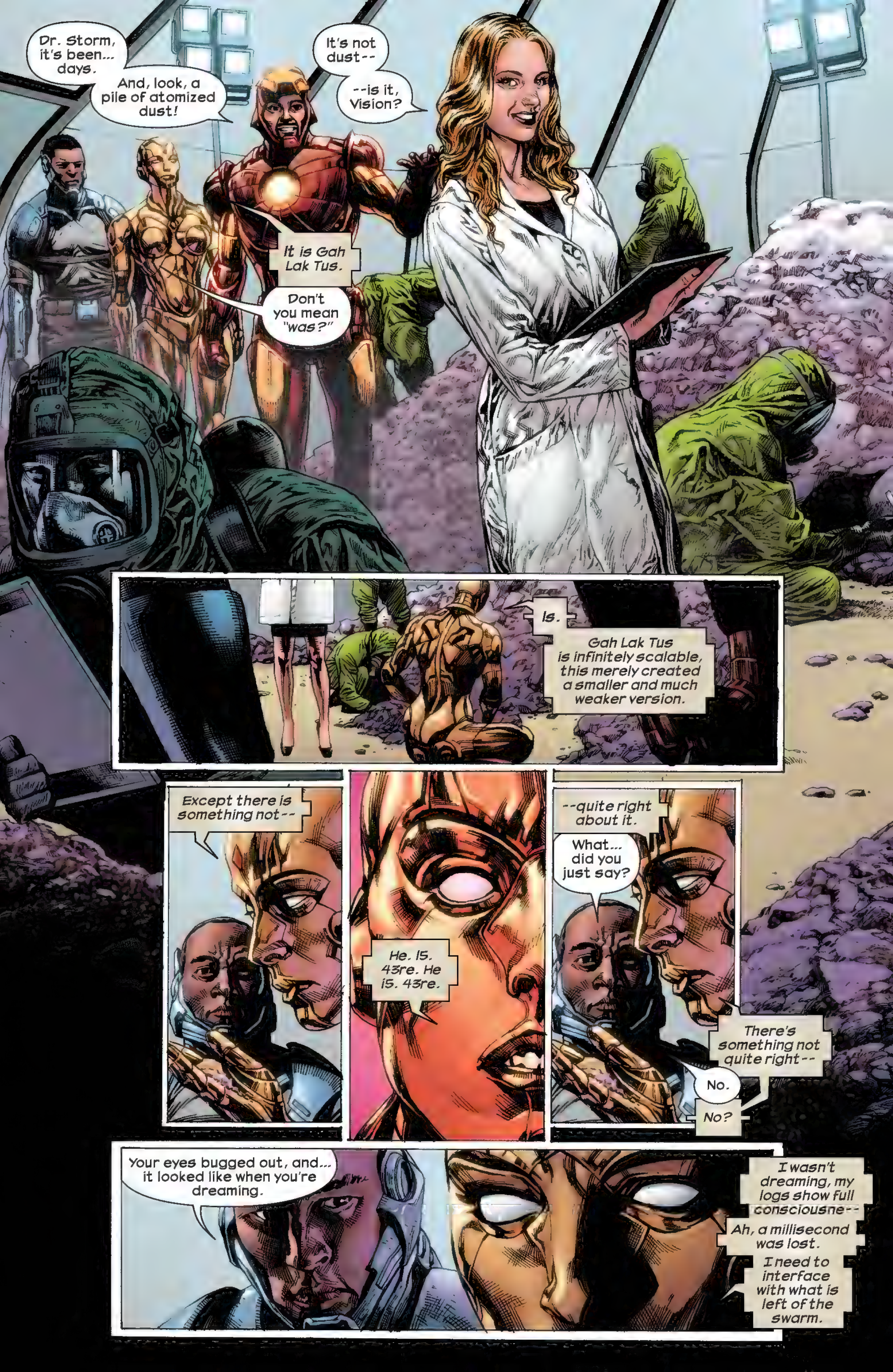
CATACLYSM #0.1 VARIANT BY PAUL RENAUD

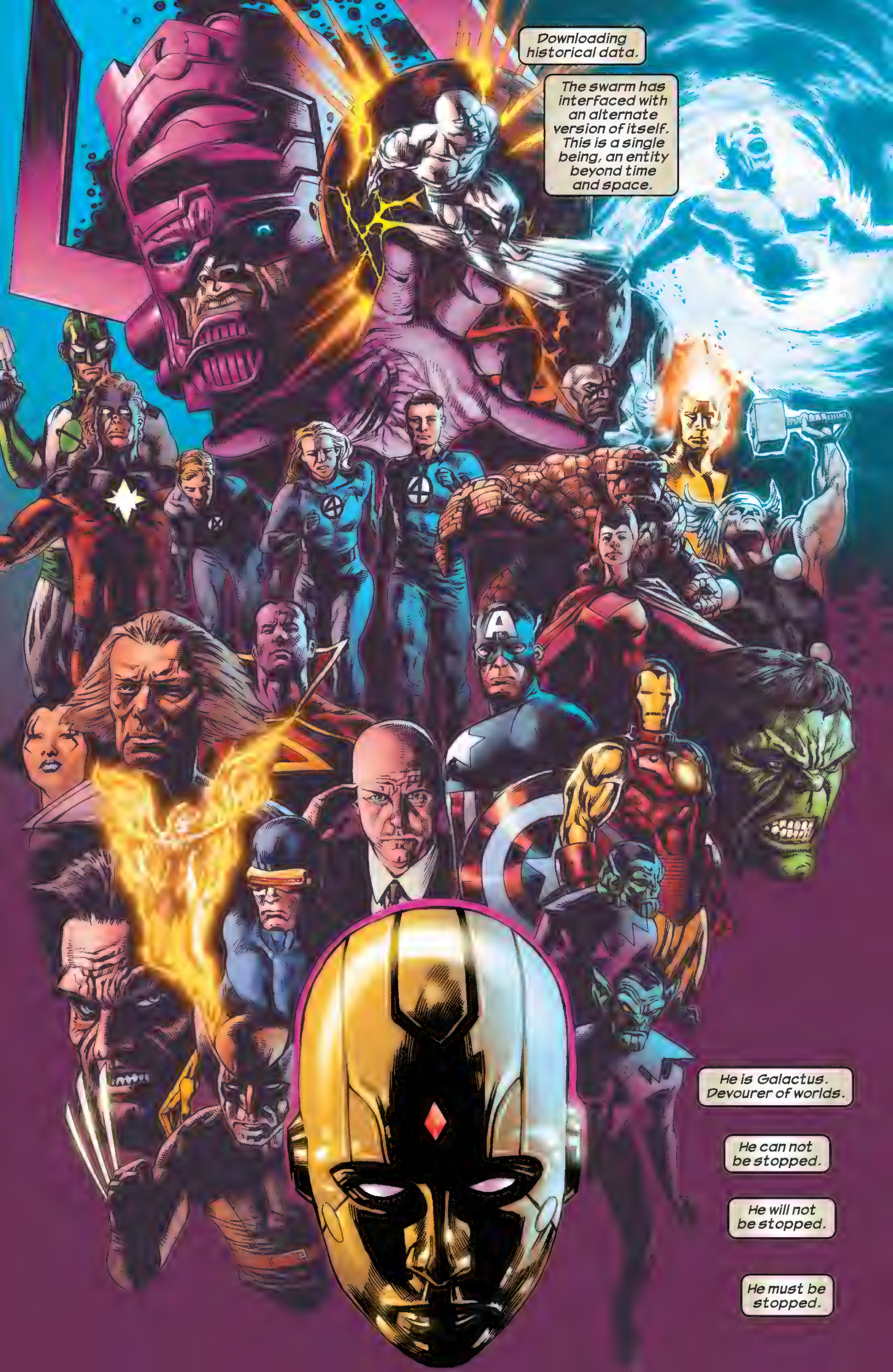
CATACLYSM #0.1

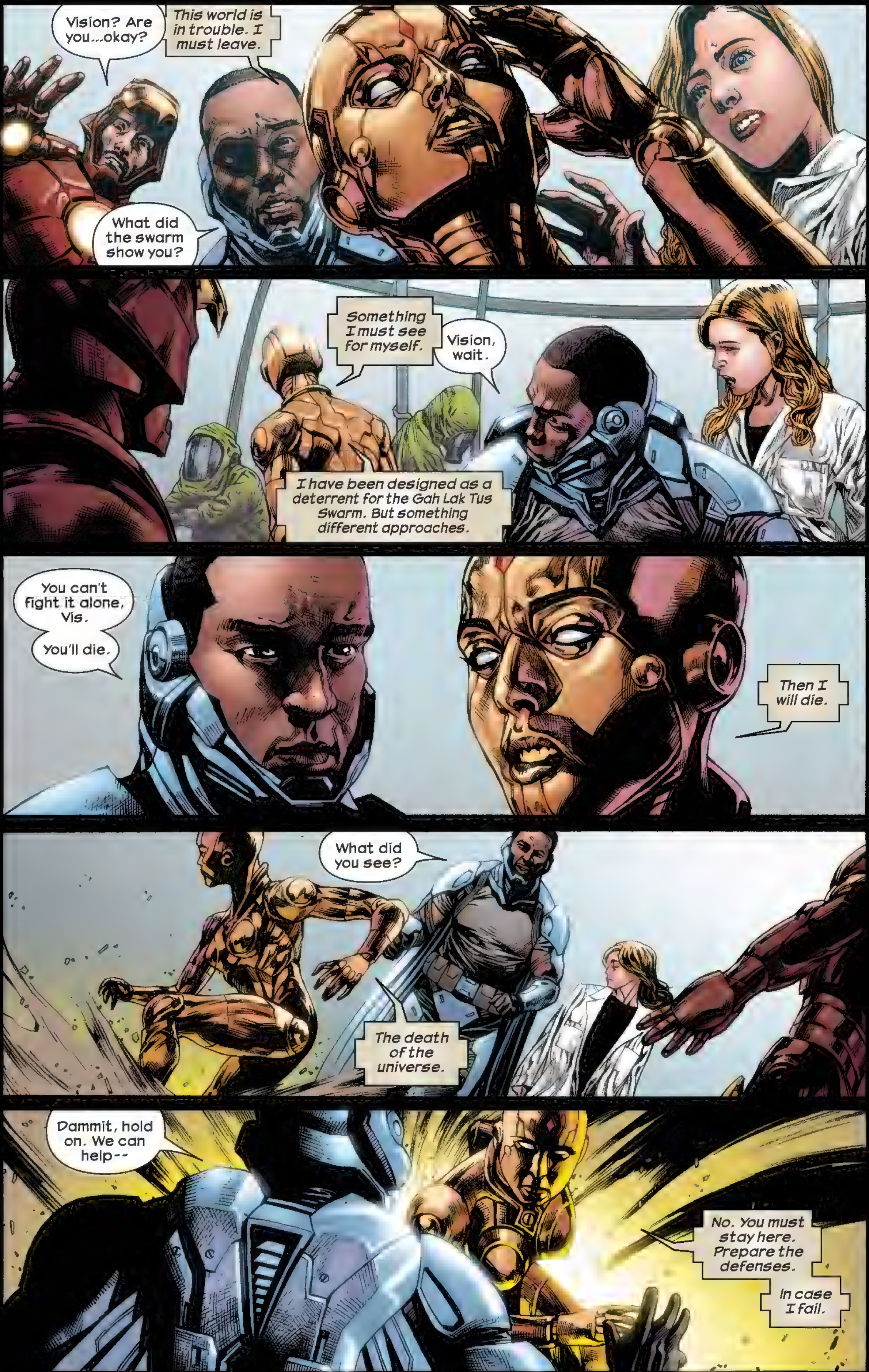

I have installed a new program.
One that allows what are known as "dreams."
Samuel Wilson, my chosen partner, believes that it will allow me to experience "humanity."
We've discussed words like "happy," "sad," "joy," "beauty."
"Love."
I love you, Vision.
He says, both in dreams and in life...
And I do what I've observed to be correct--
"I love you, Samuel Wilson."
But the words leave me empty. The only thing that truly fills my mind is...
The Gah Lak Tus Swarm.
The being that I was created to stop.
Consume!
Consume!
Consume!
Consume!
"Vision? Vision."

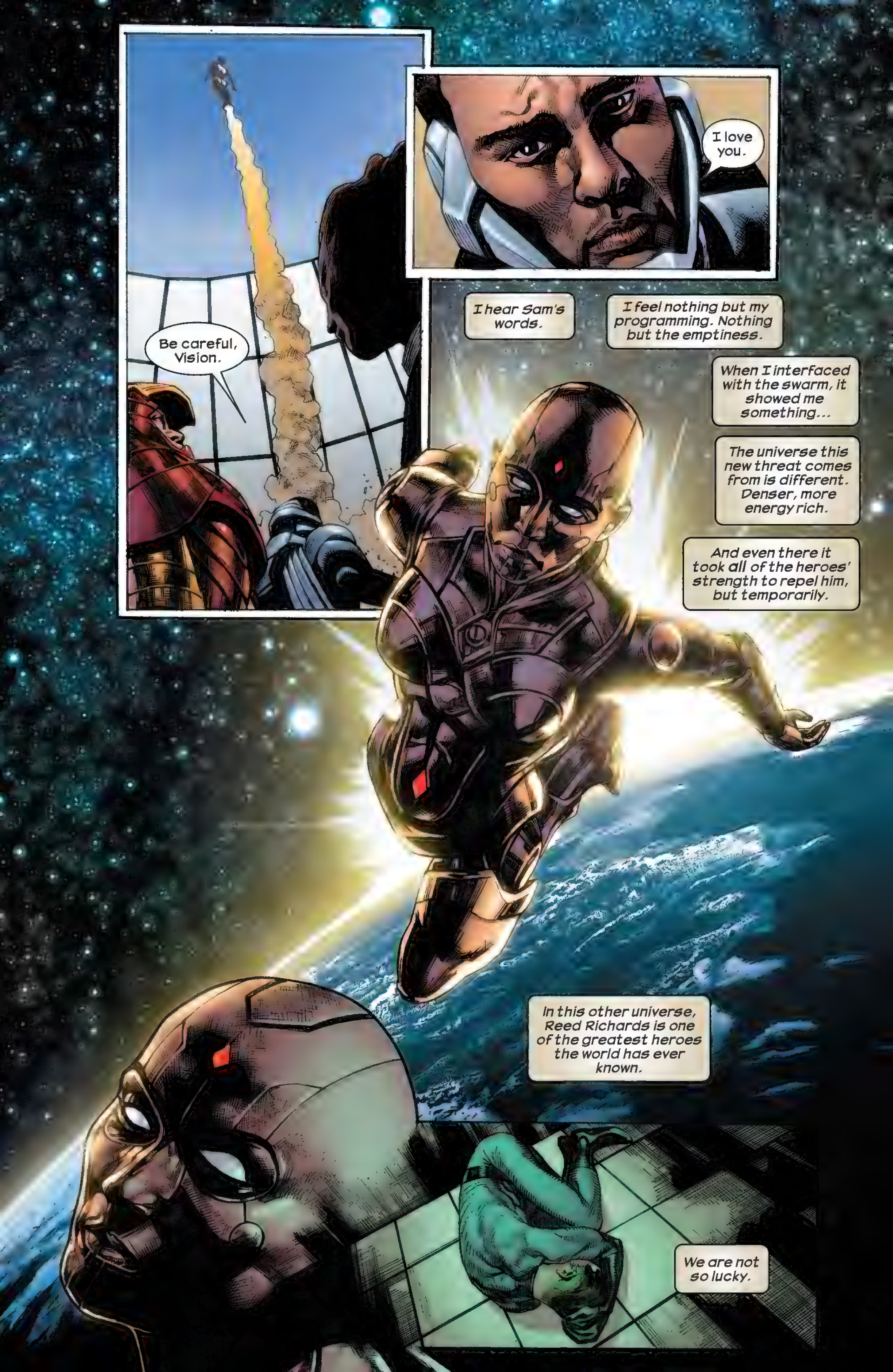

I am sorry, Samuel Wilson, I had initiated my dream protocols.
My psychic receptors have encountered a signal...
Gah Lak Tus.
I just got word, Vis. It was here. It made Earthfall.
That's impossible. I would've detected--
It was only for a few minutes. Mahr Vehl was dispatched, and then...
He and the Swarm disappeared.
We must go. Scanners say it was in your Bahama Islands.
So, it's a tropical vacation--
I do not understand. This is not a vacation.
Ha ha ha. Analyze vocal pattern.
Ah. Sarcasm. Your species is delightful.
Delightful.
See? You're getting the hang of humanity!

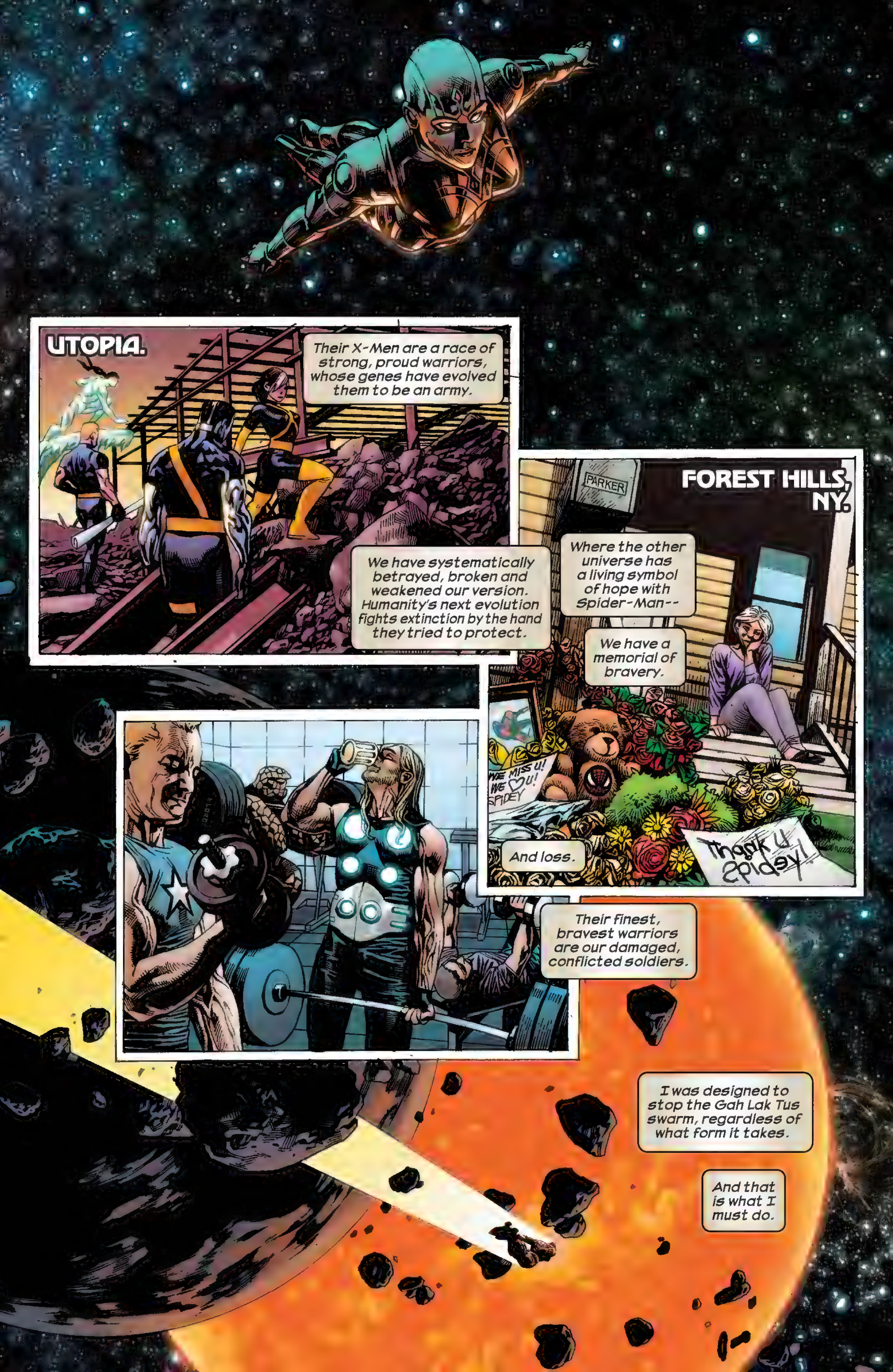

THE BAHAMA ISLANDS, SITE OF GAH LAK TUS ATTACK. FOURTEEN MINUTES LATER.
So, things have returned to normal?
Normal?
Days ago, Reed Richards seized control of the world and was overthrown--
But the Ultimates are already moving on to the next problem.
Yes.
Well aren't you a sight for sore eyes, Ms. Vision...
And what you're doing with *this* chump I'll never understand--
What is Iron Man doing?
Stark's just trying to be charming.
Trying. Yes.
Eesh. Tough crowd.
So any idea how we missed a killer swarm of sentient robots attacking the Earth?
Well, we've been a little busy.
The Gah Lak Tus Swarm was fast, and it didn't enter the atmosphere, it simply...appeared.
So, you're a hologram now, Director Chang?
I can't be everywhere, Stark, and, this way, I'm less likely to punch you in the throat.
Don't worry, Monica. I can do it for you.

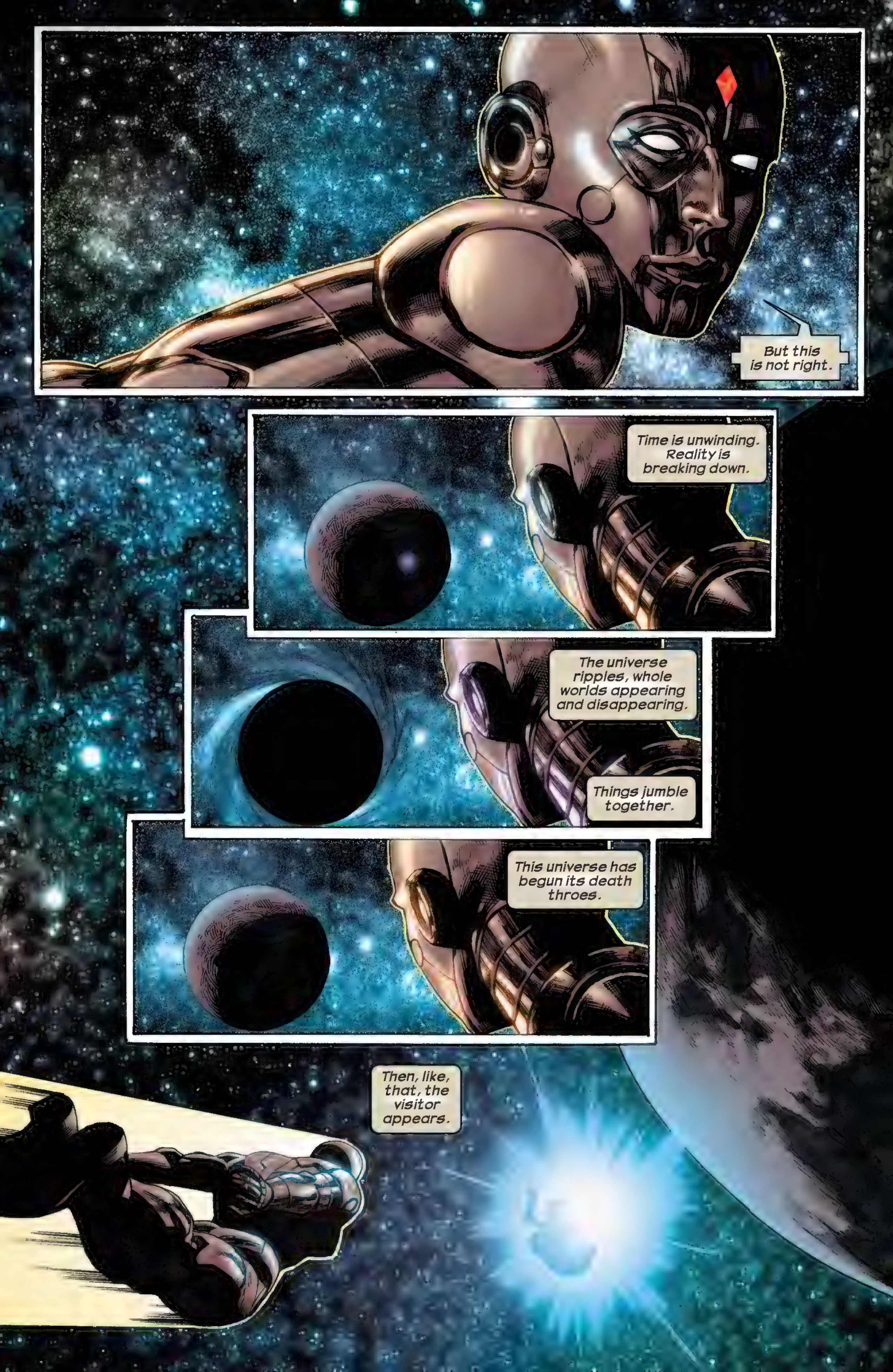

Dr. Storm, it's been... days.
And, look, a pile of atomized dust!
It's not dust--
--is it, Vision?
It is Gah Lak Tus.
Don't you mean "was?"
Is.
Gah Lak Tus is infinitely scalable, this merely created a smaller and much weaker version.
Except there is something not--
He. IS. 43re. He IS. 43re.
--quite right about it.
What... did you just say?
There's something not quite right--
No.
No?
Your eyes bugged out, and... it looked like when you're dreaming.
I wasn't dreaming, my logs show full consciousne--
Ah, a millisecond was lost.
I need to interface with what is left of the swarm.

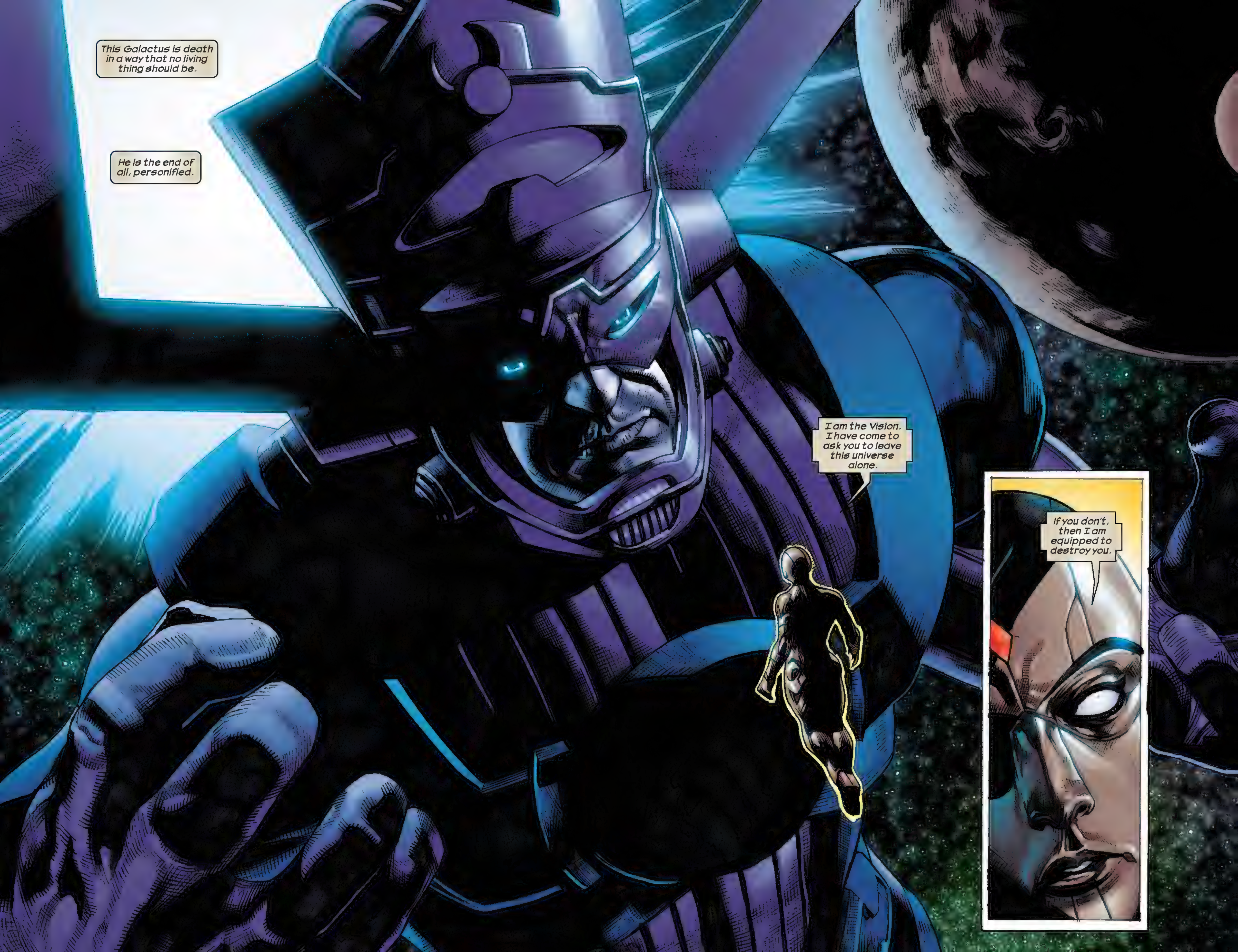

Downloading historical data.
The swarm has interfaced with an alternate version of itself. This is a single being, an entity beyond time and space.
He is Galactus. Devourer of worlds.
He can not be stopped.
He will not be stopped.
He must be stopped.

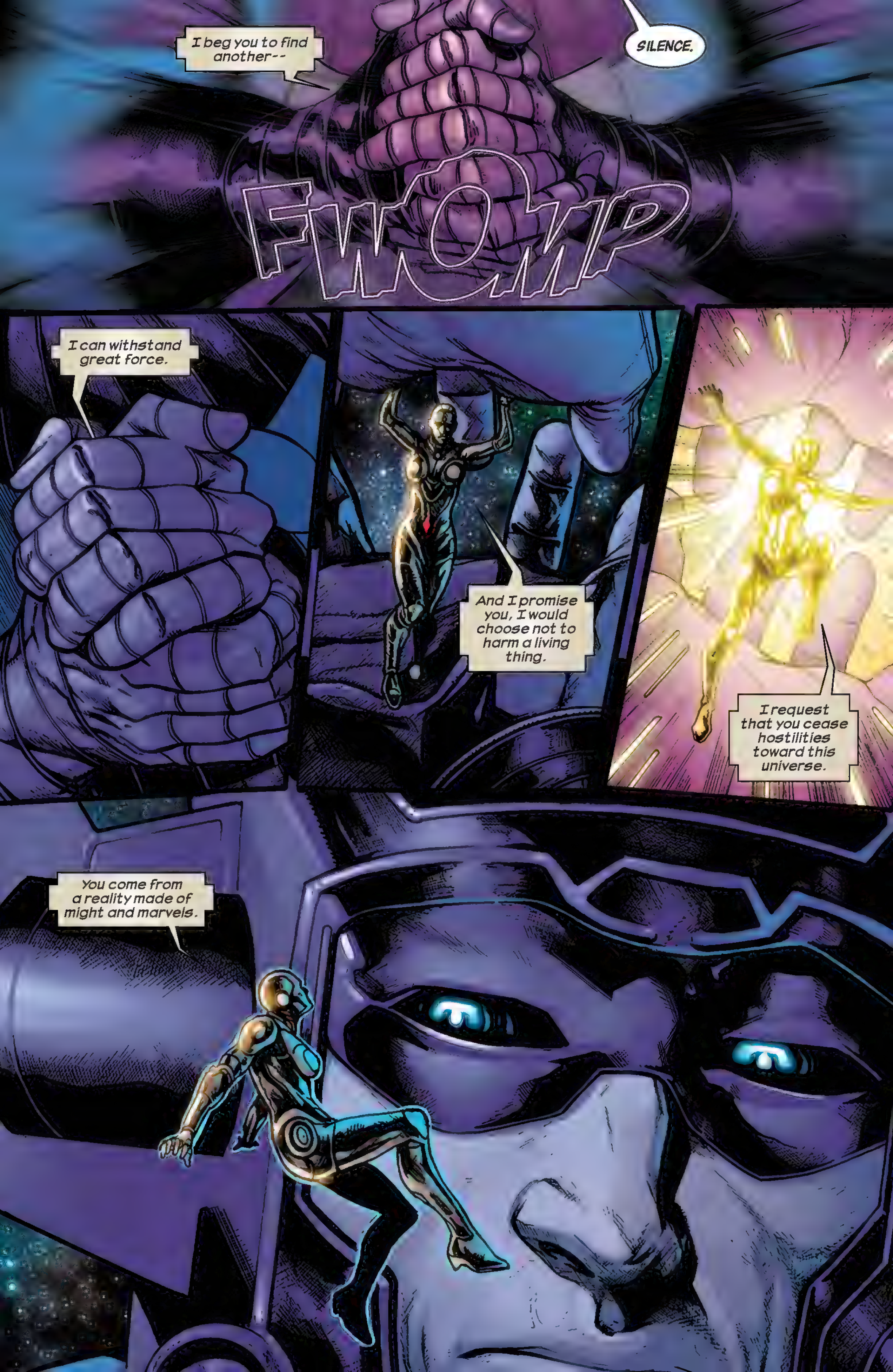

Vision? Are you...okay?
This world is in trouble. I must leave.
What did the swarm show you?
Something I must see for myself.
Vision, wait.
I have been designed as a deterrent for the Gah Lak Tus Swarm. But something different approaches.
You can't fight it alone, Vis.
You'll die.
Then I will die.
What did you see?
The death of the universe.
Dammit, hold on. We can help--
No. You must stay here. Prepare the defenses.
In case I fail.

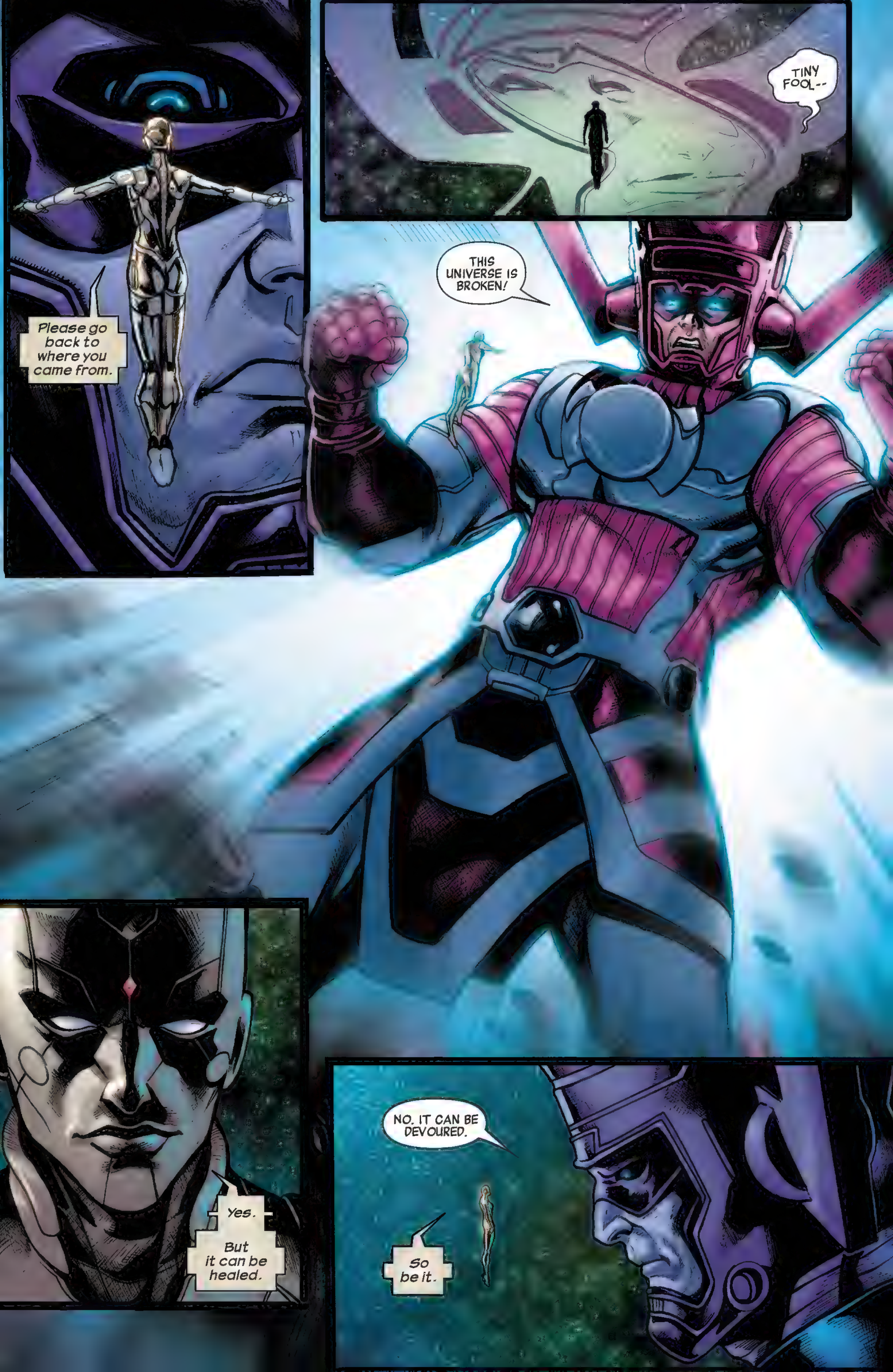

Be careful, Vision.
I love you.
I hear Sam's words.
I feel nothing but my programming. Nothing but the emptiness.
When I interfaced with the swarm, it showed me something...
The universe this new threat comes from is different. Denser, more energy rich.
And even there it took all of the heroes' strength to repel him, but temporarily.
In this other universe, Reed Richards is one of the greatest heroes the world has ever known.
We are not so lucky.

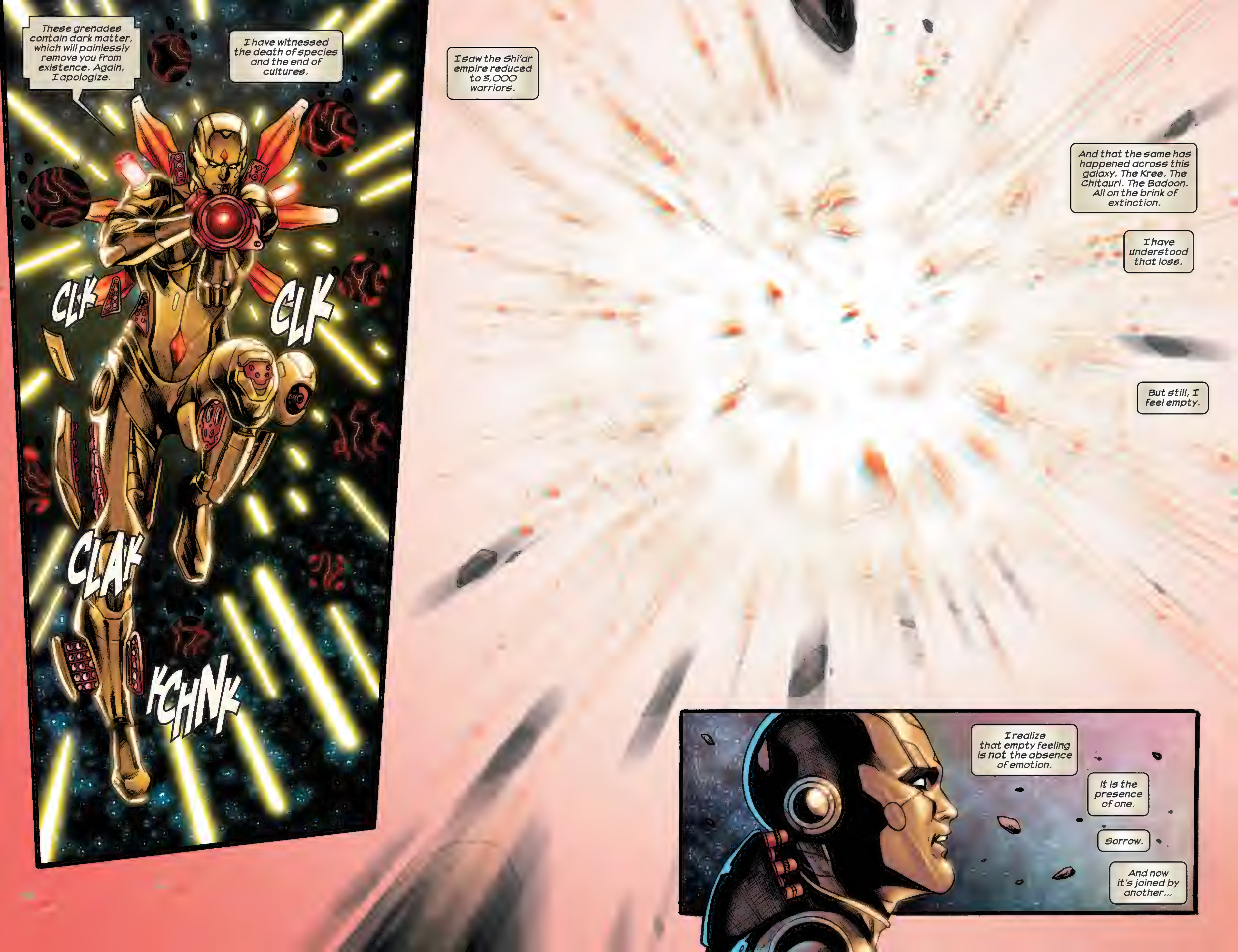

UTOPIA.
Their X-Men are a race of strong, proud warriors, whose genes have evolved them to be an army.
We have systematically betrayed, broken and weakened our version. Humanity's next evolution fights extinction by the hand they tried to protect.
FOREST HILLS, NY.
PARKER
Where the other universe has a living symbol of hope with Spider-Man--
We have a memorial of bravery.
WE MISS U! WE ♡ U! SPIDEY
And loss.
Thank U Spidey!
Their finest, bravest warriors are our damaged, conflicted soldiers.
I was designed to stop the Gah Lak Tus swarm, regardless of what form it takes.
And that is what I must do.

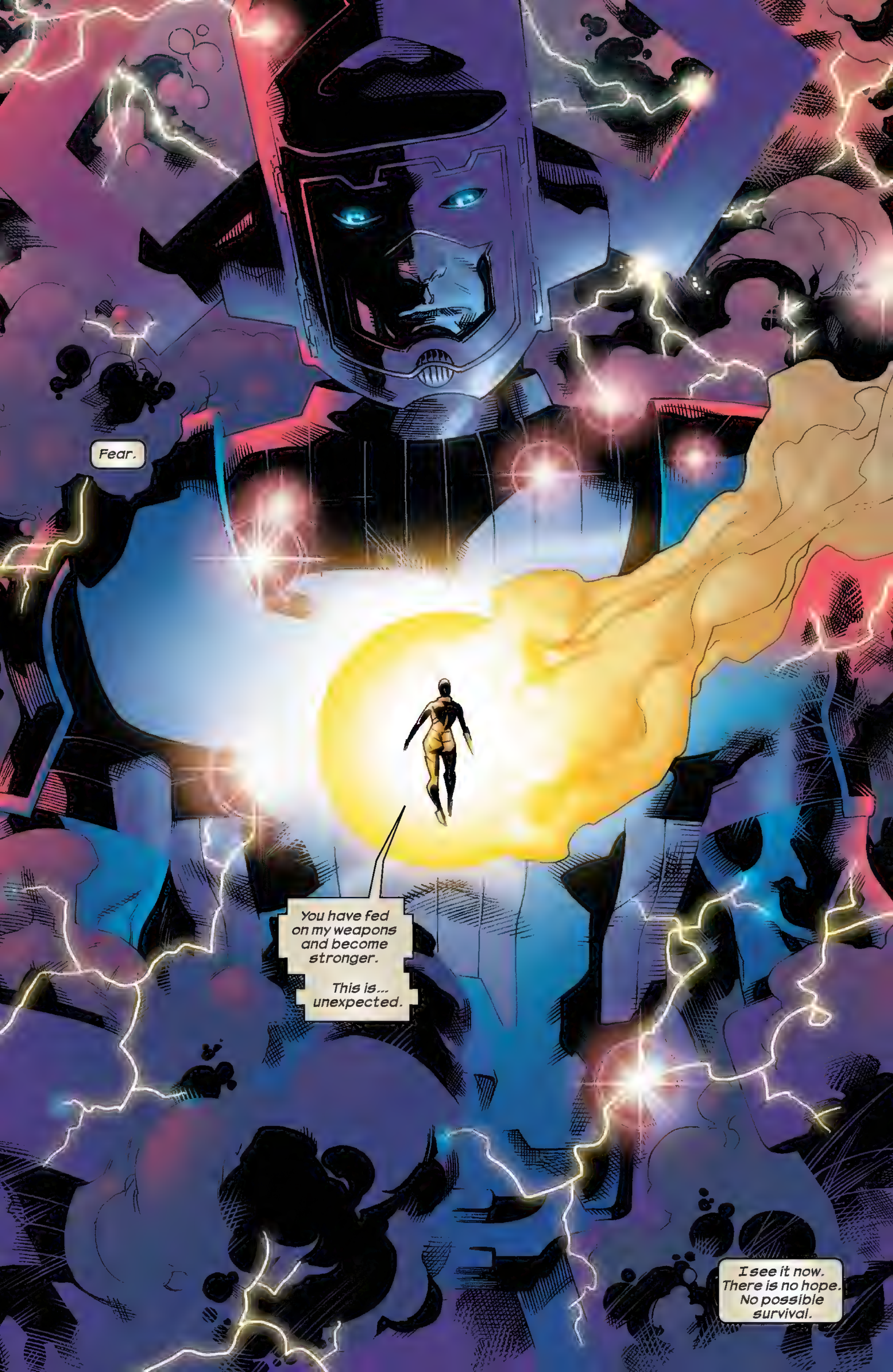

But this is not right.
Time is unwinding. Reality is breaking down.
The universe ripples, whole worlds appearing and disappearing.
Things jumble together.
This universe has begun its death throes.
Then, like, that, the visitor appears.

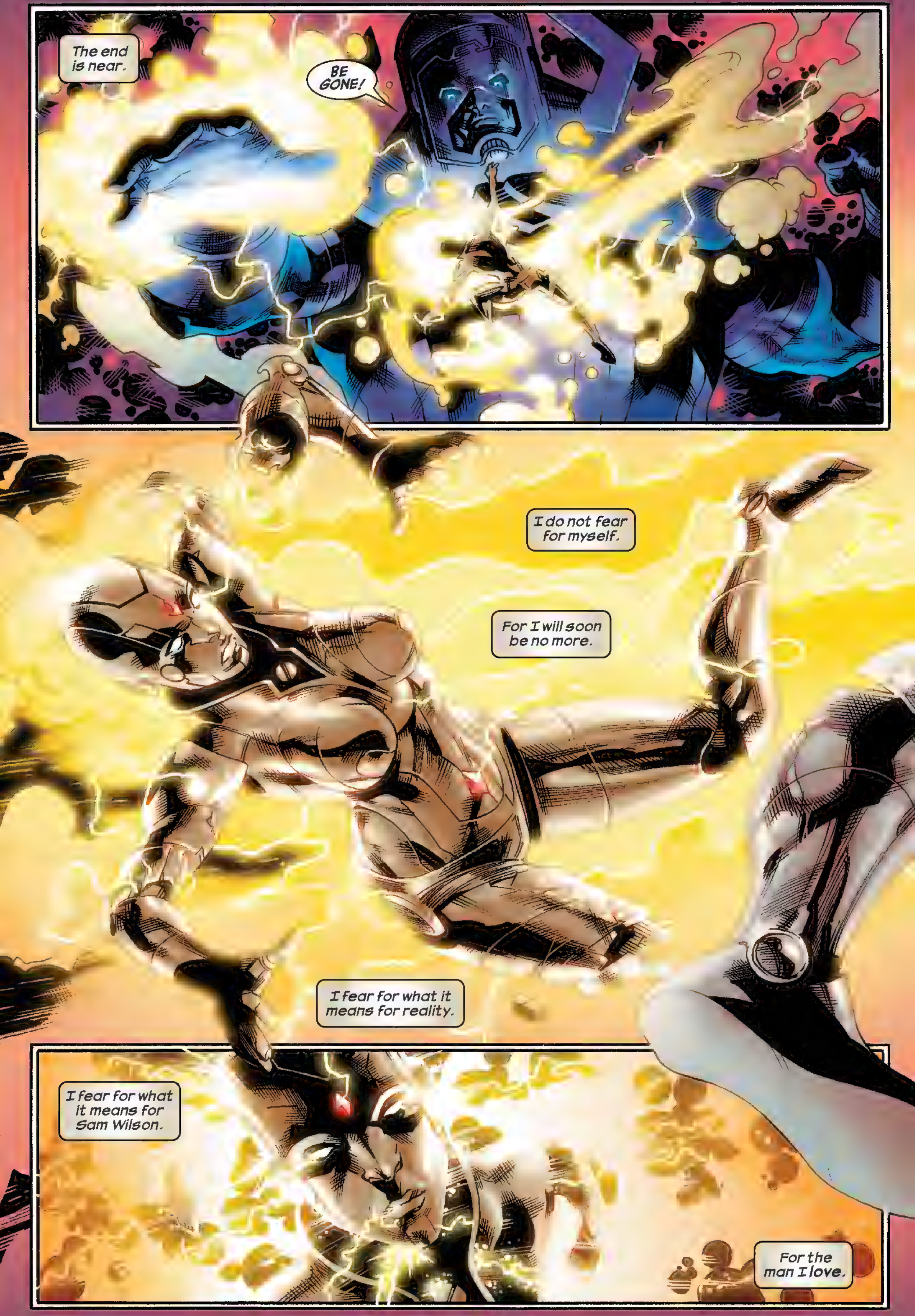

This Galactus is death in a way that no living thing should be.
He is the end of all, personified.
I am the Vision. I have come to ask you to leave this universe alone.
If you don't, then I am equipped to destroy you.

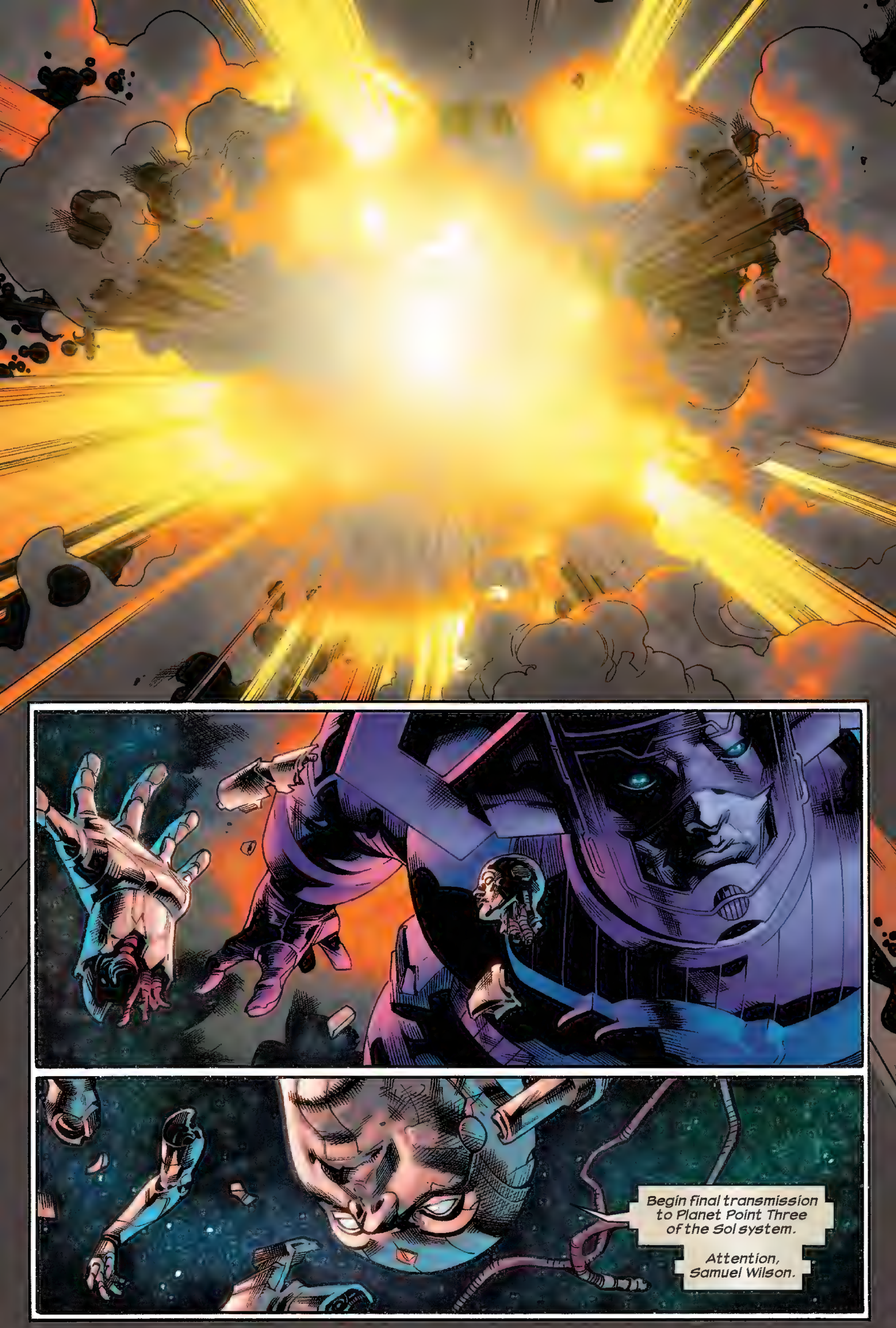

I beg you to find another--
SILENCE.
FWOMP
I can withstand great force.
And I promise you, I would choose not to harm a living thing.
I request that you cease hostilities toward this universe.
You come from a reality made of might and marvels.

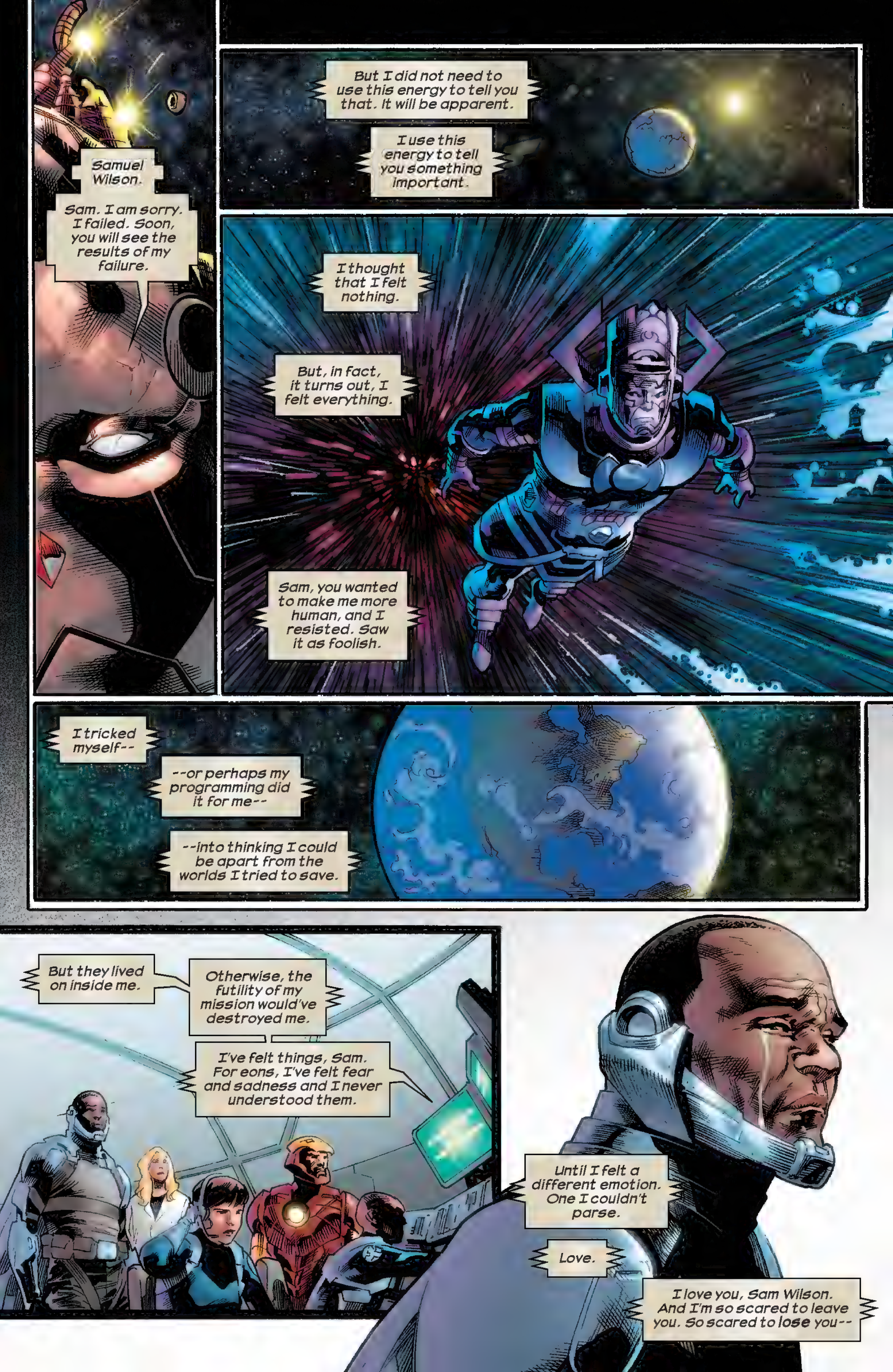

Please go back to where you came from.
TINY FOOL--
THIS UNIVERSE IS BROKEN!
Yes.
But it can be healed.
NO. IT CAN BE DEVOURED.
So be it.

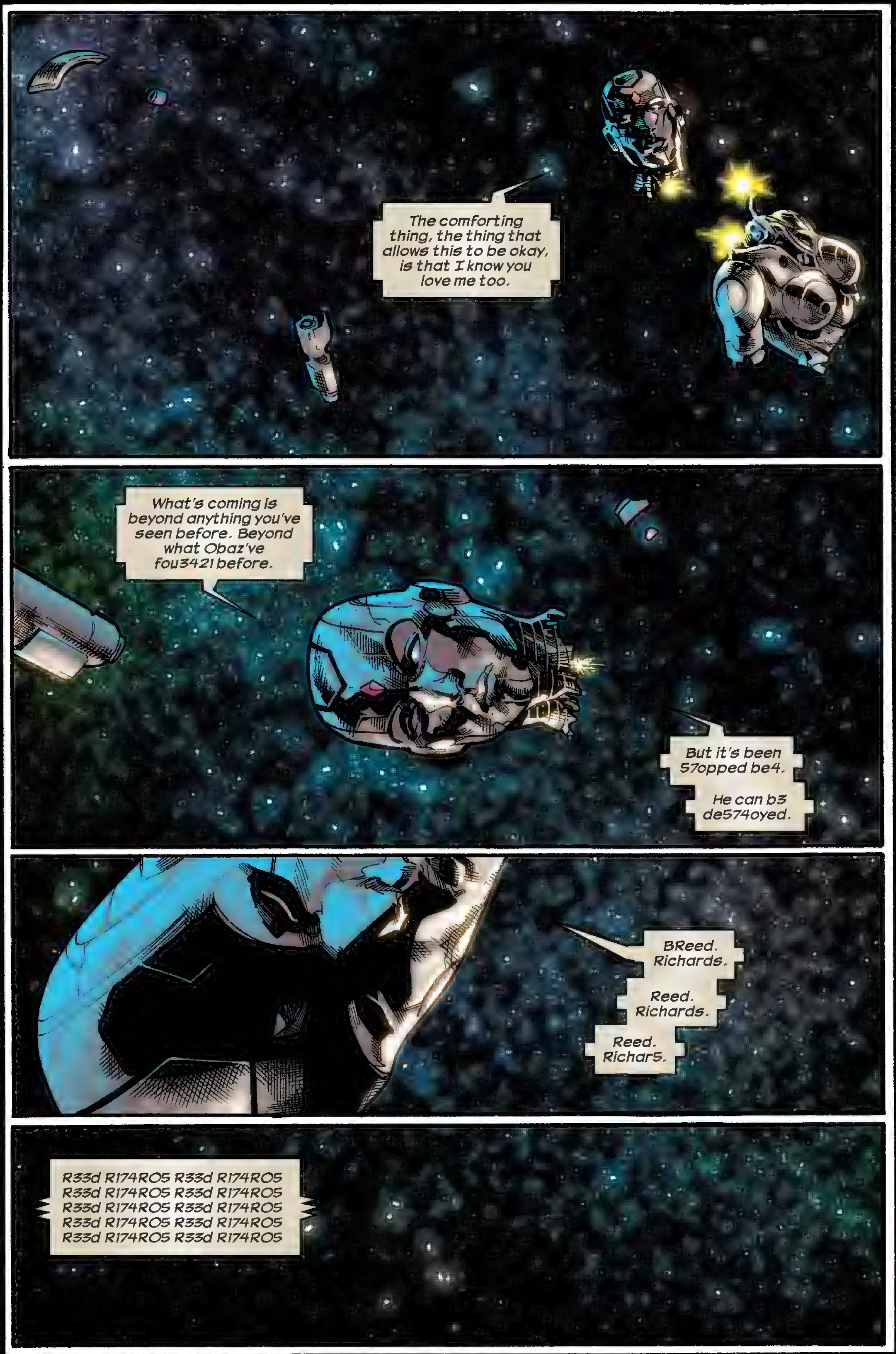

These grenades contain dark matter, which will painlessly remove you from existence. Again, I apologize.
I have witnessed the death of species and the end of cultures.
CLK
CLK
CLAK
KCHNK
I saw the Shi'ar empire reduced to 3,000 warriors.
And that the same has happened across this galaxy. The Kree. The Chitauri. The Badoon. All on the brink of extinction.
I have understood that loss.
But still, I feel empty.
I realize that empty feeling is not the absence of emotion.
It is the presence of one.
Sorrow.
And now it's joined by another...


Fear.
You have fed on my weapons and become stronger.
This is... unexpected.
I see it now. There is no hope. No possible survival.


The end is near.
BE GONE!
I do not fear for myself.
For I will soon be no more.
I fear for what it means for reality.
I fear for what it means for Sam Wilson.
For the man I love.


Begin final transmission to Planet Point Three of the Sol system.
Attention, Samuel Wilson.


Samuel Wilson.
Sam. I am sorry. I failed. Soon, you will see the results of my failure.
But I did not need to use this energy to tell you that. It will be apparent.
I use this energy to tell you something important.
I thought that I felt nothing.
But, in fact, it turns out, I felt everything.
Sam, you wanted to make me more human, and I resisted. Saw it as foolish.
I tricked myself--
--or perhaps my programming did it for me--
--into thinking I could be apart from the worlds I tried to save.
But they lived on inside me.
Otherwise, the futility of my mission would've destroyed me.
I've felt things, Sam. For eons, I've felt fear and sadness and I never understood them.
Until I felt a different emotion. One I couldn't parse.
Love.
I love you, Sam Wilson. And I'm so scared to leave you. So scared to lose you--


The comforting thing, the thing that allows this to be okay, is that I know you love me too.
What's coming is beyond anything you've seen before. Beyond what Obaz've fou3421 before.
But it's been 57opped be4.
He can b3 de574oyed.
BReed. Richards.
Reed. Richards.
Reed. Richar5.
R33d R174RO5 R33d R174RO5
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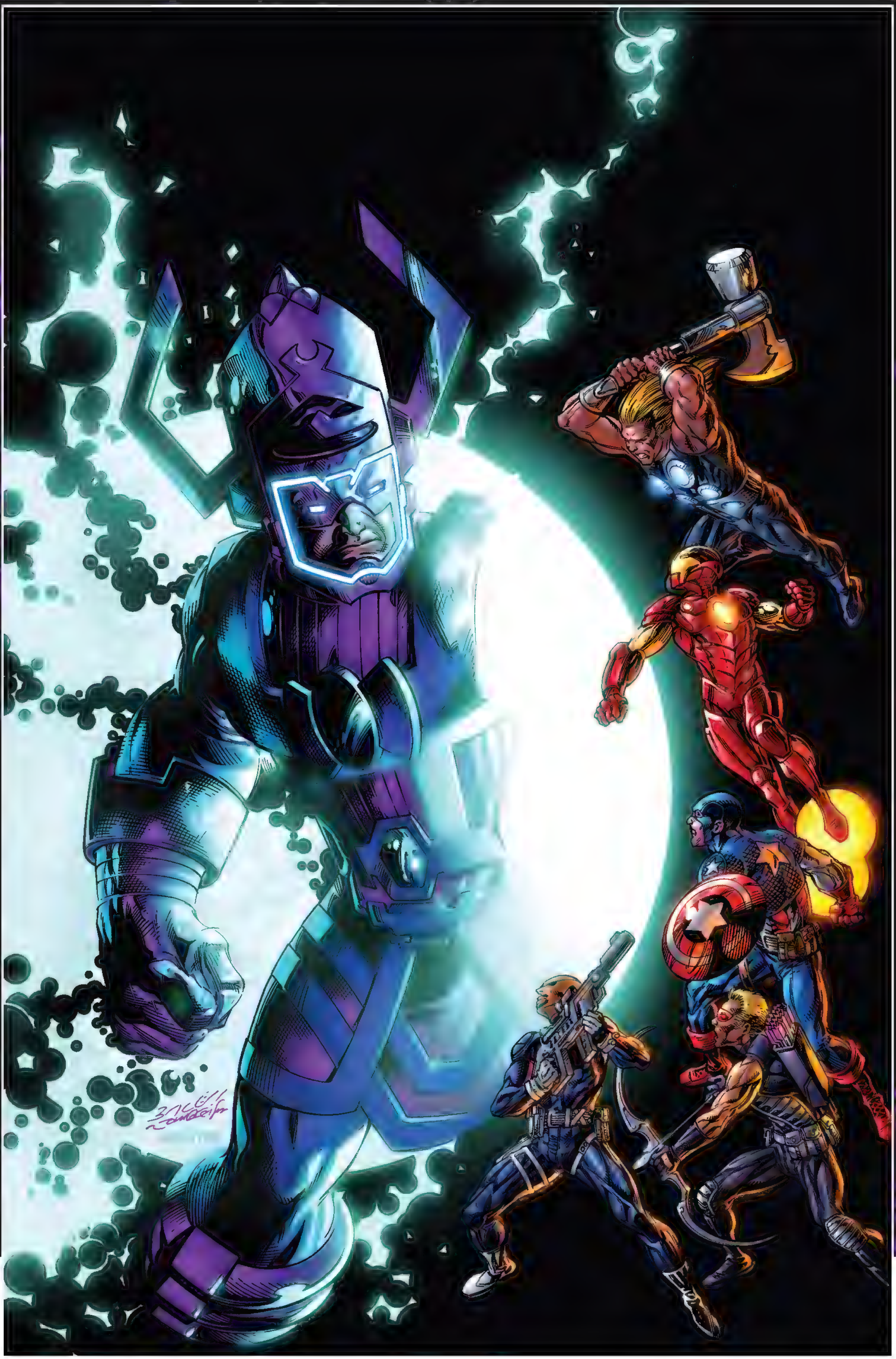
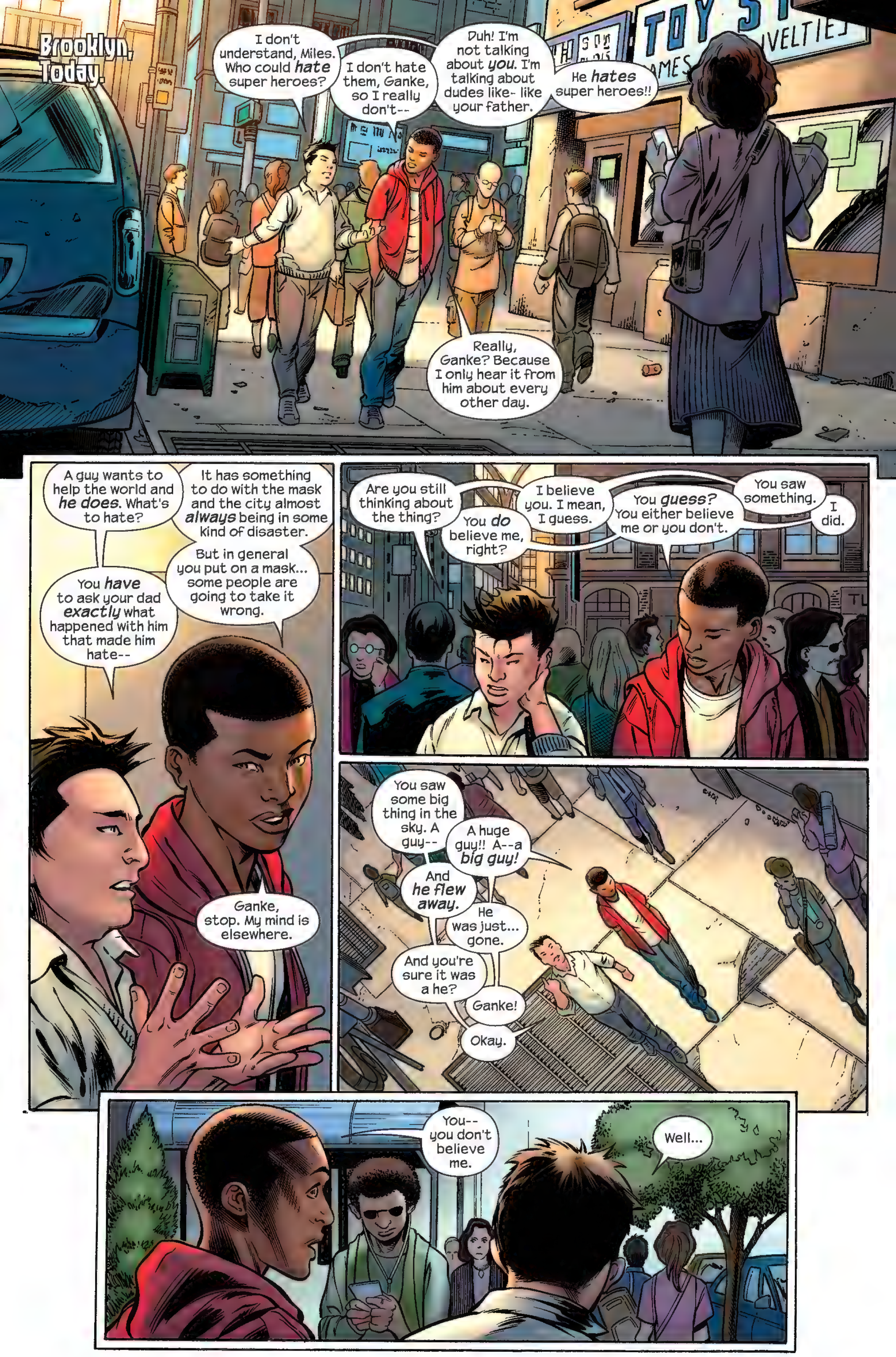
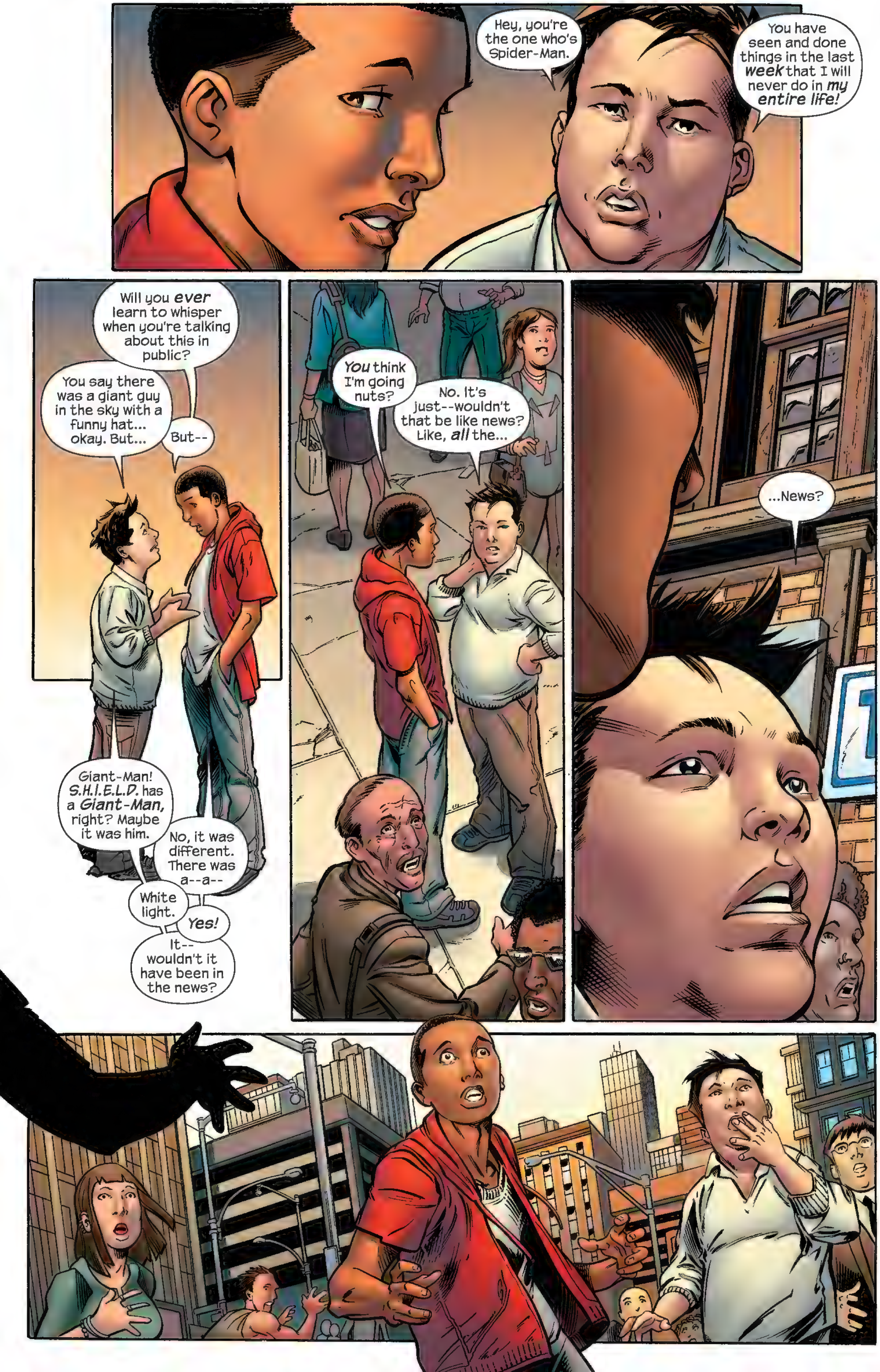
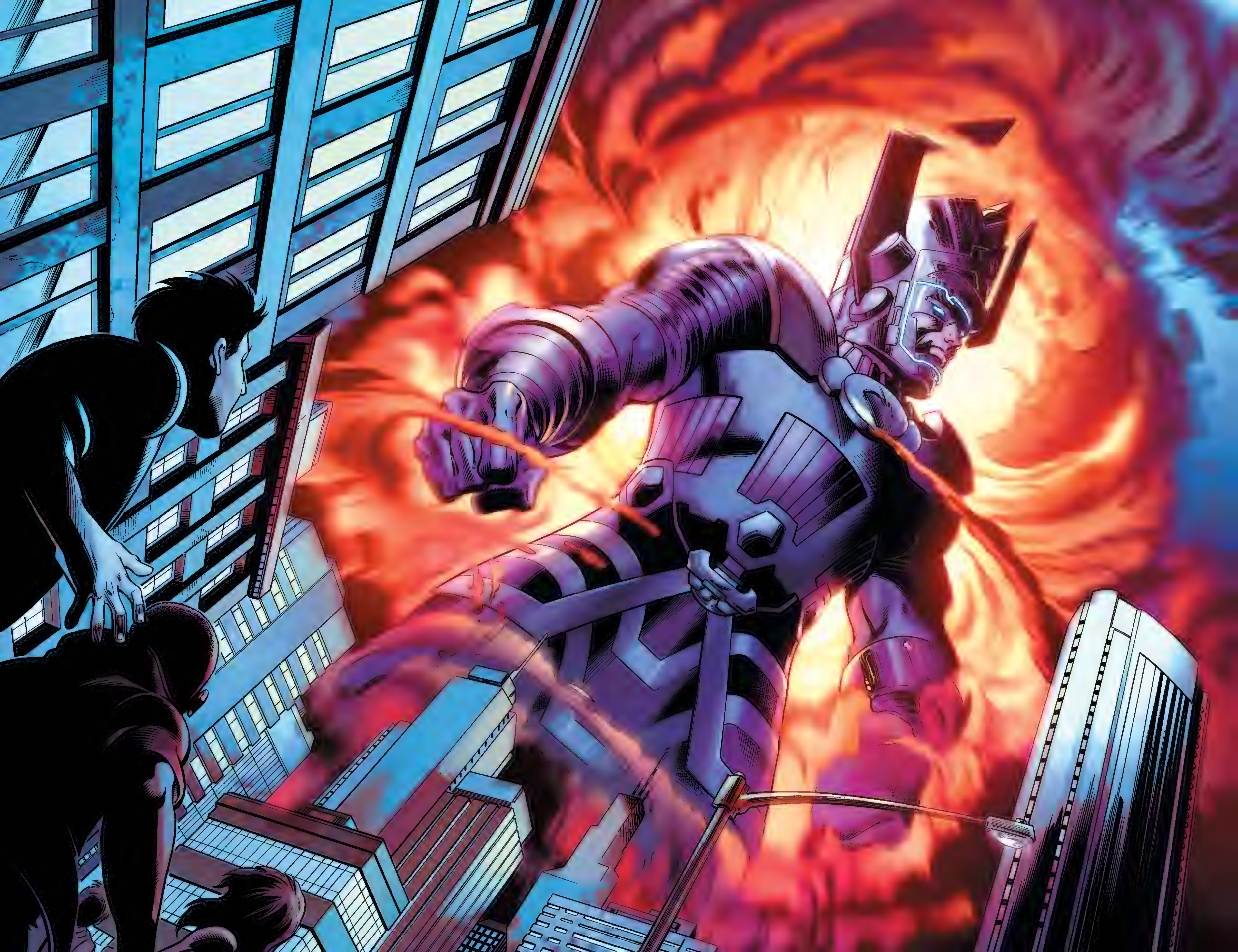
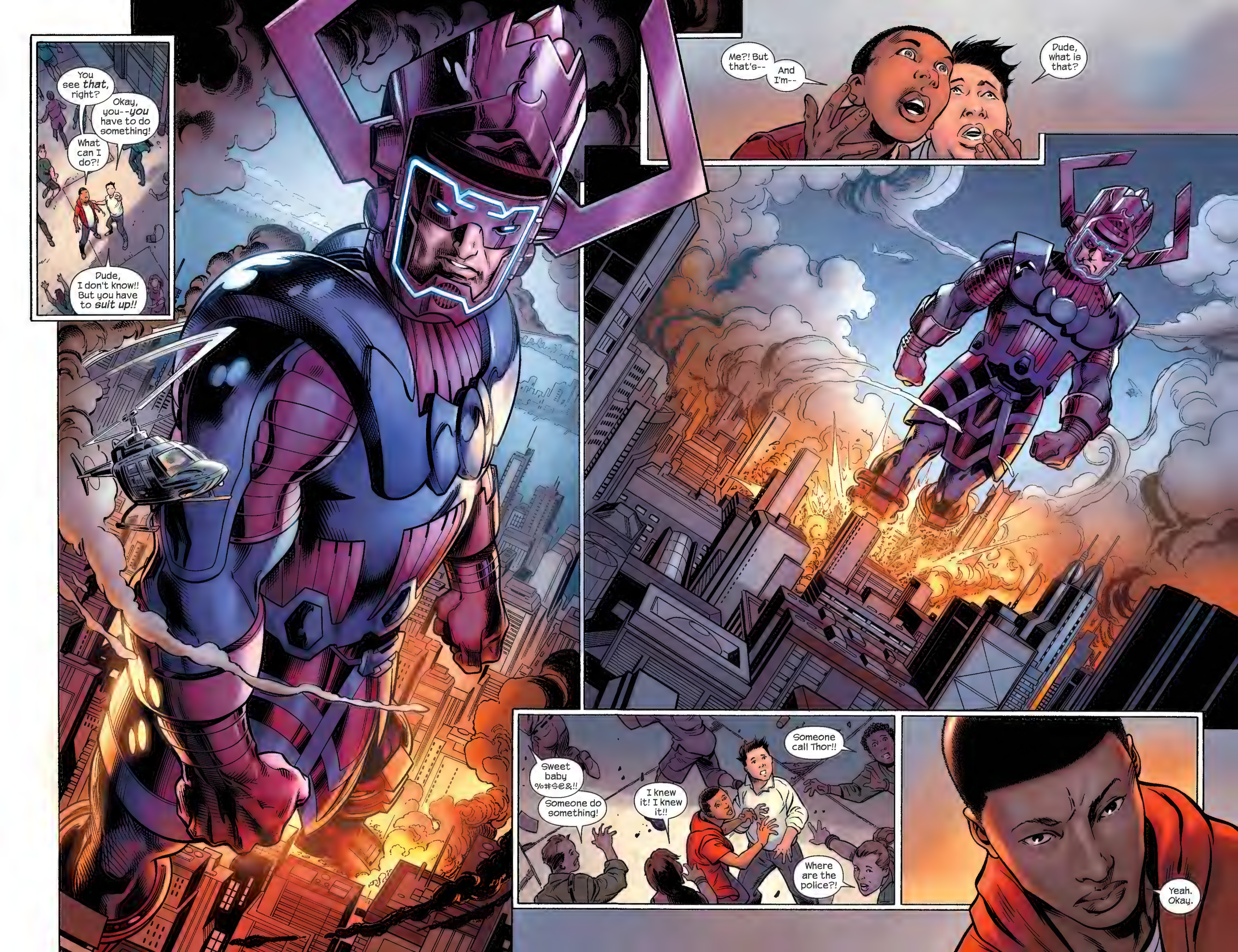


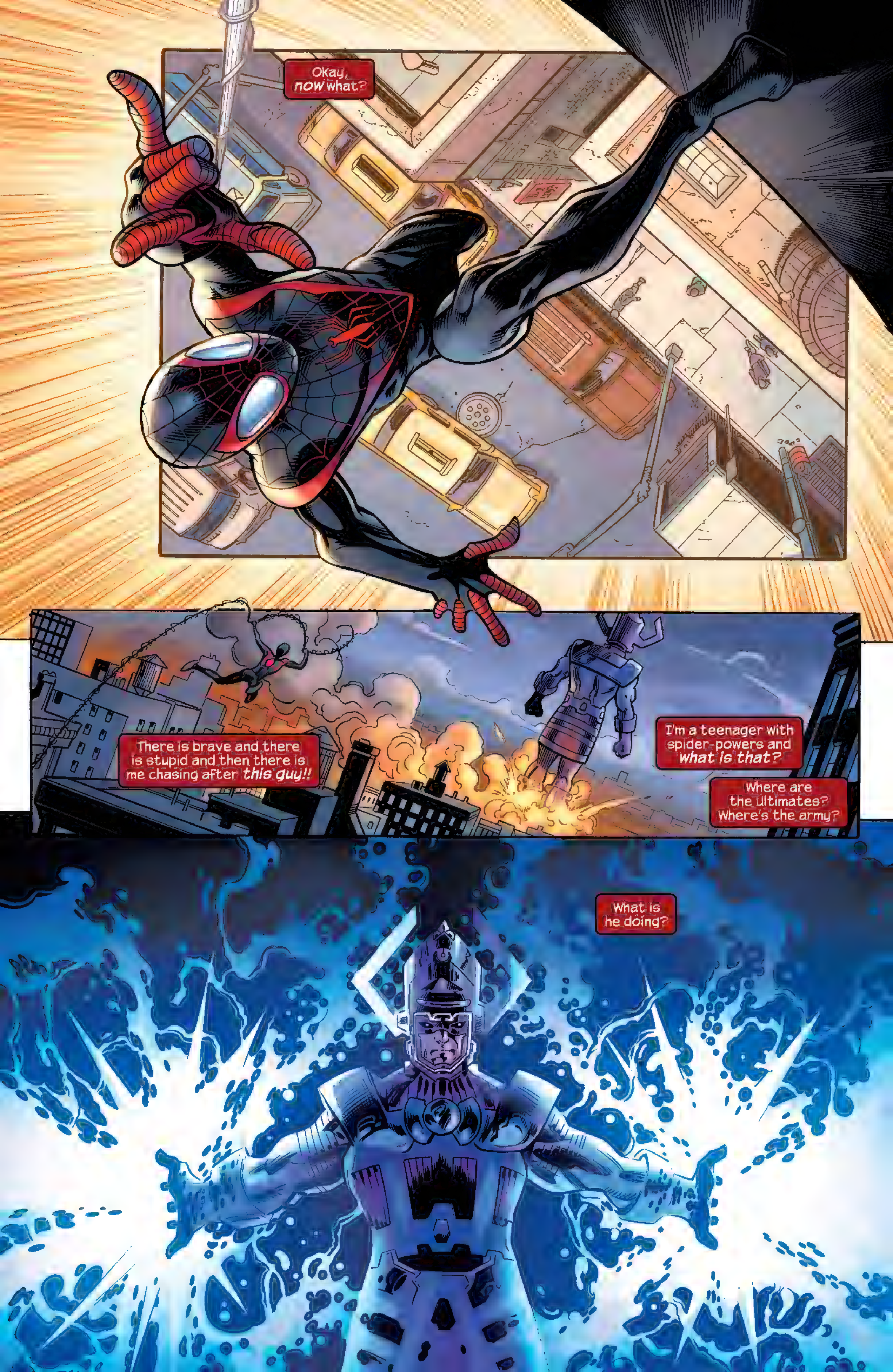
CATACLYSM: THE ULTIMATES' LAST STAND #1

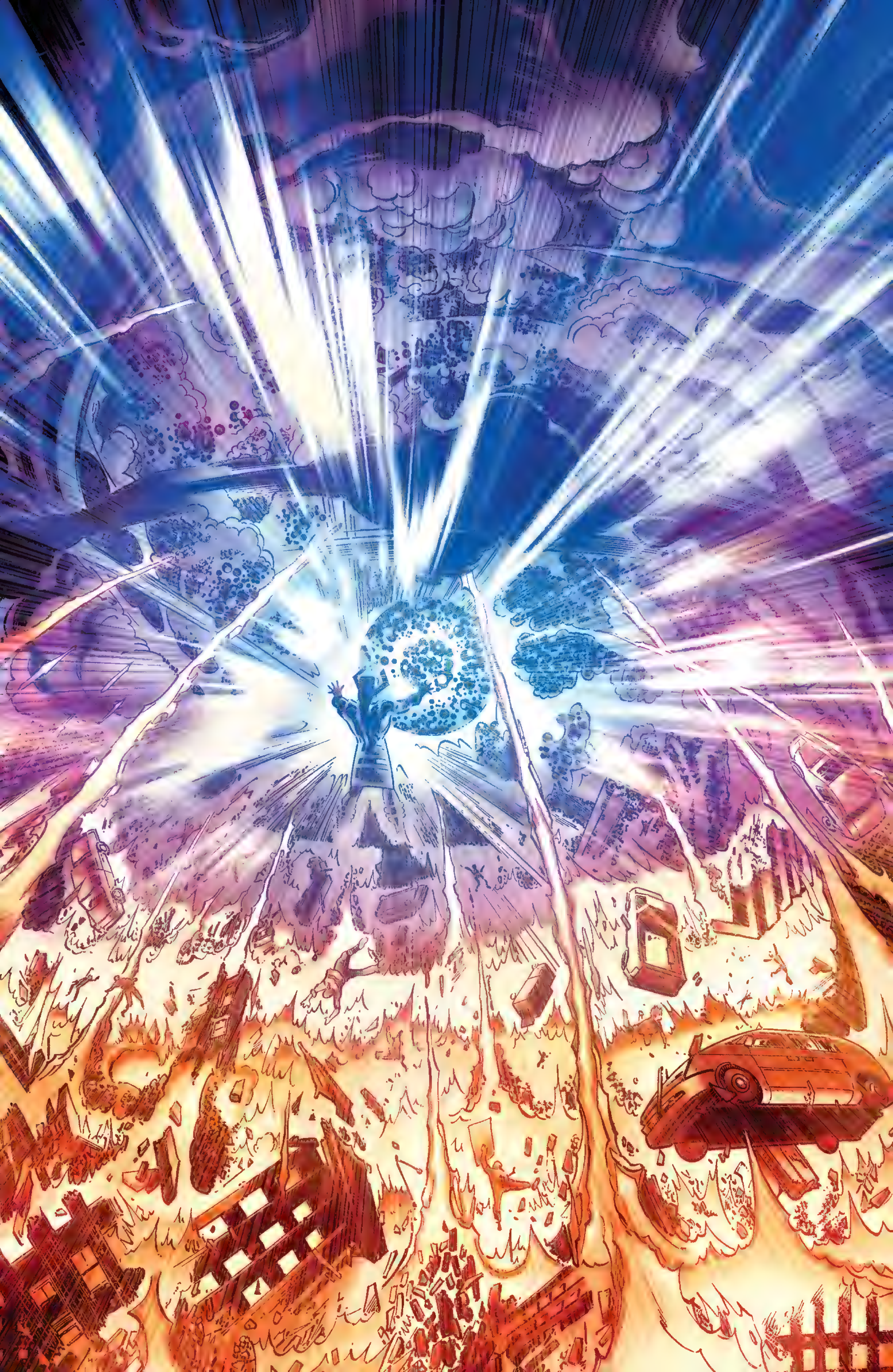

Brooklyn, Today.
I don't understand, Miles. Who could hate super heroes?
I don't hate them, Ganke, so I really don't--
Duh! I'm not talking about you. I'm talking about dudes like- like your father.
He hates super heroes!!
Really, Ganke? Because I only hear it from him about every other day.
A guy wants to help the world and he does. What's to hate?
It has something to do with the mask and the city almost always being in some kind of disaster.
But in general you put on a mask... some people are going to take it wrong.
You have to ask your dad exactly what happened with him that made him hate--
Ganke, stop. My mind is elsewhere.
Are you still thinking about the thing?
You do believe me, right?
I believe you. I mean, I guess.
You guess? You either believe me or you don't.
You saw something.
I did.
You saw some big thing in the sky. A guy--
A huge guy!! A--a big guy!
And he flew away.
He was just... gone.
And you're sure it was a he?
Ganke!
Okay.
You-- you don't believe me.
Well...
TOY ST
GAMES
NOVELTIES

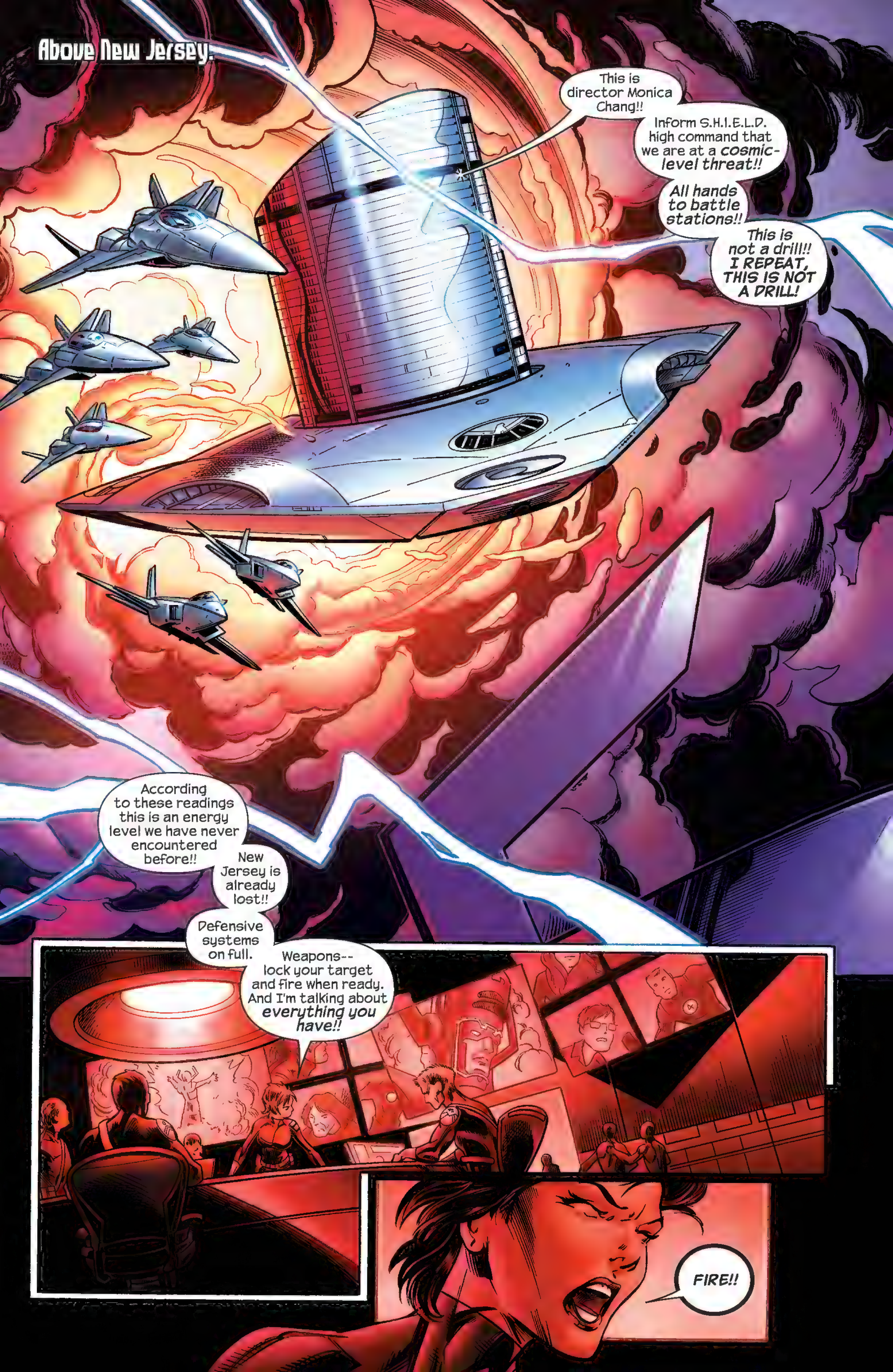

Hey, you're the one who's Spider-Man.
You have seen and done things in the last *week* that I will never do in *my entire life!*
Will you *ever* learn to whisper when you're talking about this in public?
You say there was a giant guy in the sky with a funny hat... okay. But...
But--
Giant-Man! *S.H.I.E.L.D.* has a *Giant-Man,* right? Maybe it was him.
No, it was different. There was a--a--
White light.
*Yes!*
It--wouldn't it have been in the news?
*You* think I'm going nuts?
No. It's just--wouldn't that be like news? Like, *all* the...
...News?

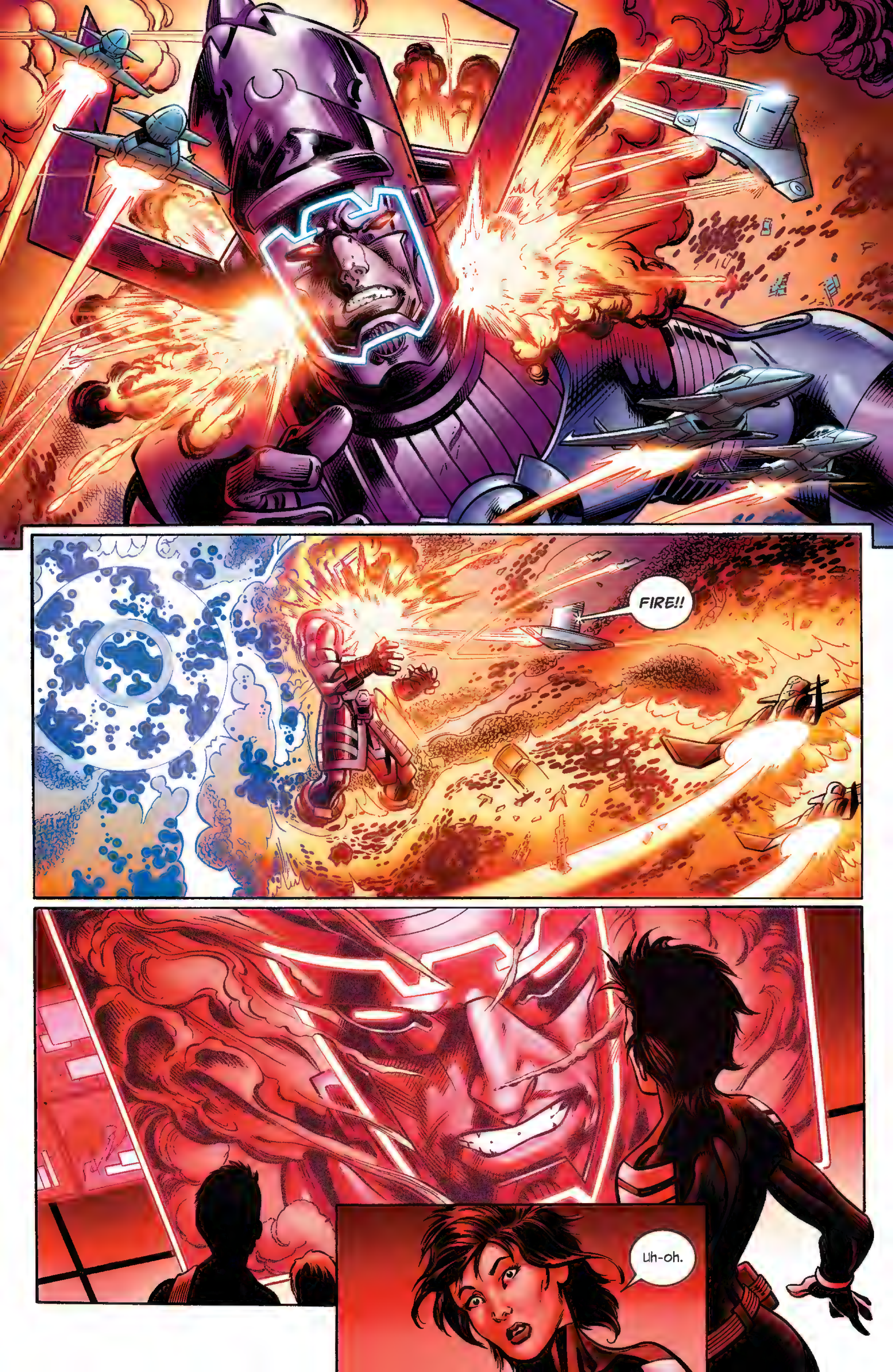


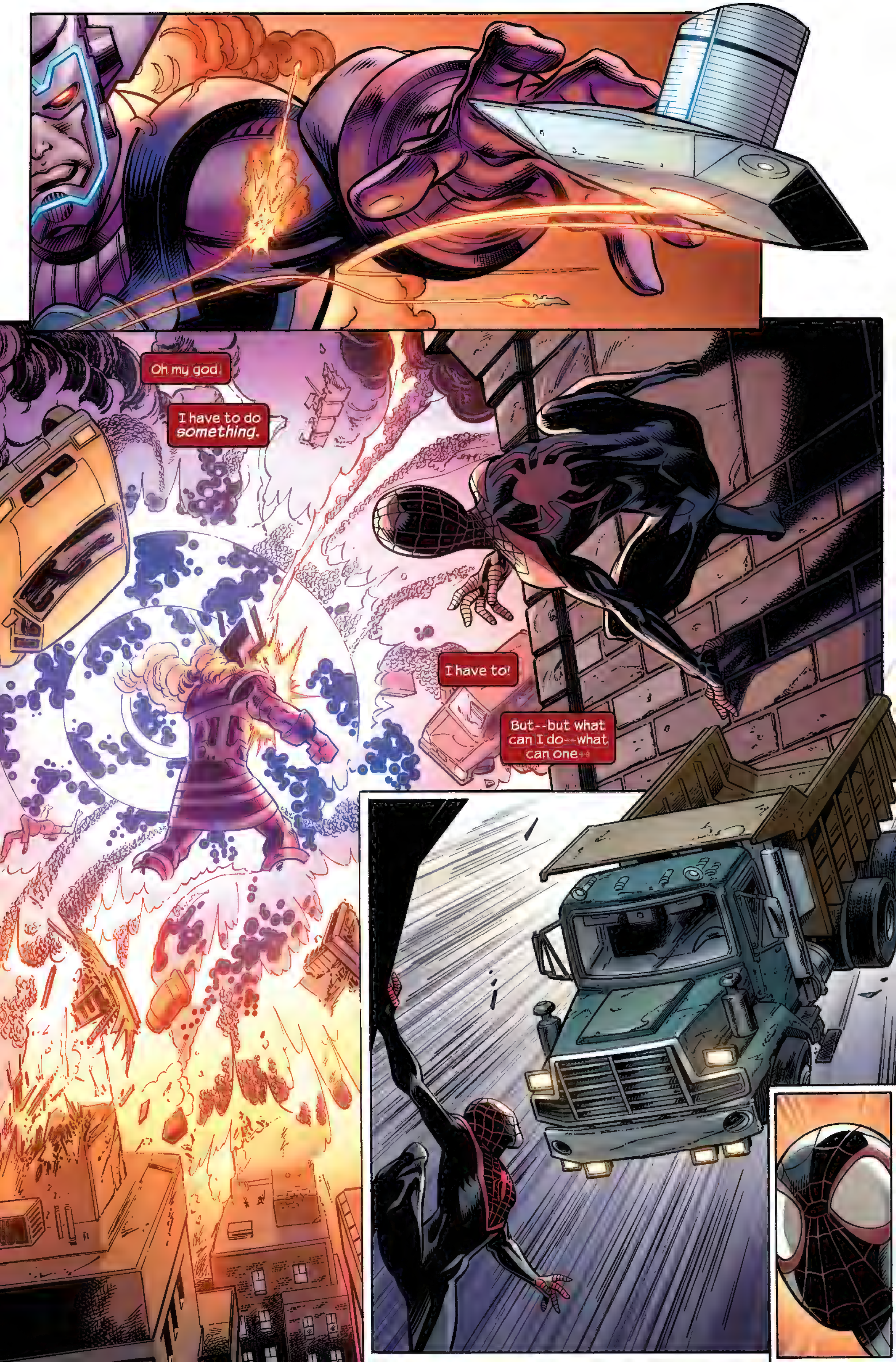

You see *that*, right?
Okay, you-- *you* have to do something!
What can I do?!
Dude, I don't know!! But you have to *suit up!!*
Me?! But that's--
And I'm--
Dude, what is that?
Sweet baby %#$€&!!
Someone do something!
I knew it! I knew it!!
Someone call Thor!!
Where are the police?!
Yeah. Okay.

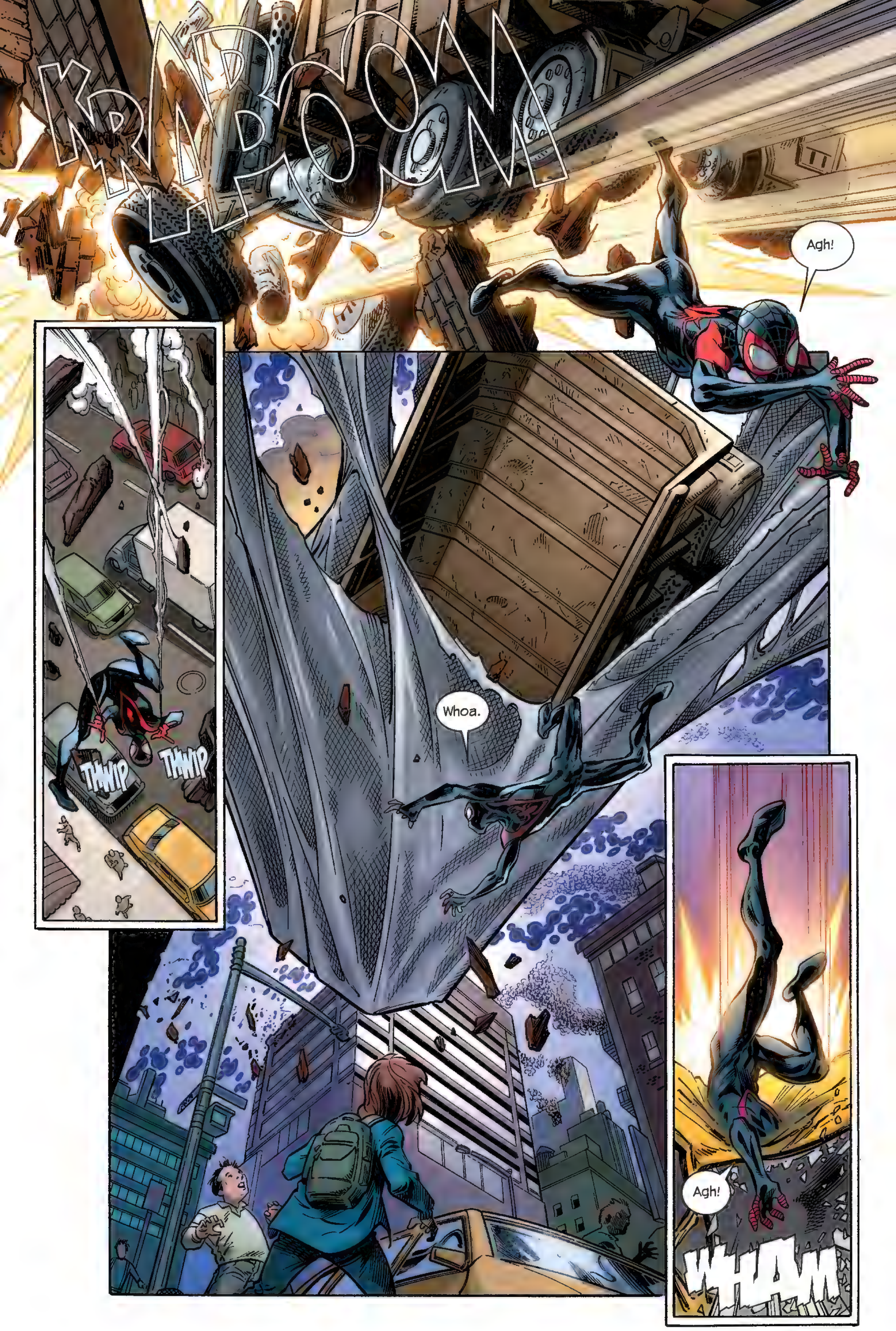

Okay, *now* what?
There is brave and there is stupid and then there is me chasing after *this guy!!*
I'm a teenager with spider-powers and *what is that?*
Where are the Ultimates? Where's the army?
What is he doing?

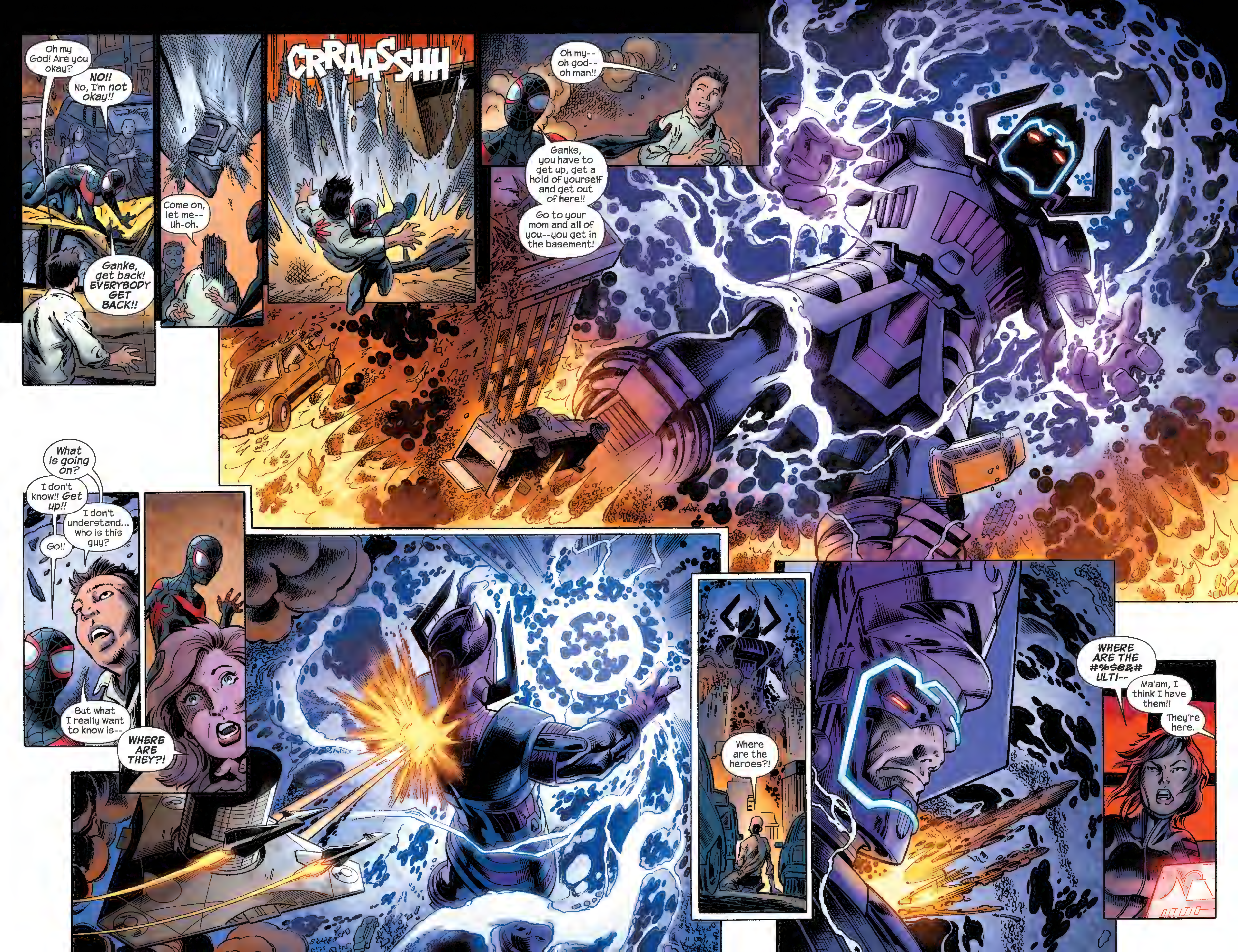


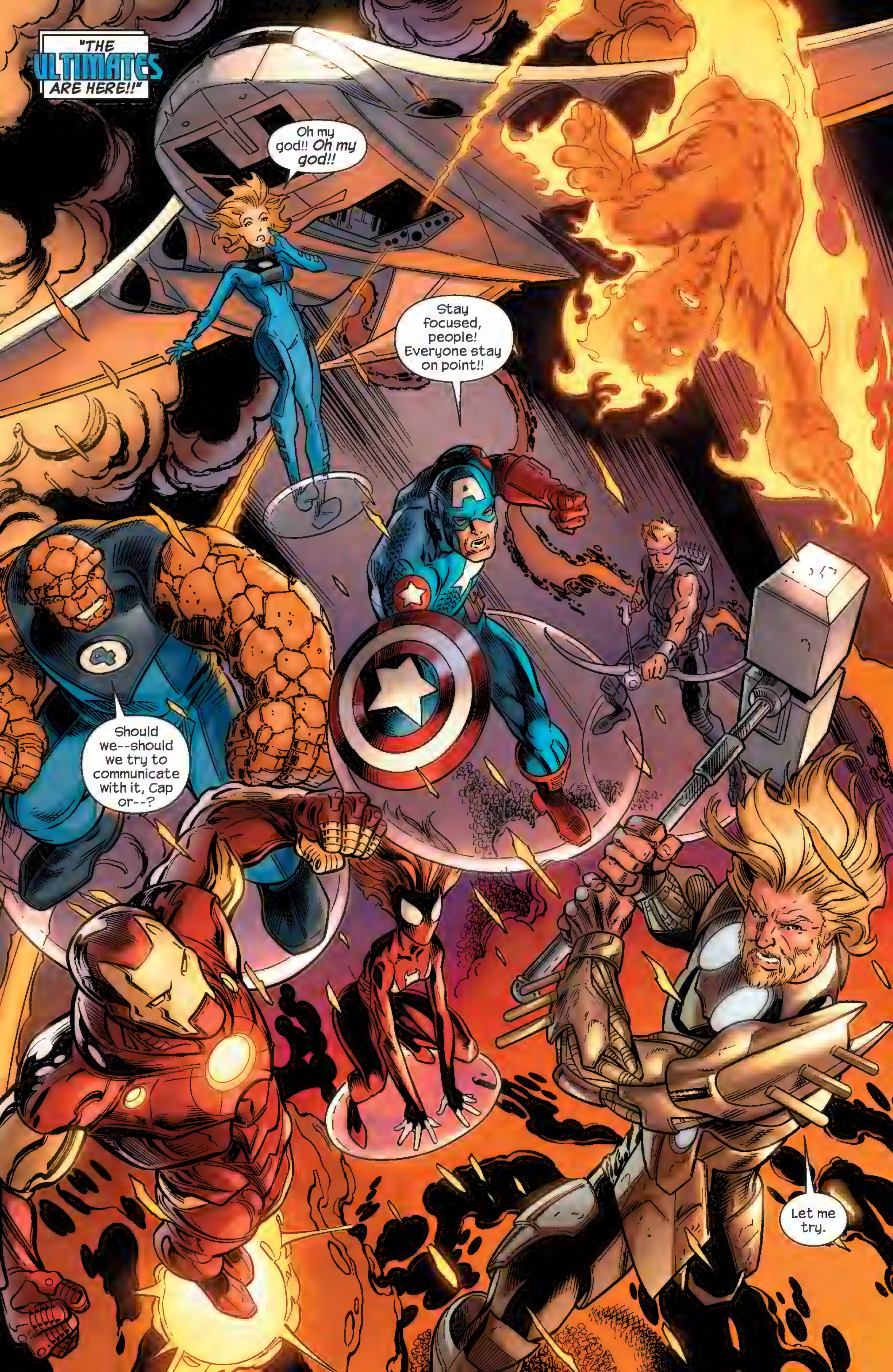

Above New Jersey:
This is director Monica Chang!!
Inform S.H.I.E.L.D. high command that we are at a *cosmic-level threat!!*
*All hands to battle stations!!*
*This is not a drill!! I REPEAT, THIS IS NOT A DRILL!*
According to these readings this is an energy level we have never encountered before!!
New Jersey is already lost!!
Defensive systems on full.
Weapons-- lock your target and fire when ready. And I'm talking about *everything you have!!*
*FIRE!!*

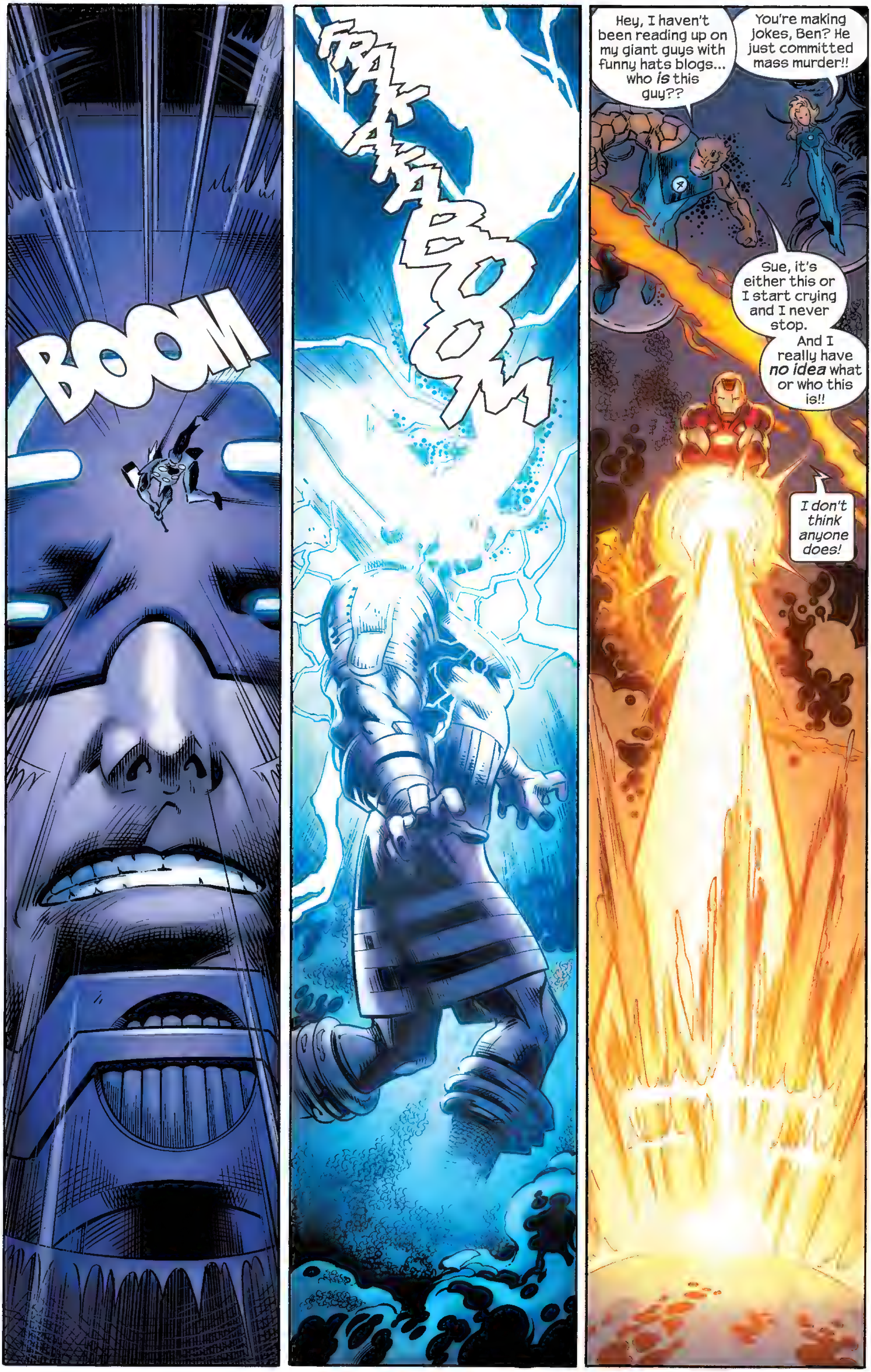

FIRE!!
Uh-oh.

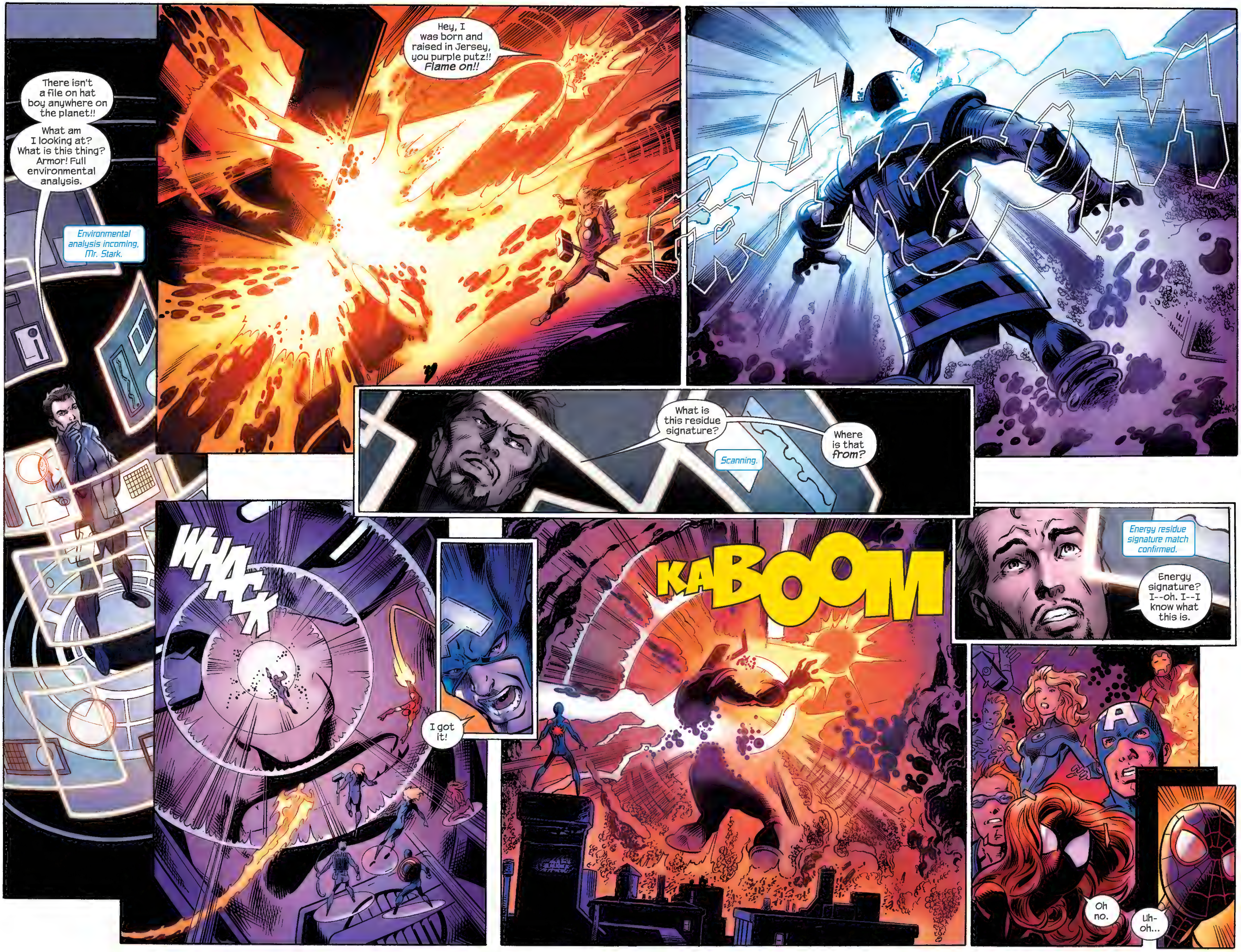

Oh my god.
I have to do *something*.
I have to!
But--but what can I do--what can one--

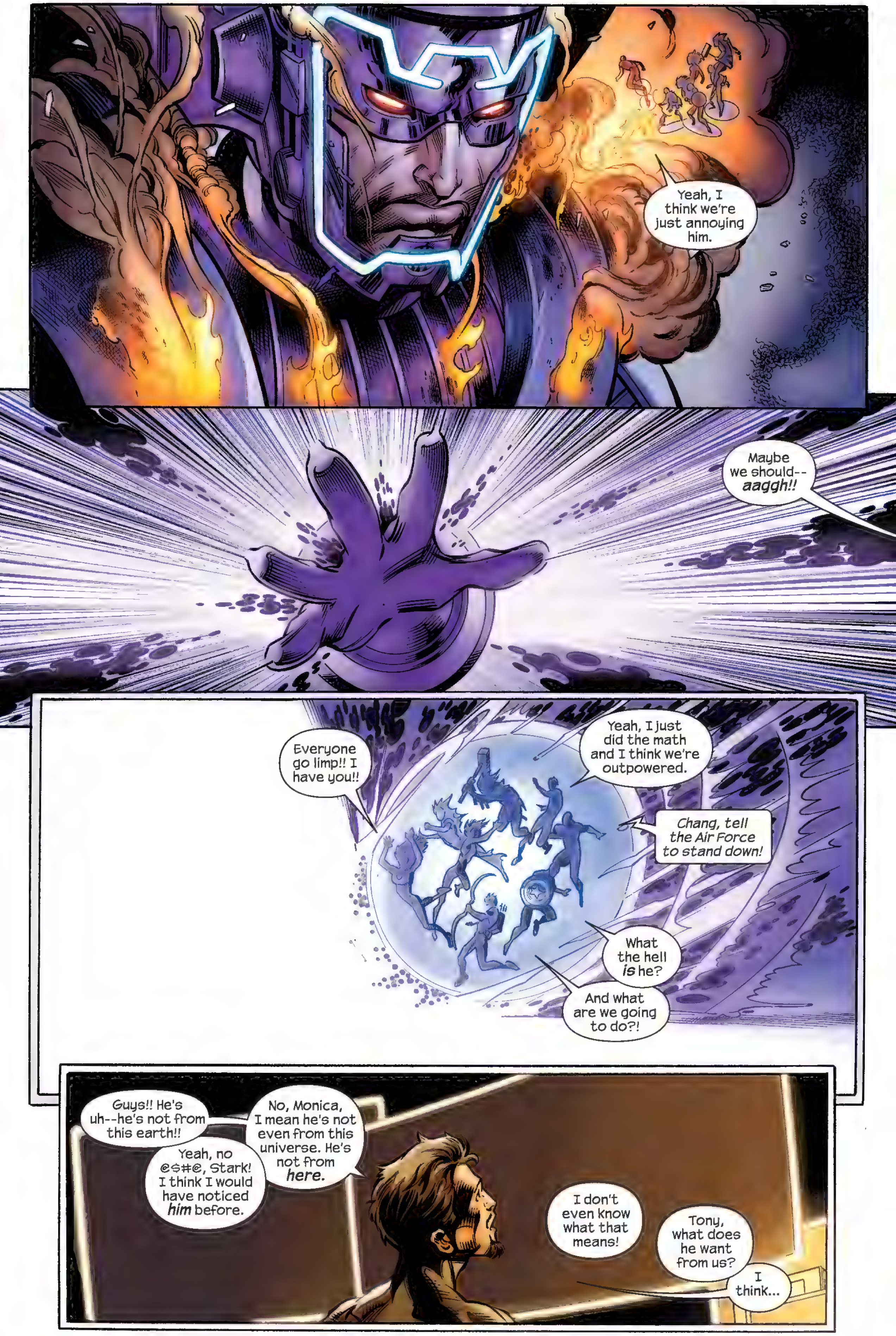

KRABOOM
Agh!
THWIP
THWIP
Whoa.
Agh!
WHAM

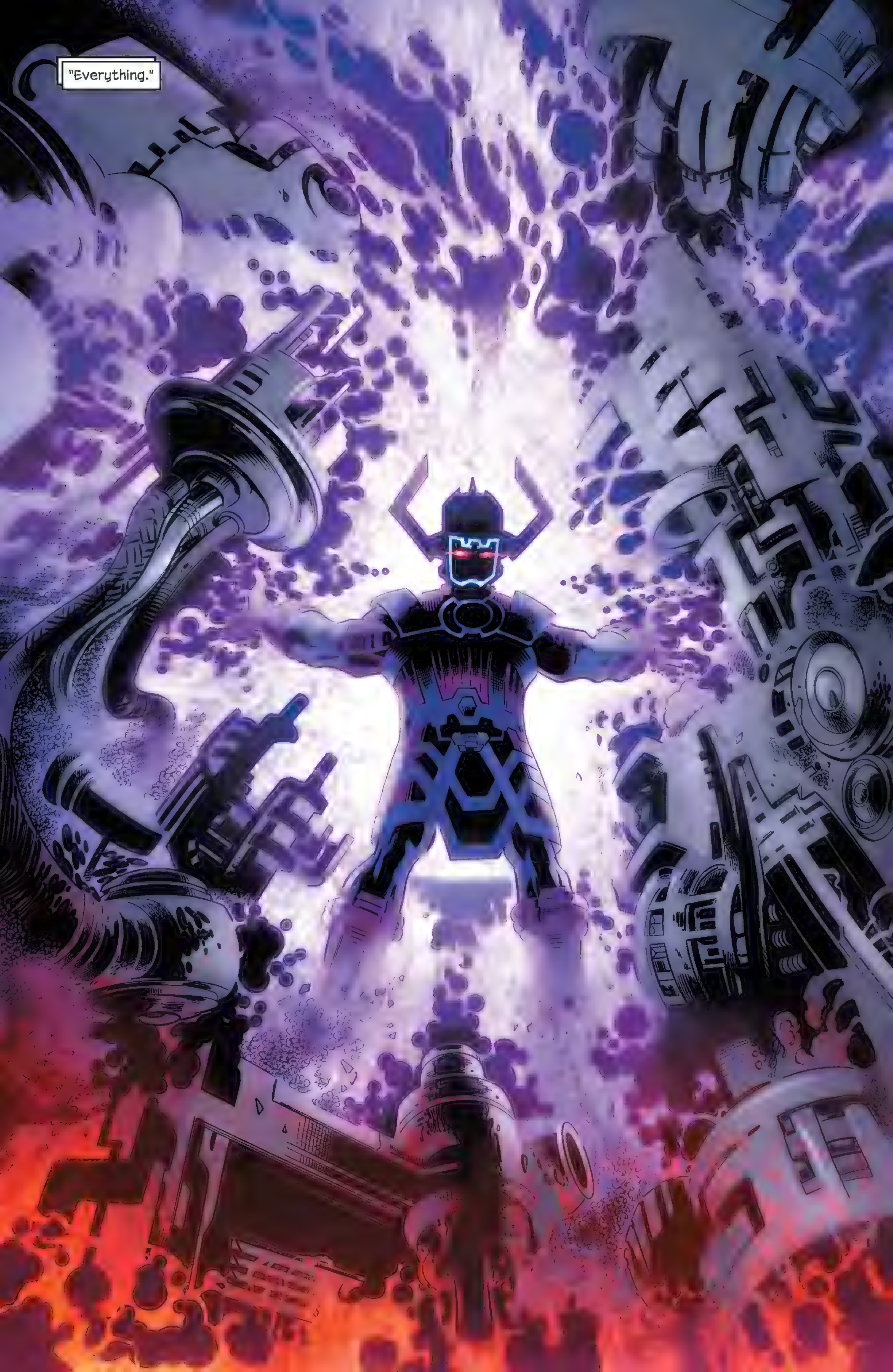

Oh my God! Are you okay?
NO!! No, I'm not okay!!
Ganke, get back! EVERYBODY GET BACK!!
Come on, let me-- Uh-oh.
CRRAASSHH
Oh my-- oh god-- oh man!!
Ganks, you have to get up, get a hold of yourself and get out of here!!
Go to your mom and all of you--you get in the basement!
What is going on?
I don't know!! Get up!!
I don't understand... who is this guy?
Go!!
But what I really want to know is--
WHERE ARE THEY?!
Where are the heroes?!
WHERE ARE THE #%$@&# ULTI--
Ma'am, I think I have them!!
They're here.

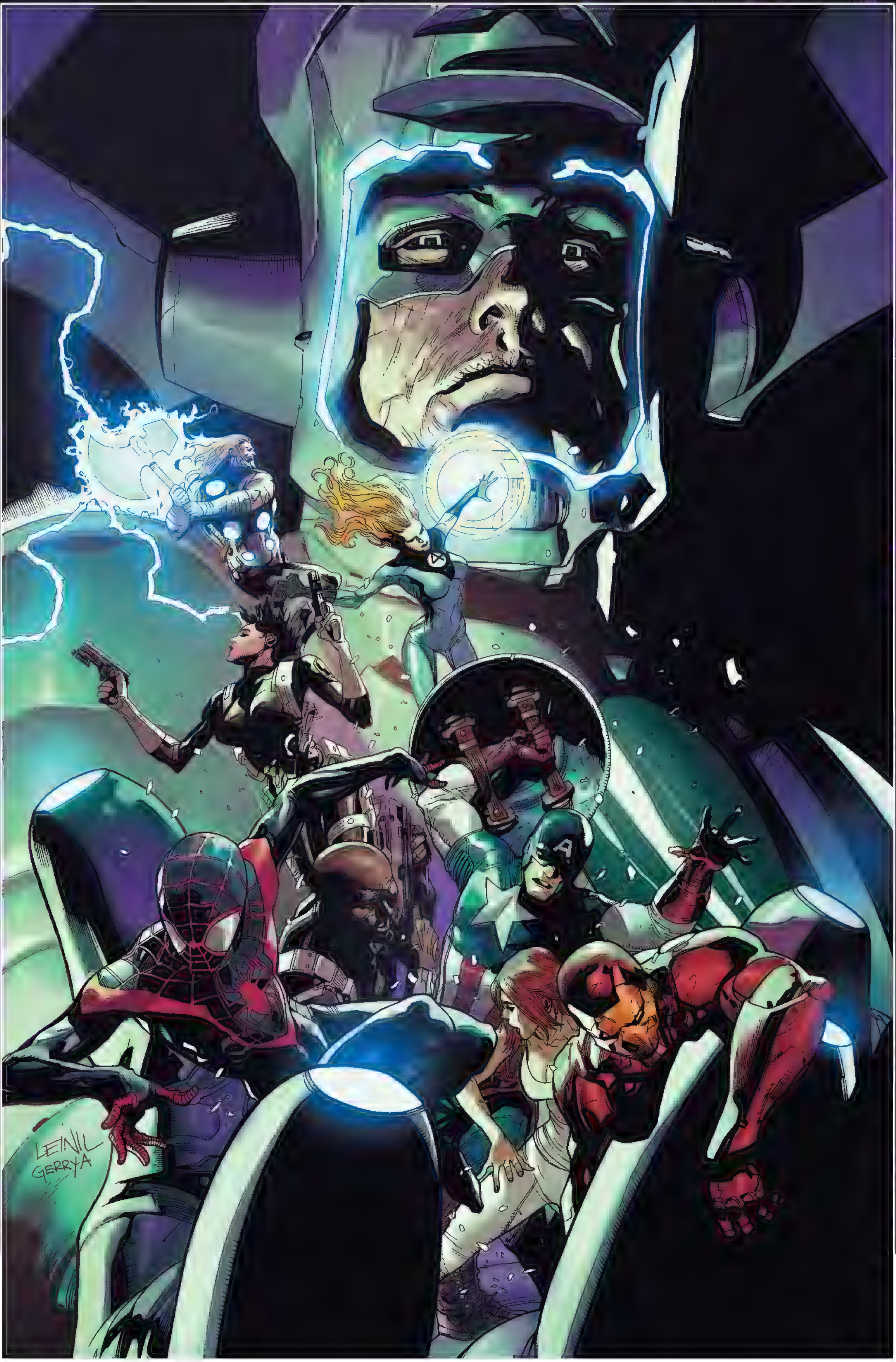

"THE ULTIMATES ARE HERE!!"
Oh my god!! Oh my god!!
Stay focused, people! Everyone stay on point!!
Should we--should we try to communicate with it, Cap or--?
Let me try.


BOOM
KRAKABOOM
Hey, I haven't been reading up on my giant guys with funny hats blogs... who *is* this guy??
You're making jokes, Ben? He just committed mass murder!!
Sue, it's either this or I start crying and I never stop.
And I really have *no idea* what or who this is!!
*I don't think anyone does!*


There isn't a file on hat boy anywhere on the planet!!
What am I looking at? What is this thing? Armor! Full environmental analysis.
Environmental analysis incoming, Mr. Stark.
Hey, I was born and raised in Jersey, you purple putz!! *Flame on!!*
KRAKOOM
What is this residue signature?
Scanning.
Where is that *from?*
WHACK
I got it!
KABOOM
Energy residue signature match confirmed.
Energy signature? I--oh. I--I know what this is.
Oh no.
Uh-oh...

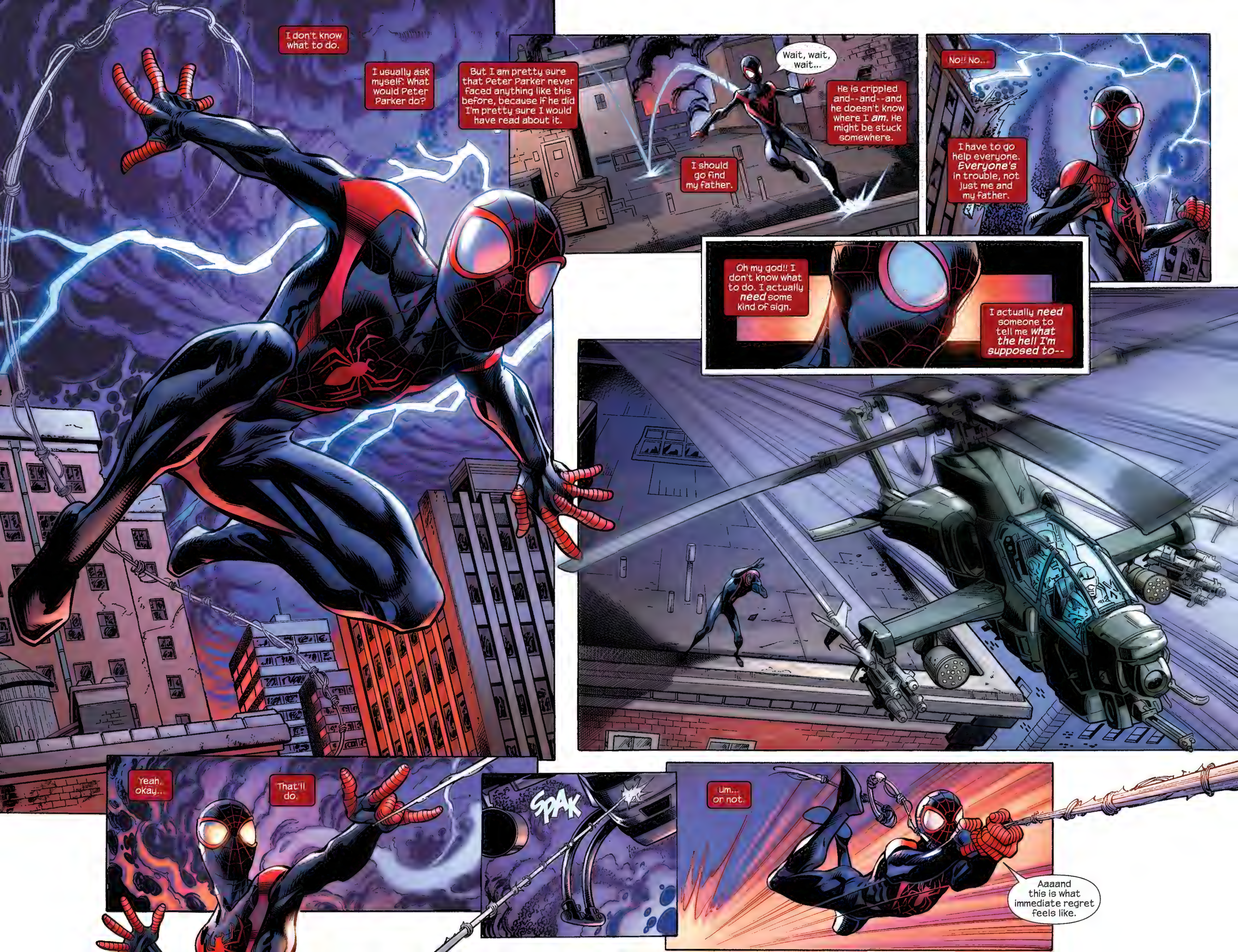

Yeah, I think we're just annoying him.
Maybe we should-- *aaggh!!*
Everyone go limp!! I have you!!
Yeah, I just did the math and I think we're outpowered.
*Chang, tell the Air Force to stand down!*
What the hell *is* he?
And what are we going to do?!
Guys!! He's uh--he's not from this earth!!
Yeah, no @$#@, Stark! I think I would have noticed *him* before.
No, Monica, I mean he's not even from this universe. He's not from *here*.
I don't even know what that means!
Tony, what does he want from us?
I think...

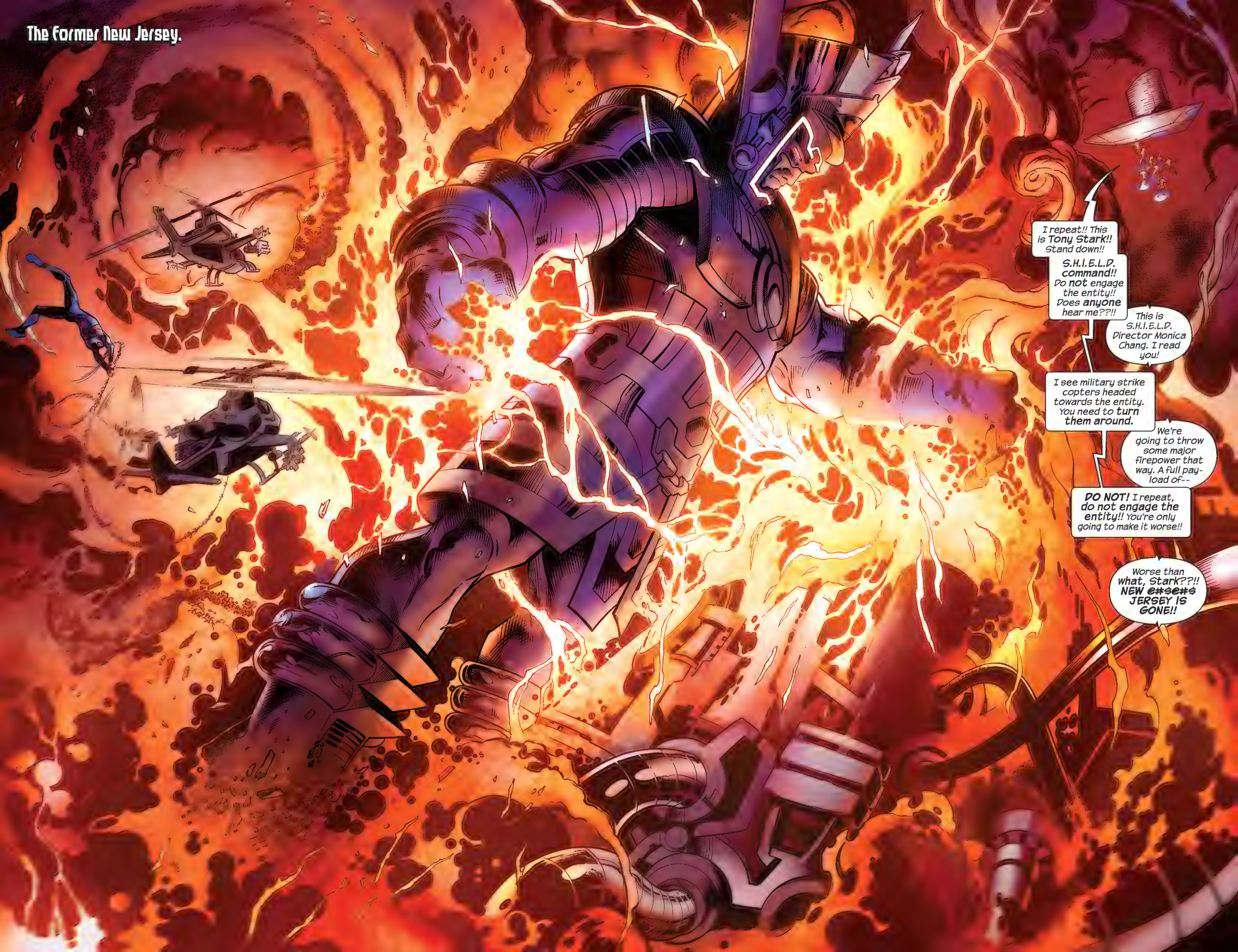

"Everything."

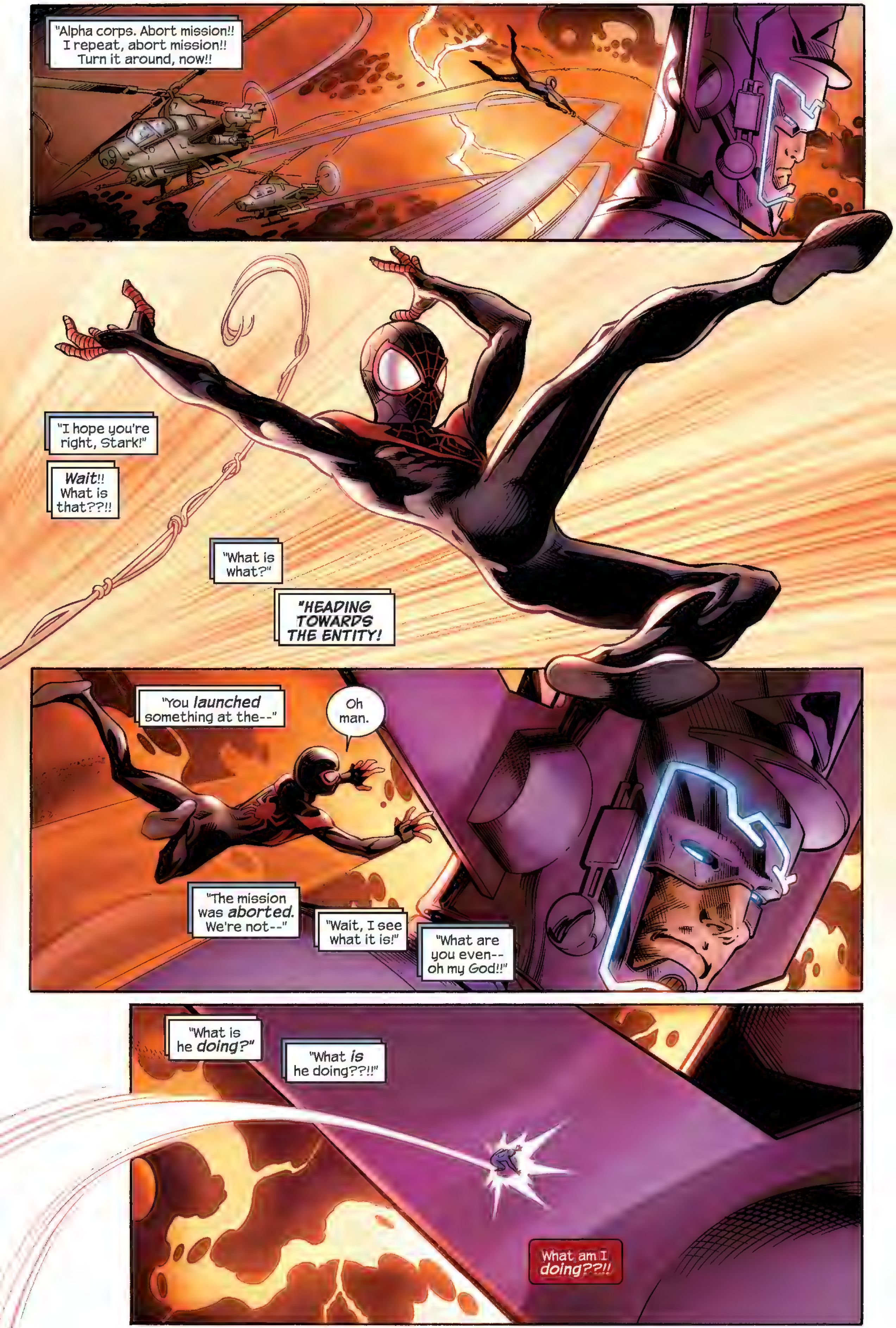

LEINIL
GERRYA

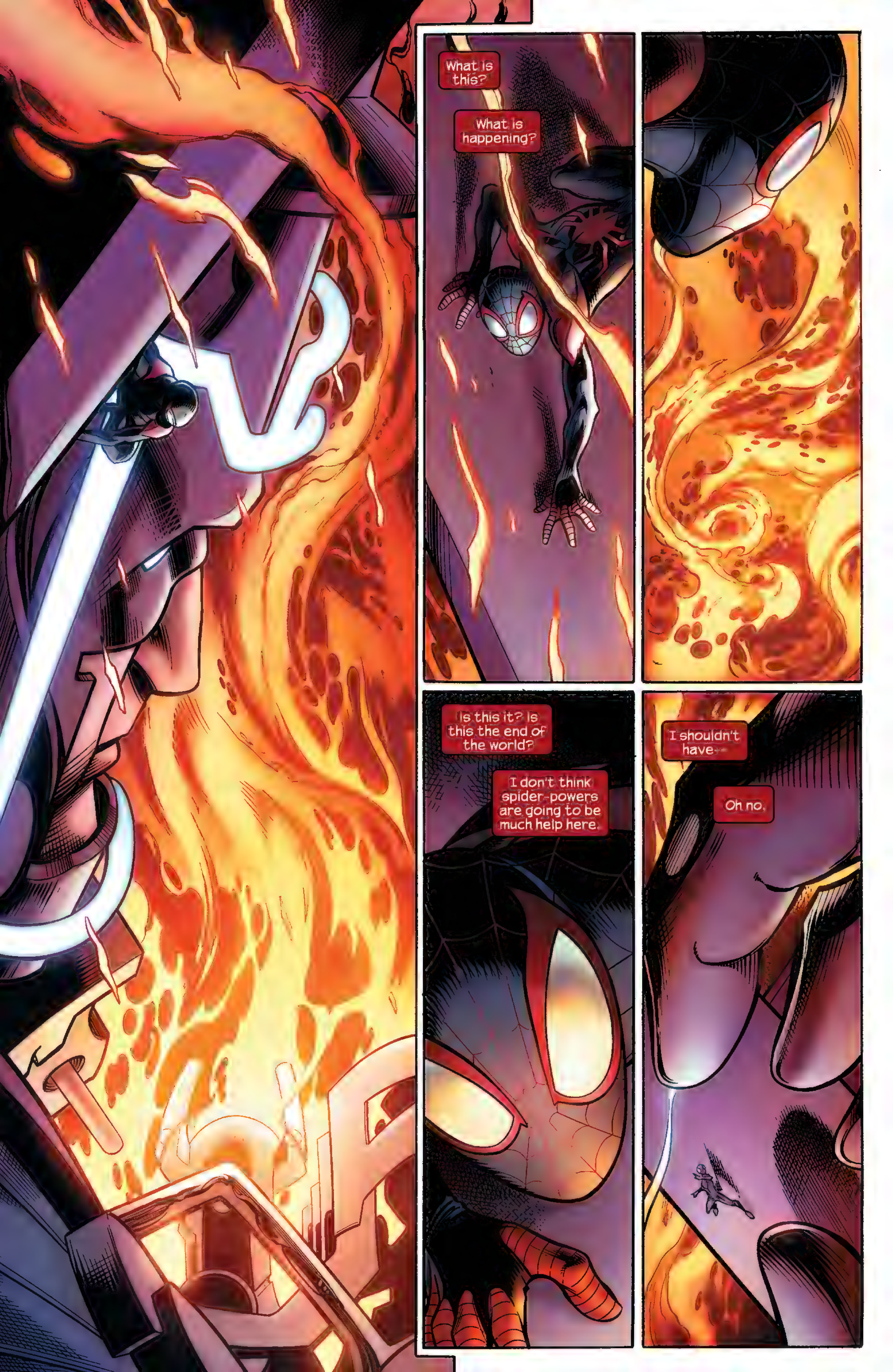
CATACLYSM: THE ULTIMATES' LAST STAND #1 VARIANT BY LEINIL YU, GERRY ALANGUILAN & SUNNY GHO

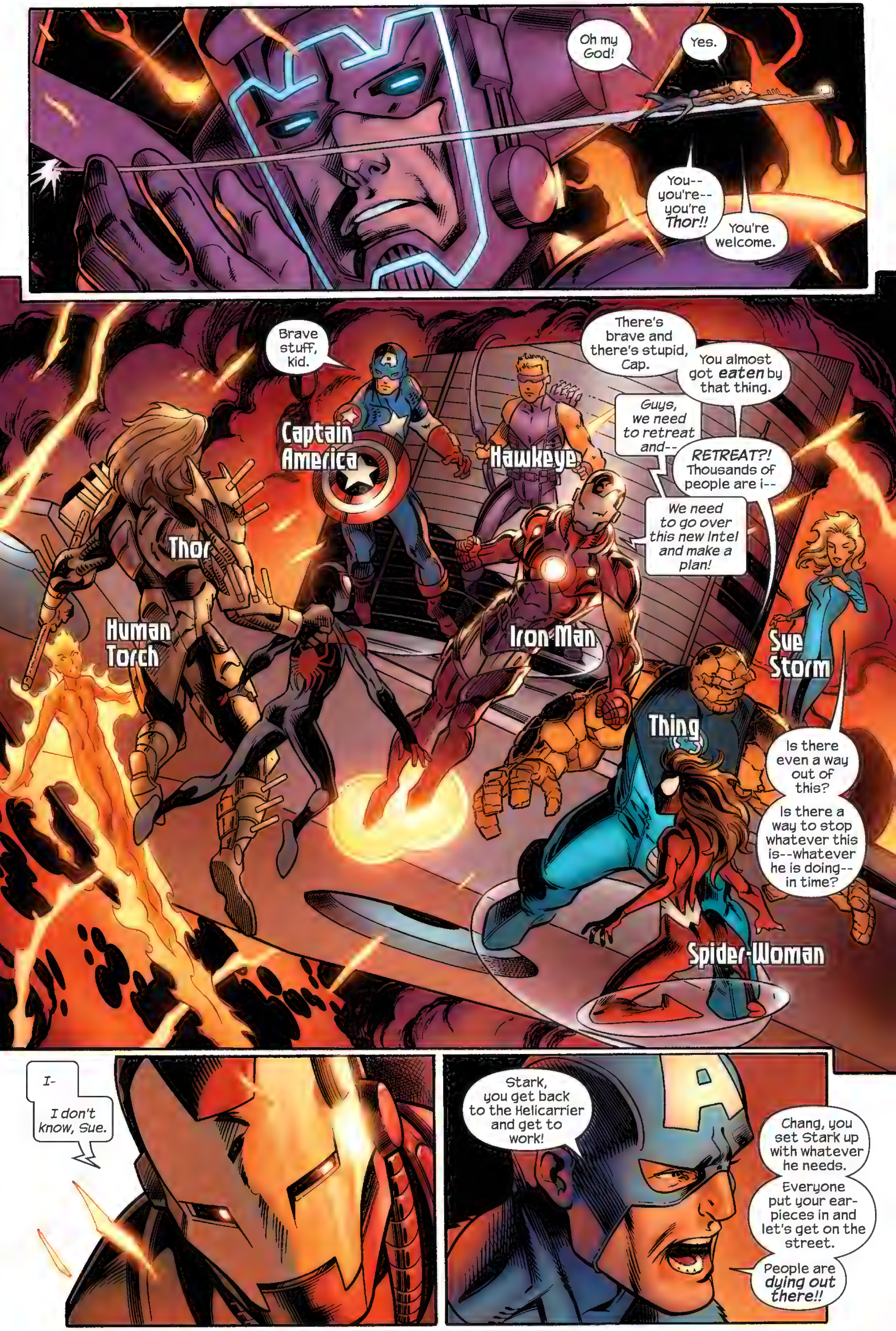
# CATACLYSM: THE ULTIMATES' LAST STAND #2

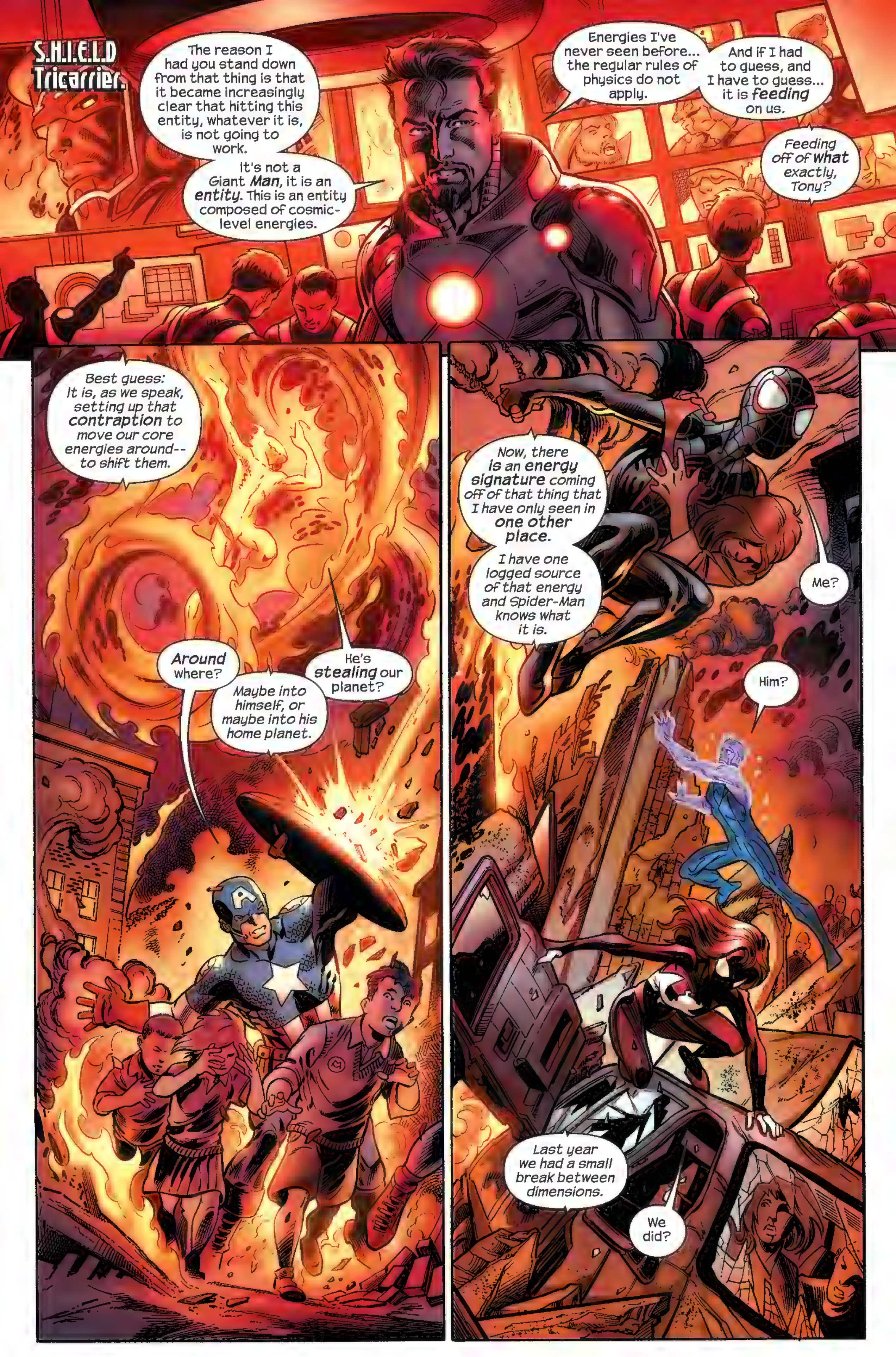

I don't know what to do.
I usually ask myself: What would Peter Parker do?
But I am pretty sure that Peter Parker never faced anything like this before, because if he did I'm pretty sure I would have read about it.
Wait, wait, wait...
He is crippled and--and--and he doesn't know where I *am*. He might be stuck somewhere.
I should go find my father.
No!! No...
I have to go help everyone. *Everyone's* in trouble, not just me and my father.
Oh my god!! I don't know what to do. I actually *need* some kind of sign.
I actually *need* someone to tell me *what the hell I'm supposed to--*
Yeah, okay...
That'll do.
SPAK
Um... or not.
Aaaand this is what immediate regret feels like.

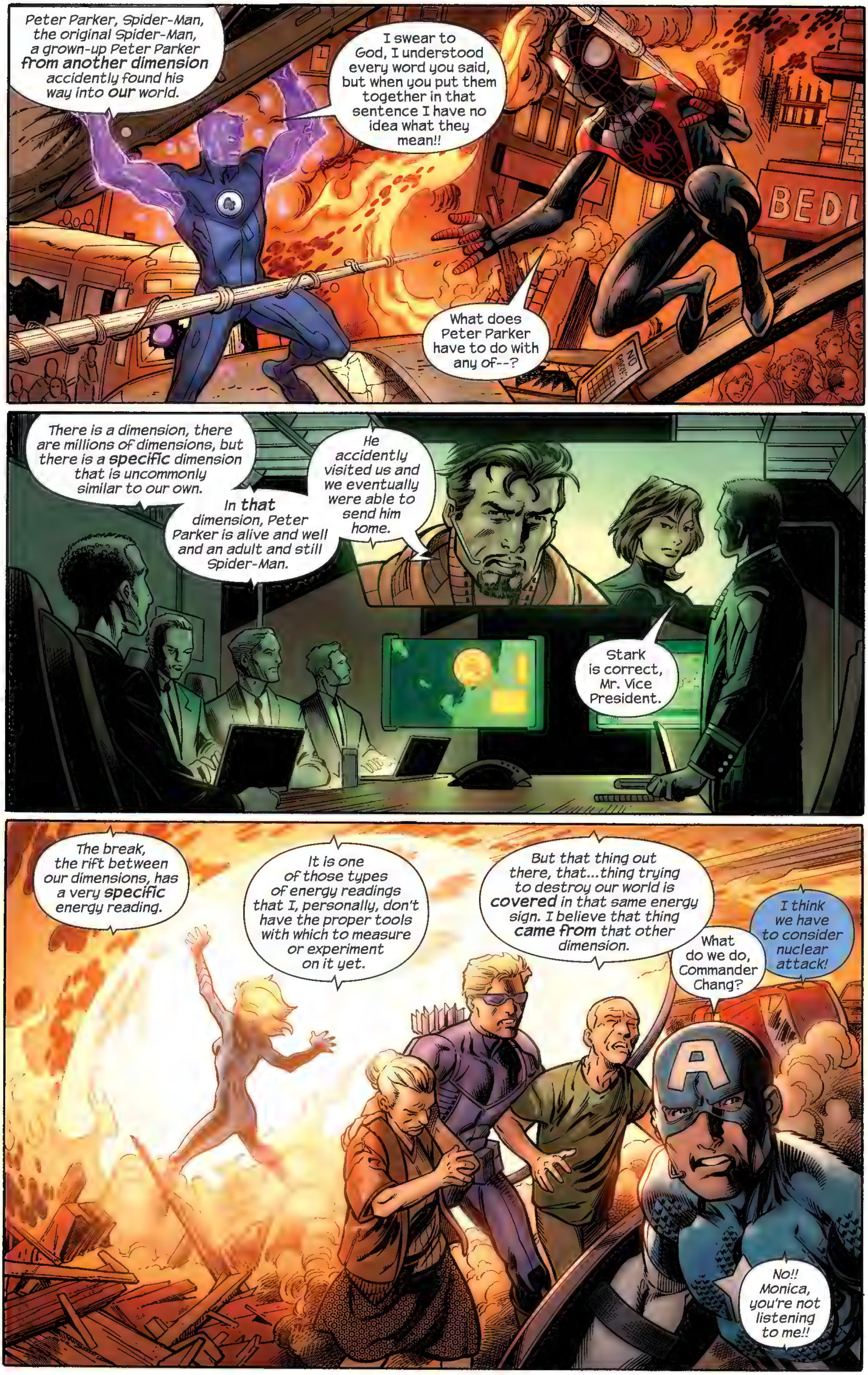

The Former New Jersey.
I repeat!! This is Tony Stark!! Stand down!!
S.H.I.E.L.D. command!! Do not engage the entity!! Does anyone hear me??!!
This is S.H.I.E.L.D. Director Monica Chang. I read you!
I see military strike copters headed towards the entity. You need to turn them around.
We're going to throw some major firepower that way. A full payload of--
DO NOT! I repeat, do not engage the entity!! You're only going to make it worse!!
Worse than what, Stark??!! NEW @#$@#$ JERSEY IS GONE!!

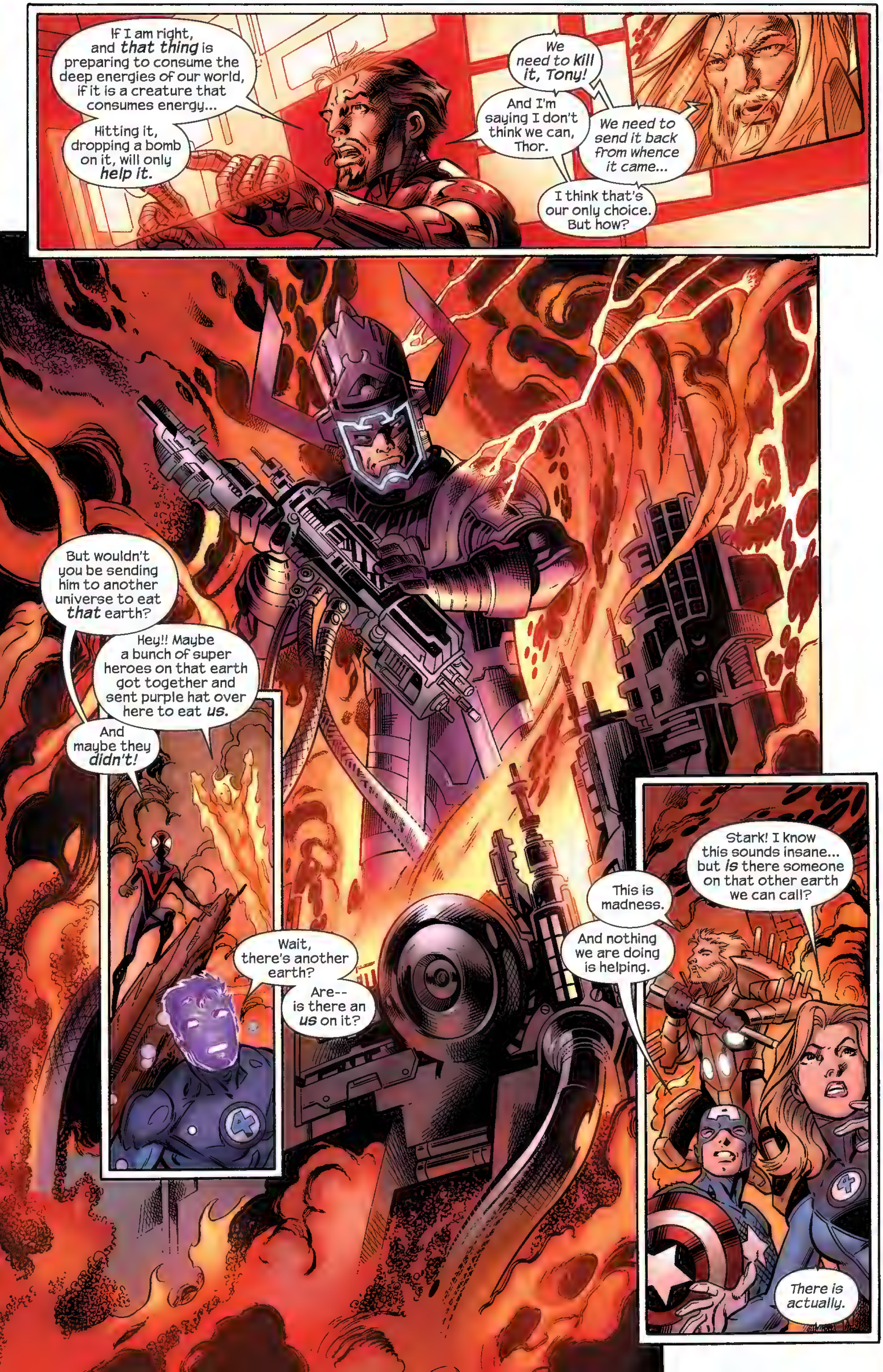

"Alpha corps. Abort mission!! I repeat, abort mission!! Turn it around, now!!"
"I hope you're right, Stark!"
Wait!! What is that??!!
"What is what?"
"HEADING TOWARDS THE ENTITY!
"You launched something at the--"
Oh man.
"The mission was aborted. We're not--"
"Wait, I see what it is!"
"What are you even-- oh my God!!"
"What is he doing?"
"What is he doing??!!"
What am I doing??!!

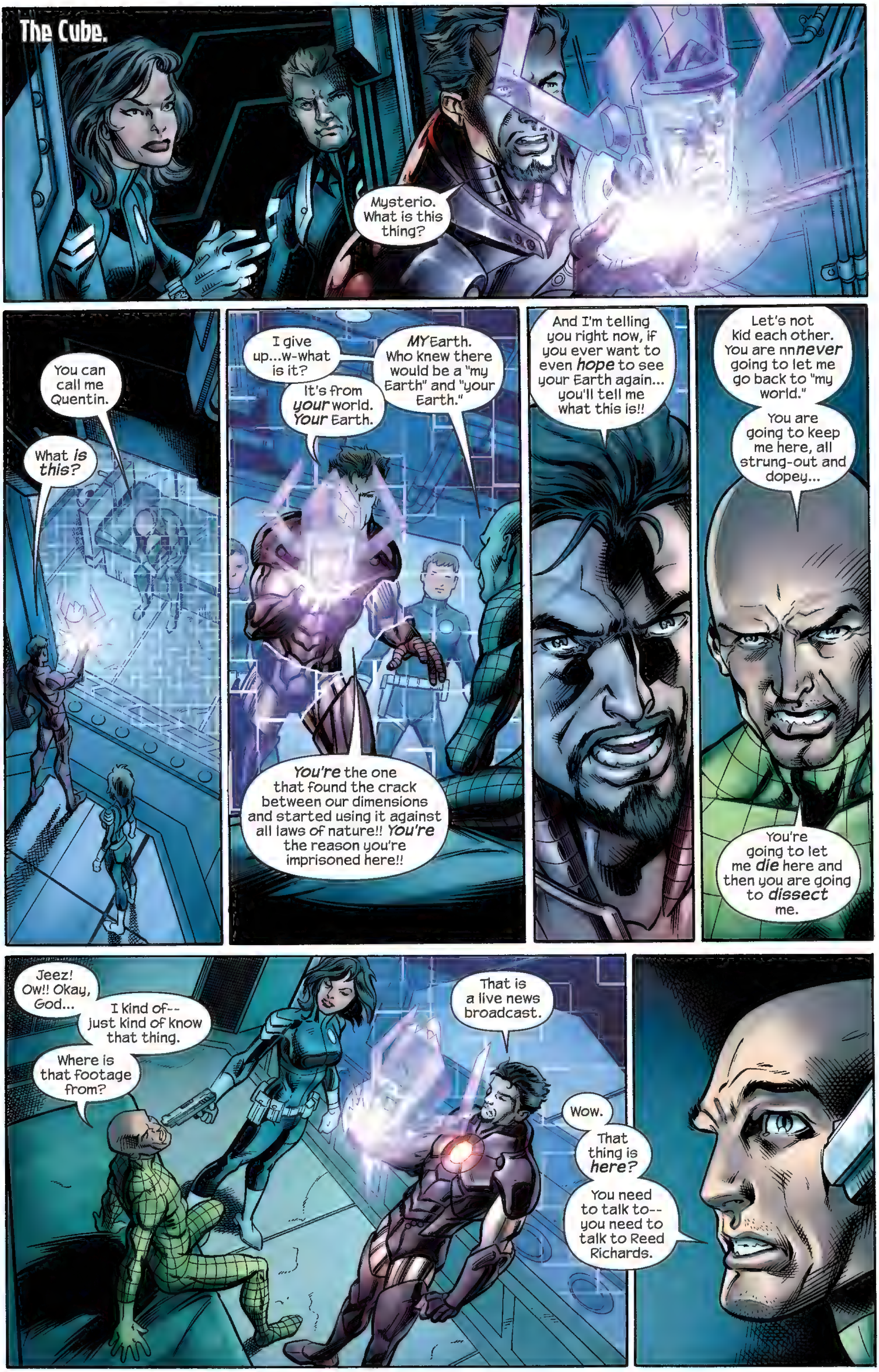

What is this?
What is happening?
Is this it? Is this the end of the world?
I don't think spider-powers are going to be much help here.
I shouldn't have--
Oh no.

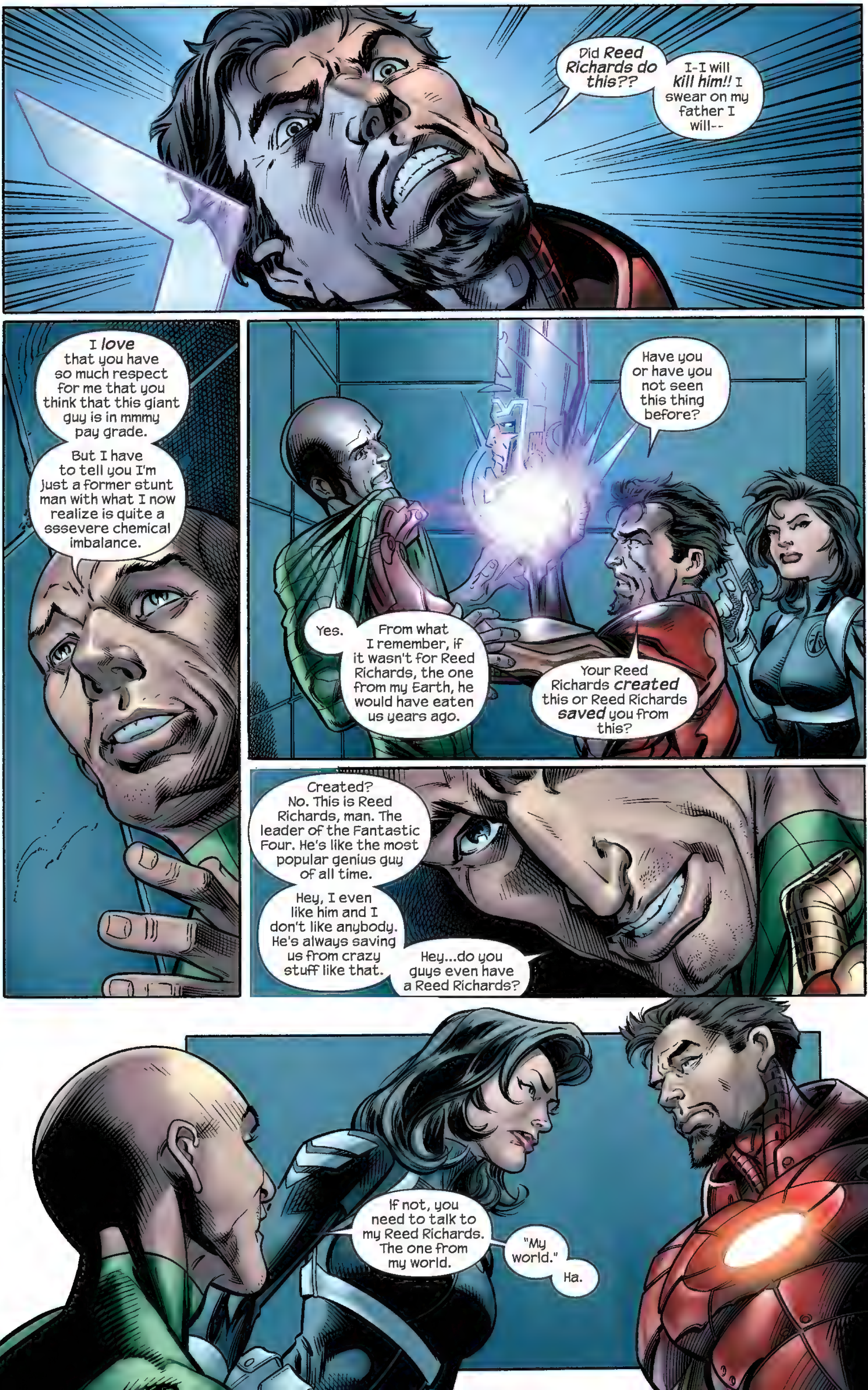

Oh my God!
Yes.
You-- you're-- you're *Thor!!*
You're welcome.
Brave stuff, kid.
Captain America
Hawkeye
Thor
Human Torch
Iron Man
Sue Storm
Thing
Spider-Woman
There's brave and there's stupid, Cap.
You almost got *eaten* by that thing.
*Guys, we need to retreat and--*
*RETREAT?!* Thousands of people are i--
*We need to go over this new Intel and make a plan!*
Is there even a way out of this?
Is there a way to stop whatever this is--whatever he is doing--in time?
*I- I don't know, Sue.*
Stark, you get back to the Helicarrier and get to work!
Chang, you set Stark up with whatever he needs.
Everyone put your ear-pieces in and let's get on the street.
People are *dying out there!!*

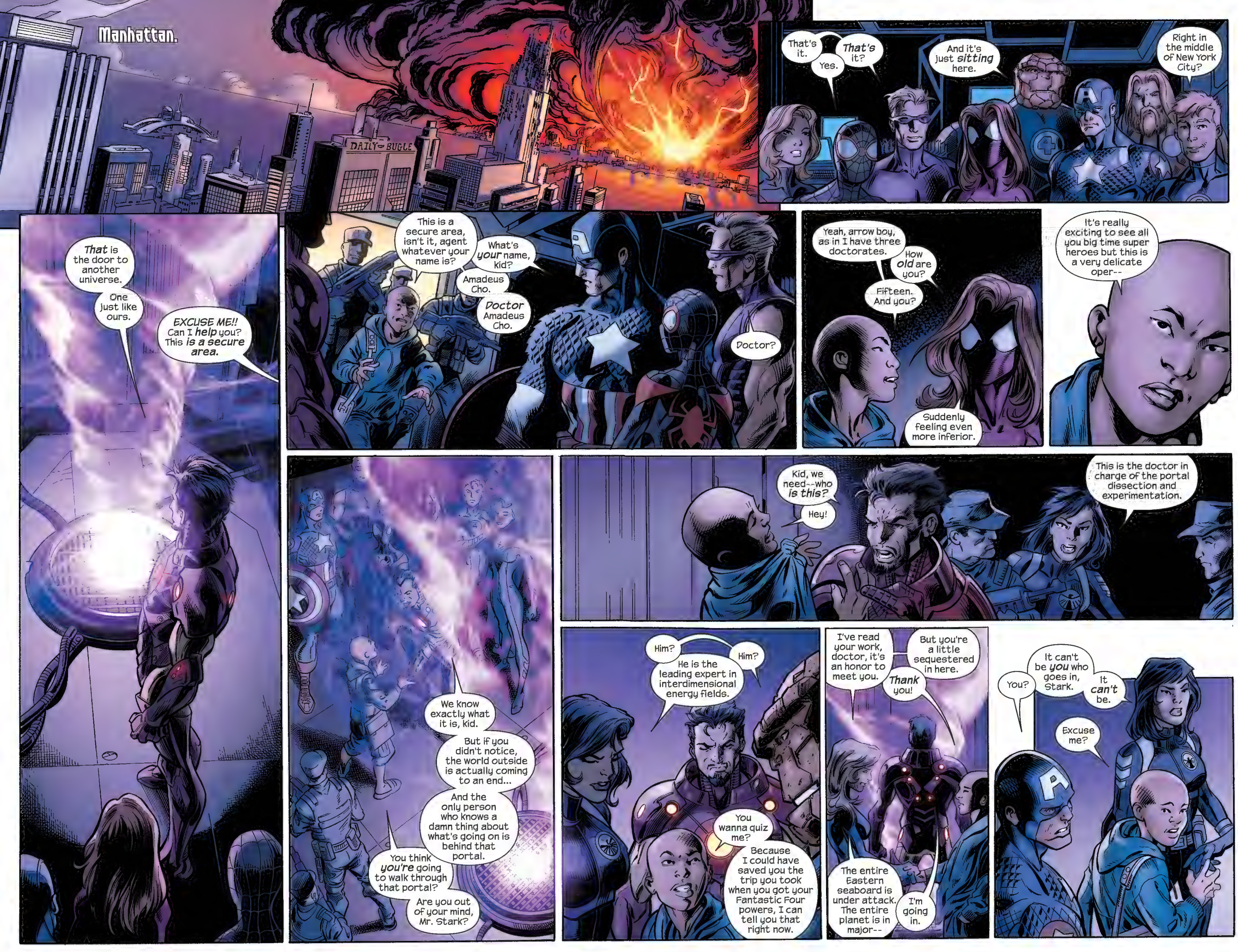

S.H.I.E.L.D Tricarrier.
The reason I had you stand down from that thing is that it became increasingly clear that hitting this entity, whatever it is, is not going to work.
It's not a Giant *Man*, it is an *entity*. This is an entity composed of cosmic-level energies.
Energies I've never seen before... the regular rules of physics do not apply.
And if I had to guess, and I have to guess... it is ***feeding*** on us.
*Feeding off of **what** exactly, Tony?*
*Best guess: It is, as we speak, setting up that **contraption** to move our core energies around-- to shift them.*
***Around*** where?
*Maybe into himself, or maybe into his home planet.*
He's ***stealing*** our planet?
*Now, there **is an energy signature** coming off of that thing that I have only seen in **one other place.***
*I have one logged source of that energy and Spider-Man knows what it is.*
Me?
Him?
*Last year we had a small break between dimensions.*
We did?

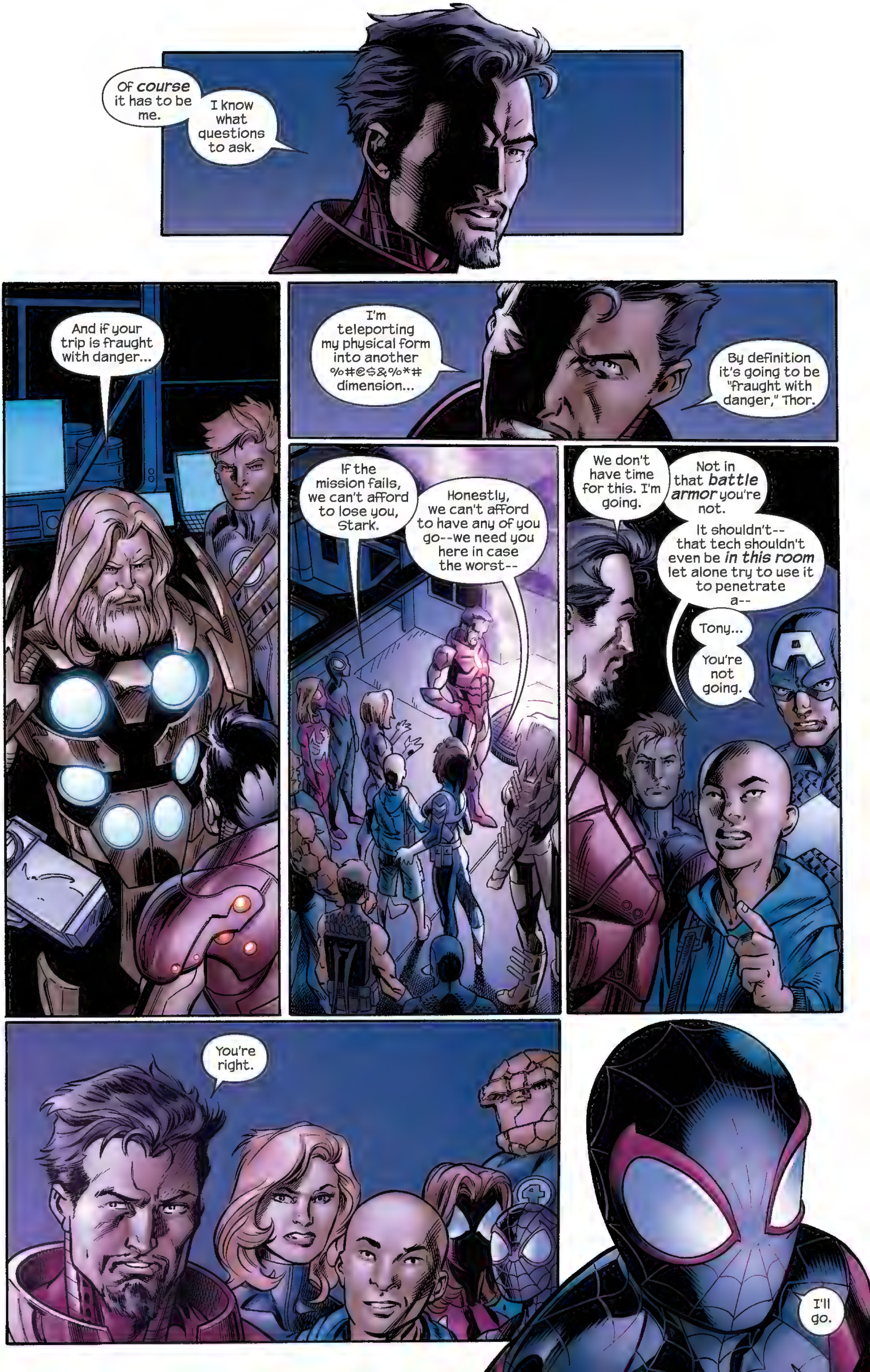

Peter Parker, Spider-Man, the original Spider-Man, a grown-up Peter Parker from another dimension accidently found his way into our world.
I swear to God, I understood every word you said, but when you put them together in that sentence I have no idea what they mean!!
What does Peter Parker have to do with any of--?
BEDI
NO PARKING
There is a dimension, there are millions of dimensions, but there is a specific dimension that is uncommonly similar to our own.
In that dimension, Peter Parker is alive and well and an adult and still Spider-Man.
He accidently visited us and we eventually were able to send him home.
Stark is correct, Mr. Vice President.
The break, the rift between our dimensions, has a very specific energy reading.
It is one of those types of energy readings that I, personally, don't have the proper tools with which to measure or experiment on it yet.
But that thing out there, that...thing trying to destroy our world is covered in that same energy sign. I believe that thing came from that other dimension.
I think we have to consider nuclear attack!
What do we do, Commander Chang?
No!! Monica, you're not listening to me!!

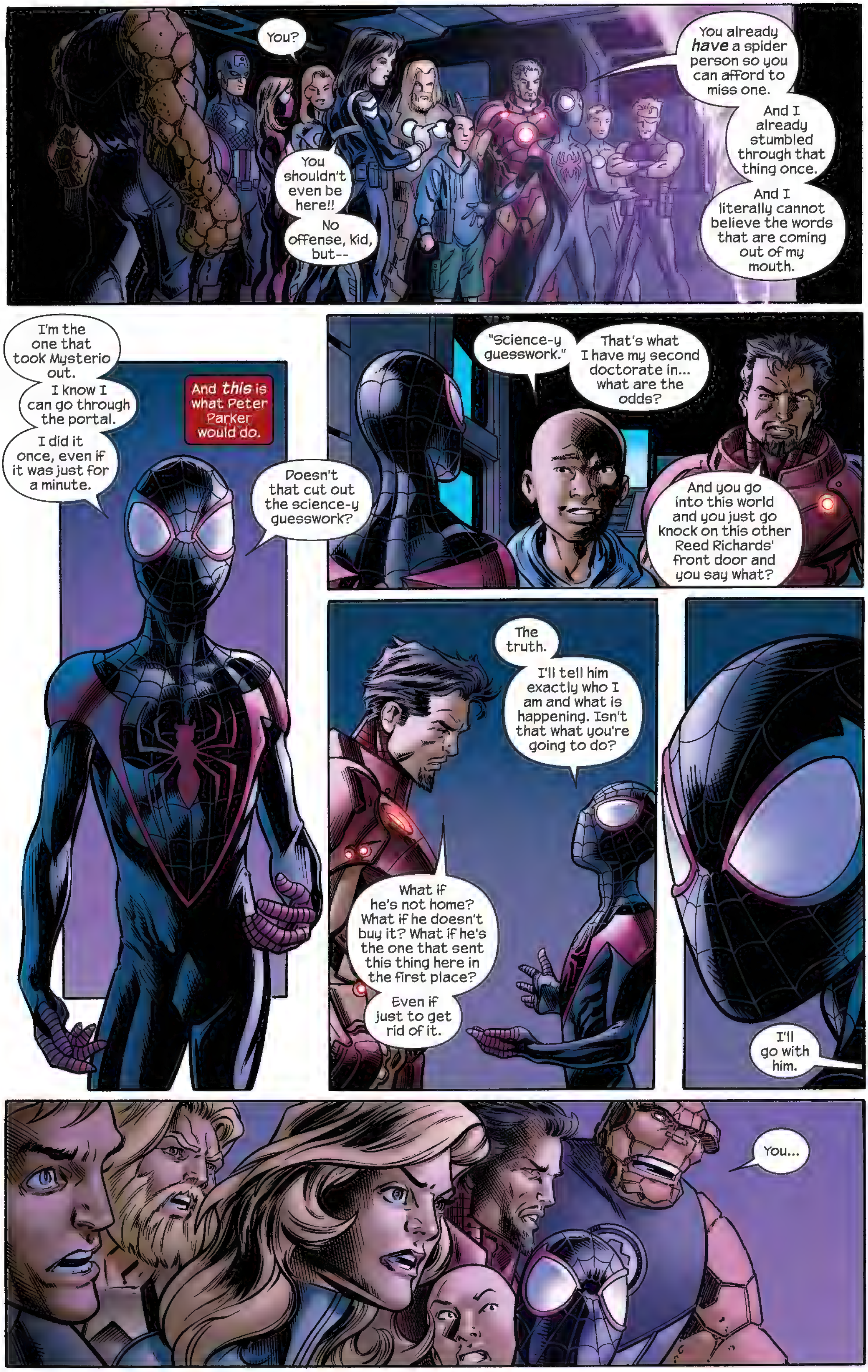

If I am right, and *that thing* is preparing to consume the deep energies of our world, if it is a creature that consumes energy...
Hitting it, dropping a bomb on it, will only ***help it.***
We need to *kill it, Tony!*
And I'm saying I don't think we can, Thor.
*We need to send it back from whence it came...*
I think that's our only choice. But how?
But wouldn't you be sending him to another universe to eat ***that*** earth?
Hey!! Maybe a bunch of super heroes on that earth got together and sent purple hat over here to eat ***us.***
And maybe they ***didn't!***
Wait, there's another earth?
Are-- is there an ***us*** on it?
This is madness.
And nothing we are doing is helping.
Stark! I know this sounds insane... but ***is*** there someone on that other earth we can call?
*There is actually.*

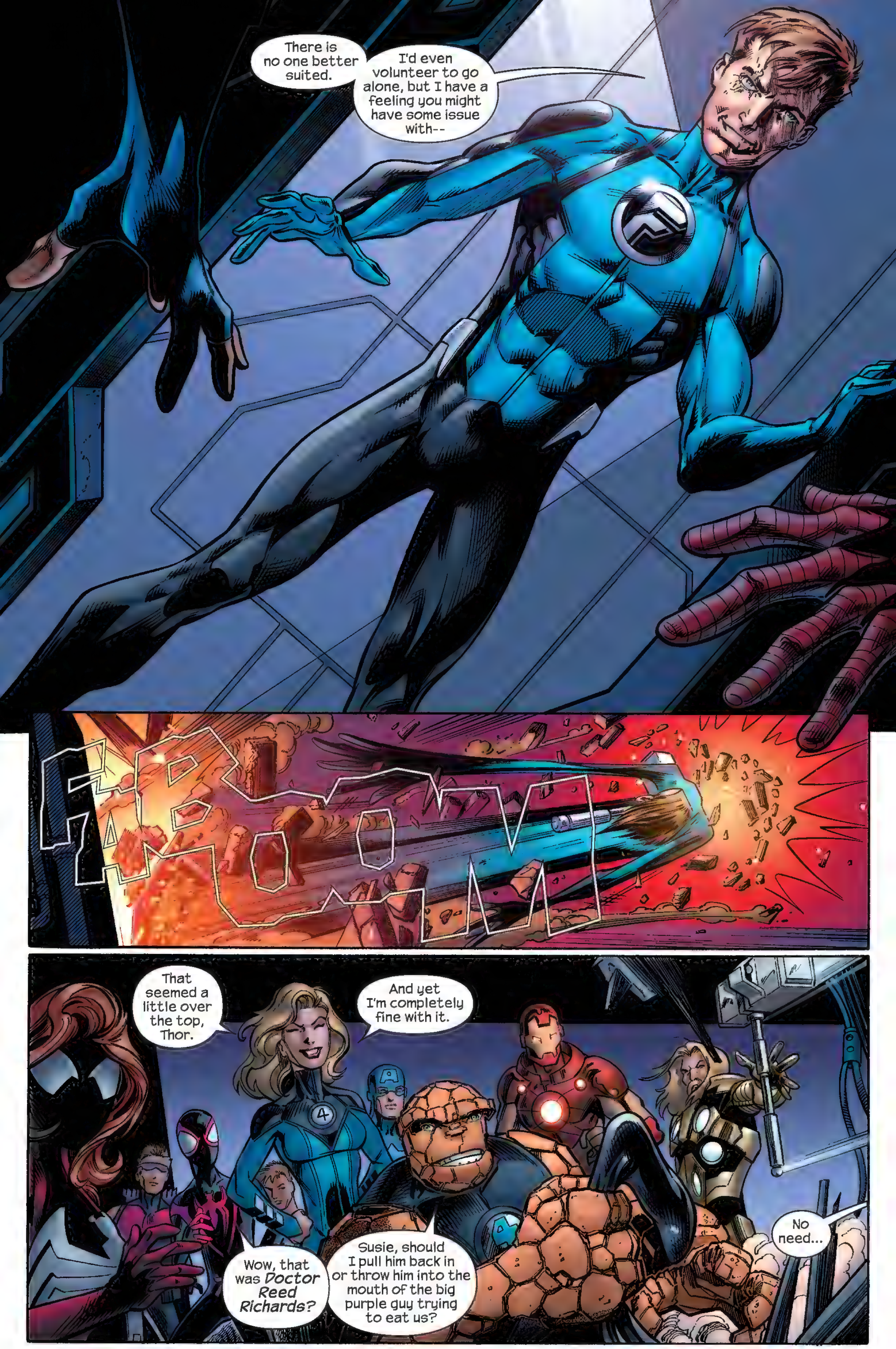

The Cube.
Mysterio. What is this thing?
You can call me Quentin.
What *is this?*
I give up...w-what is it?
It's from *your* world. *Your* Earth.
*MY* Earth. Who knew there would be a "my Earth" and "your Earth."
*You're* the one that found the crack between our dimensions and started using it against all laws of nature!! *You're* the reason you're imprisoned here!!
And I'm telling you right now, if you ever want to even *hope* to see your Earth again... you'll tell me what this is!!
Let's not kid each other. You are nn*never* going to let me go back to "my world."
You are going to keep me here, all strung-out and dopey...
You're going to let me *die* here and then you are going to *dissect* me.
Jeez! Ow!! Okay, God...
I kind of-- just kind of know that thing.
Where is that footage from?
That is a live news broadcast.
Wow.
That thing is *here?*
You need to talk to-- you need to talk to Reed Richards.

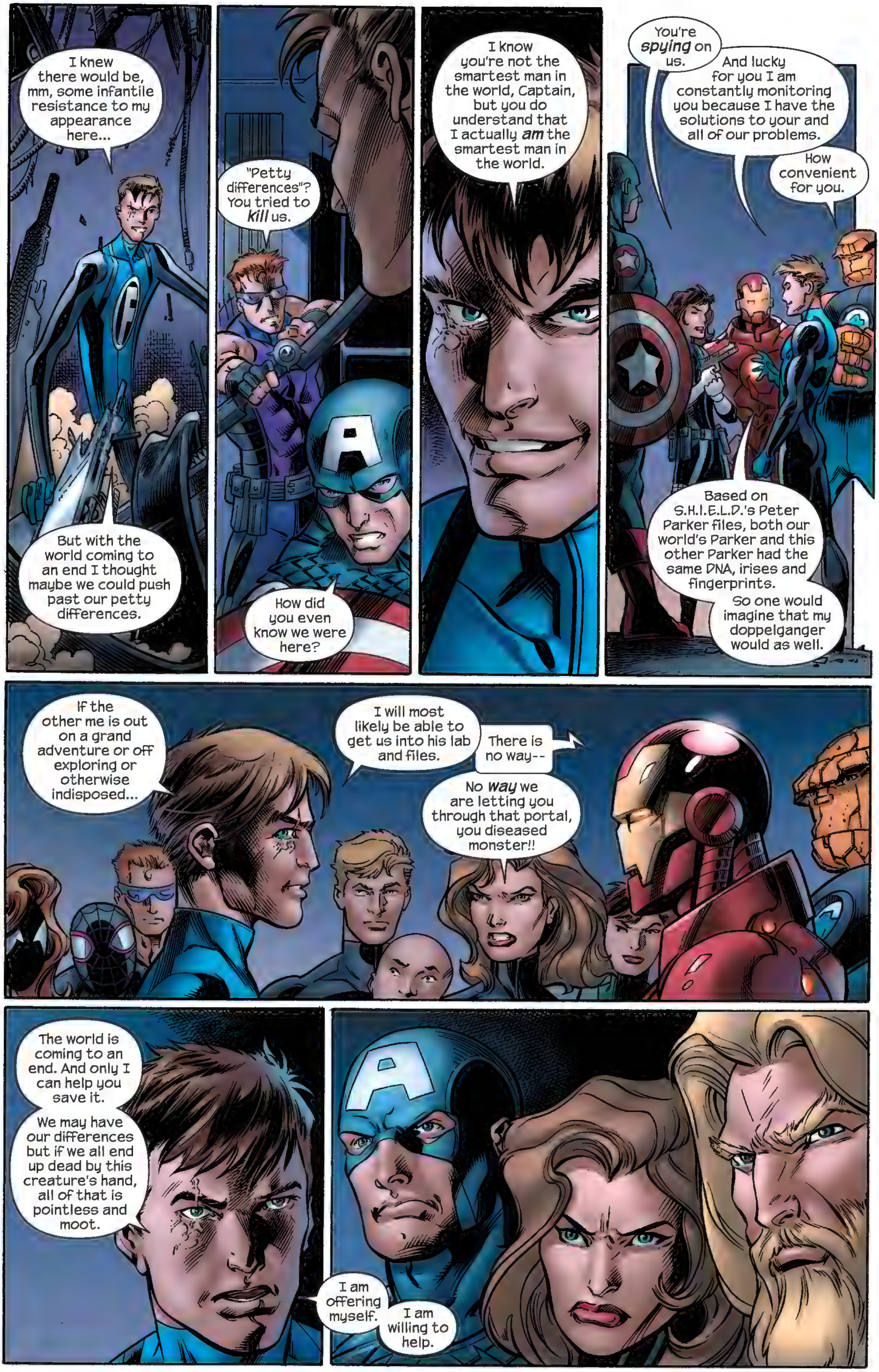

Did *Reed Richards do this??*
I-I will *kill him!!* I swear on my father I will--
I *love* that you have so much respect for me that you think that this giant guy is in mmmy pay grade.
But I have to tell you I'm just a former stunt man with what I now realize is quite a sssevere chemical imbalance.
Have you or have you not seen this thing before?
Yes.
From what I remember, if it wasn't for Reed Richards, the one from my Earth, he would have eaten us years ago.
Your Reed Richards *created* this or Reed Richards *saved* you from this?
Created? No. This is Reed Richards, man. The leader of the Fantastic Four. He's like the most popular genius guy of all time.
Hey, I even like him and I don't like anybody. He's always saving us from crazy stuff like that.
Hey...do you guys even have a Reed Richards?
If not, you need to talk to my Reed Richards. The one from my world.
"My world."
Ha.

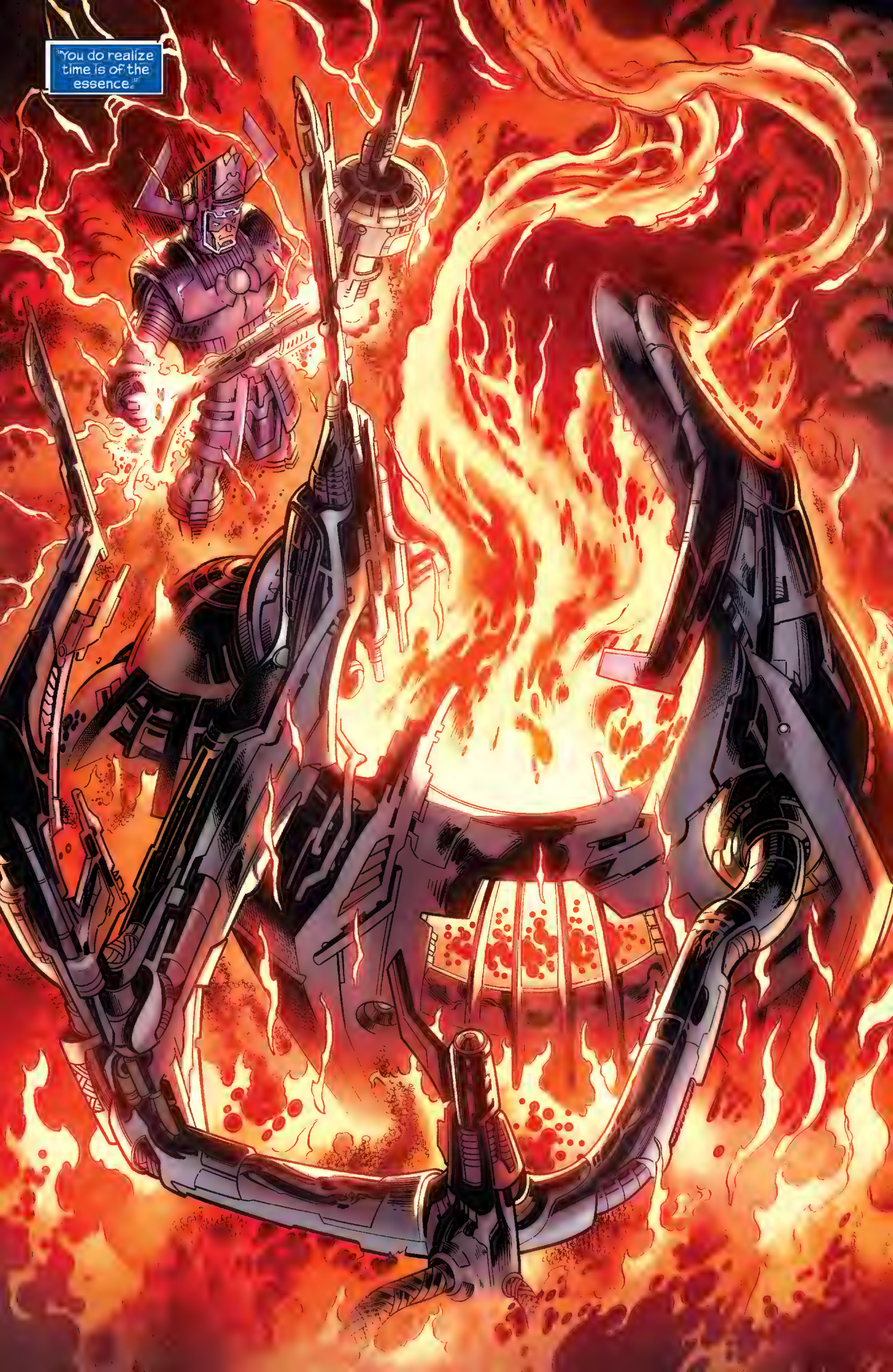

Manhattan.
DAILY BUGLE
That's it.
Yes.
*That's* it?
And it's just *sitting* here.
Right in the middle of New York City?
*That* is the door to another universe.
One just like ours.
EXCUSE ME!! Can I *help* you? This *is a secure area.*
This is a secure area, isn't it, agent whatever your name is?
What's *your* name, kid?
Amadeus Cho.
*Doctor* Amadeus Cho.
Doctor?
Yeah, arrow boy, as in I have three doctorates.
How *old* are you?
Fifteen. And you?
Suddenly feeling even more inferior.
It's really exciting to see all you big time super heroes but this is a very delicate oper--
We know exactly what it is, kid.
But if you didn't notice, the world outside is actually coming to an end...
And the only person who knows a damn thing about what's going on is behind that portal.
You think *you're* going to walk through that portal?
Are you out of your mind, Mr. Stark?
Kid, we need--who *is this?*
Hey!
This is the doctor in charge of the portal dissection and experimentation.
Him?
Him?
He is the leading expert in interdimensional energy fields.
You wanna quiz me?
Because I could have saved you the trip you took when you got your Fantastic Four powers, I can tell you that right now.
I've read your work, doctor, it's an honor to meet you.
*Thank* you!
But you're a little sequestered in here.
The entire Eastern seaboard is under attack. The entire planet is in major--
I'm going in.
You?
It can't be *you* who goes in, Stark.
It *can't* be.
Excuse me?

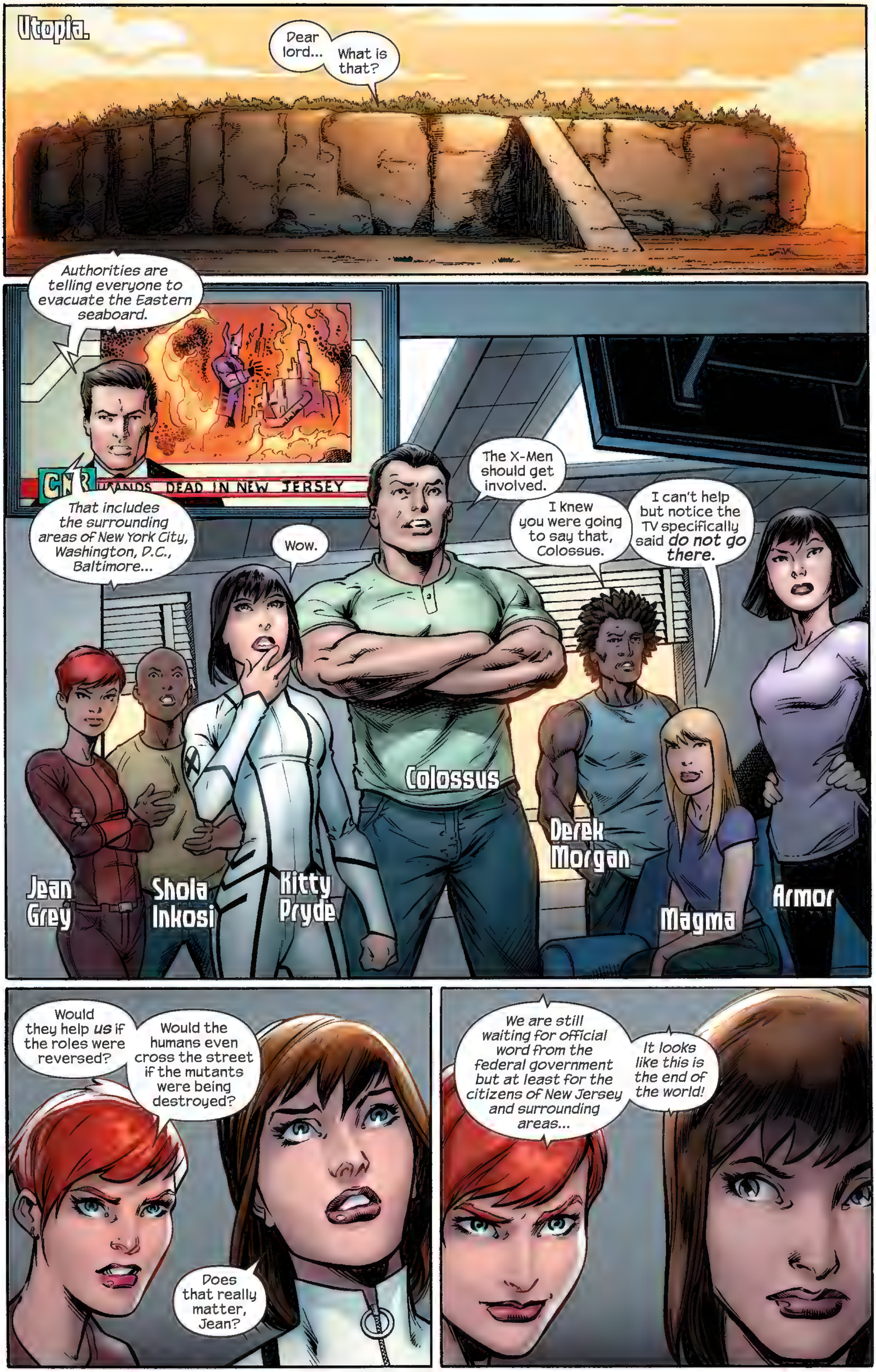

Of *course* it has to be me.
I know what questions to ask.
And if your trip is fraught with danger...
I'm teleporting my physical form into another %#@$&%*# dimension...
By definition it's going to be "fraught with danger," Thor.
If the mission fails, we can't afford to lose you, Stark.
Honestly, we can't afford to have any of you go--we need you here in case the worst--
We don't have time for this. I'm going.
Not in that ***battle armor*** you're not.
It shouldn't--that tech shouldn't even be ***in this room*** let alone try to use it to penetrate a--
Tony...
You're not going.
You're right.
I'll go.

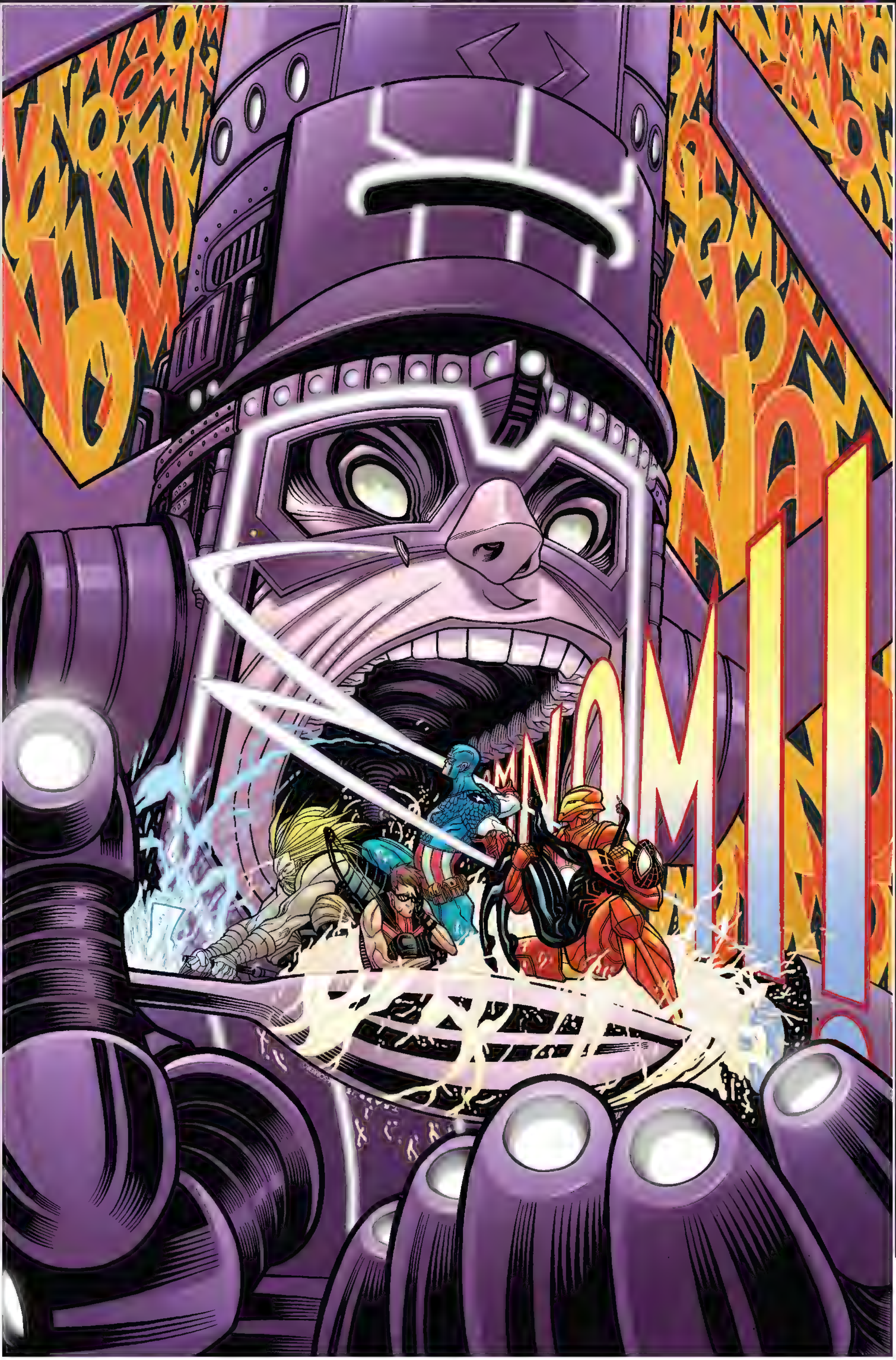

You?
You shouldn't even be here!!
No offense, kid, but--
You already *have* a spider person so you can afford to miss one.
And I already stumbled through that thing once.
And I literally cannot believe the words that are coming out of my mouth.
I'm the one that took Mysterio out.
I know I can go through the portal.
I did it once, even if it was just for a minute.
And *this* is what Peter Parker would do.
Doesn't that cut out the science-y guesswork?
"Science-y guesswork."
That's what I have my second doctorate in... what are the odds?
And you go into this world and you just go knock on this other Reed Richards' front door and you say what?
The truth.
I'll tell him exactly who I am and what is happening. Isn't that what you're going to do?
What if he's not home? What if he doesn't buy it? What if he's the one that sent this thing here in the first place?
Even if just to get rid of it.
I'll go with him.
You...


There is no one better suited.
I'd even volunteer to go alone, but I have a feeling you might have some issue with--
FABOOM
That seemed a little over the top, Thor.
And yet I'm completely fine with it.
Wow, that was *Doctor Reed Richards?*
Susie, should I pull him back in or throw him into the mouth of the big purple guy trying to eat us?
No need...

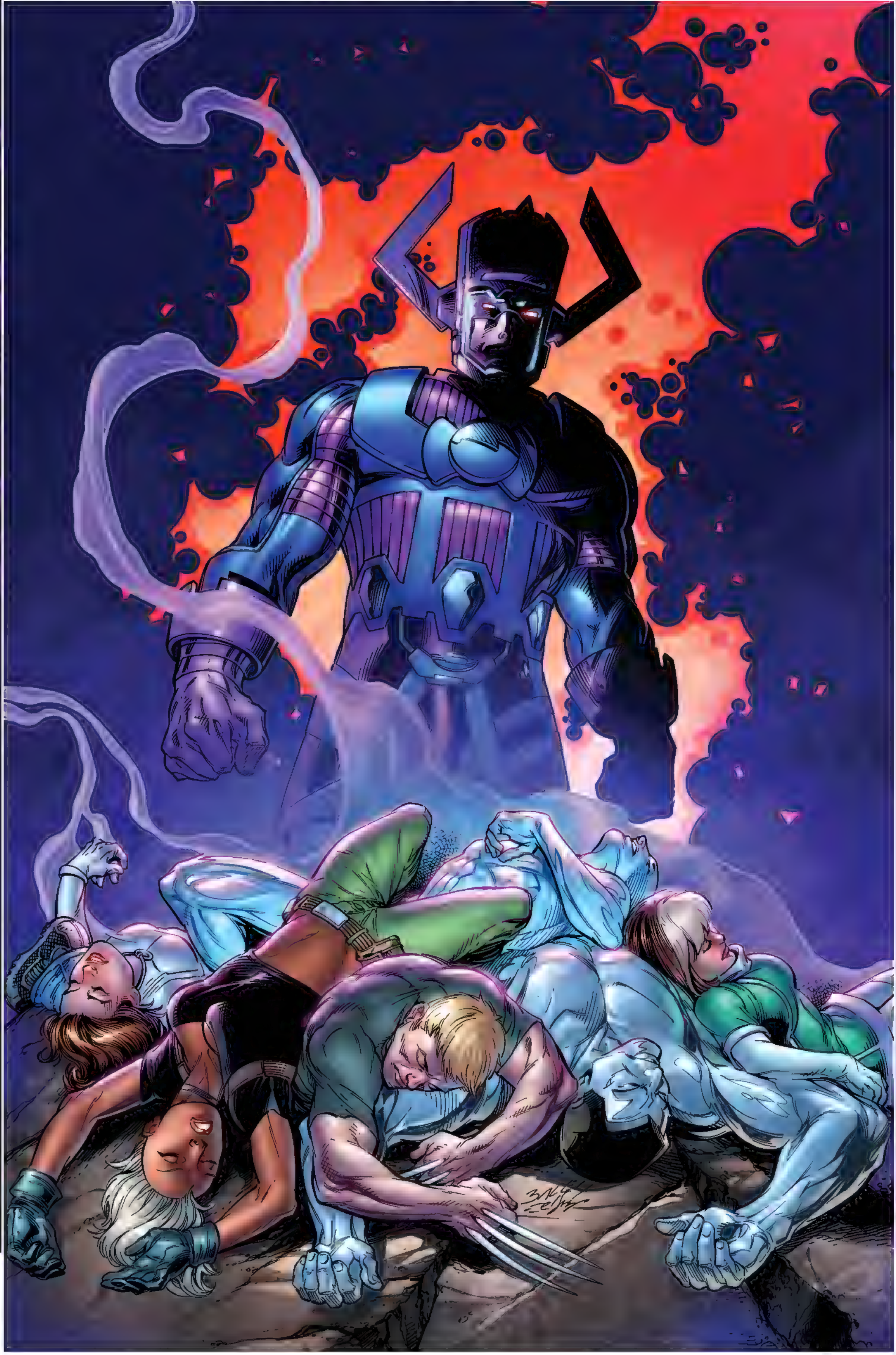

I knew there would be, mm, some infantile resistance to my appearance here...
But with the world coming to an end I thought maybe we could push past our petty differences.
"Petty differences"? You tried to *kill* us.
How did you even know we were here?
I know you're not the smartest man in the world, Captain, but you do understand that I actually *am* the smartest man in the world.
You're *spying* on us.
And lucky for you I am constantly monitoring you because I have the solutions to your and all of our problems.
How convenient for you.
Based on S.H.I.E.L.D.'s Peter Parker files, both our world's Parker and this other Parker had the same DNA, irises and fingerprints.
So one would imagine that my doppelganger would as well.
If the other me is out on a grand adventure or off exploring or otherwise indisposed...
I will most likely be able to get us into his lab and files.
There is no way--
No *way* we are letting you through that portal, you diseased monster!!
The world is coming to an end. And only I can help you save it.
We may have our differences but if we all end up dead by this creature's hand, all of that is pointless and moot.
I am offering myself.
I am willing to help.


"You do realize time is of the essence."

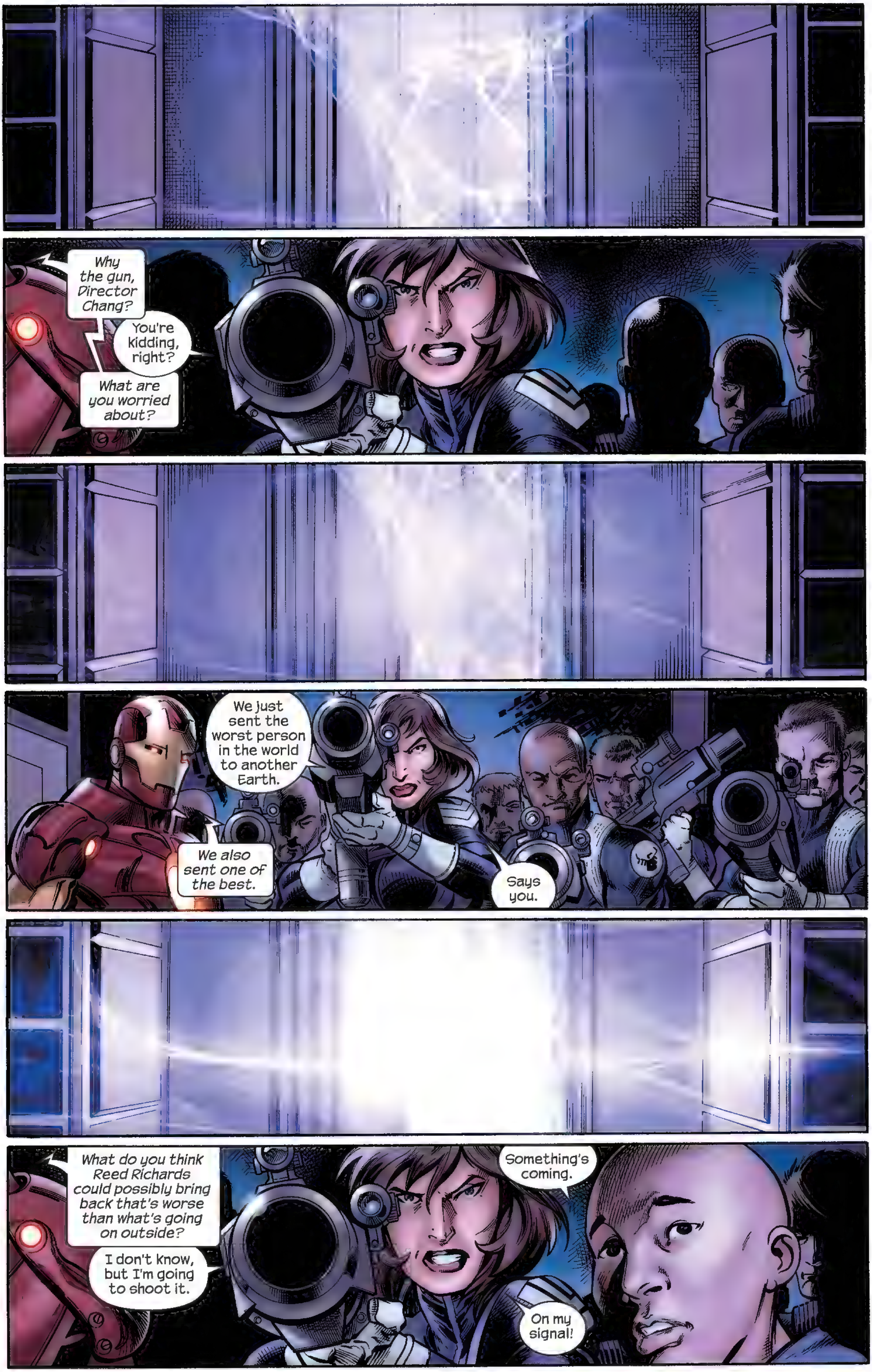

Utopia.
Dear lord...
What is that?
Authorities are telling everyone to evacuate the Eastern seaboard.
CNR
ANDS DEAD IN NEW JERSEY
That includes the surrounding areas of New York City, Washington, D.C., Baltimore...
Wow.
The X-Men should get involved.
I knew you were going to say that, Colossus.
I can't help but notice the TV specifically said *do not go there.*
Jean Grey
Shola Inkosi
Kitty Pryde
Colossus
Derek Morgan
Magma
Armor
Would they help *us* if the roles were reversed?
Would the humans even cross the street if the mutants were being destroyed?
Does that really matter, Jean?
We are still waiting for official word from the federal government but at least for the citizens of New Jersey and surrounding areas...
It looks like this is the end of the world!

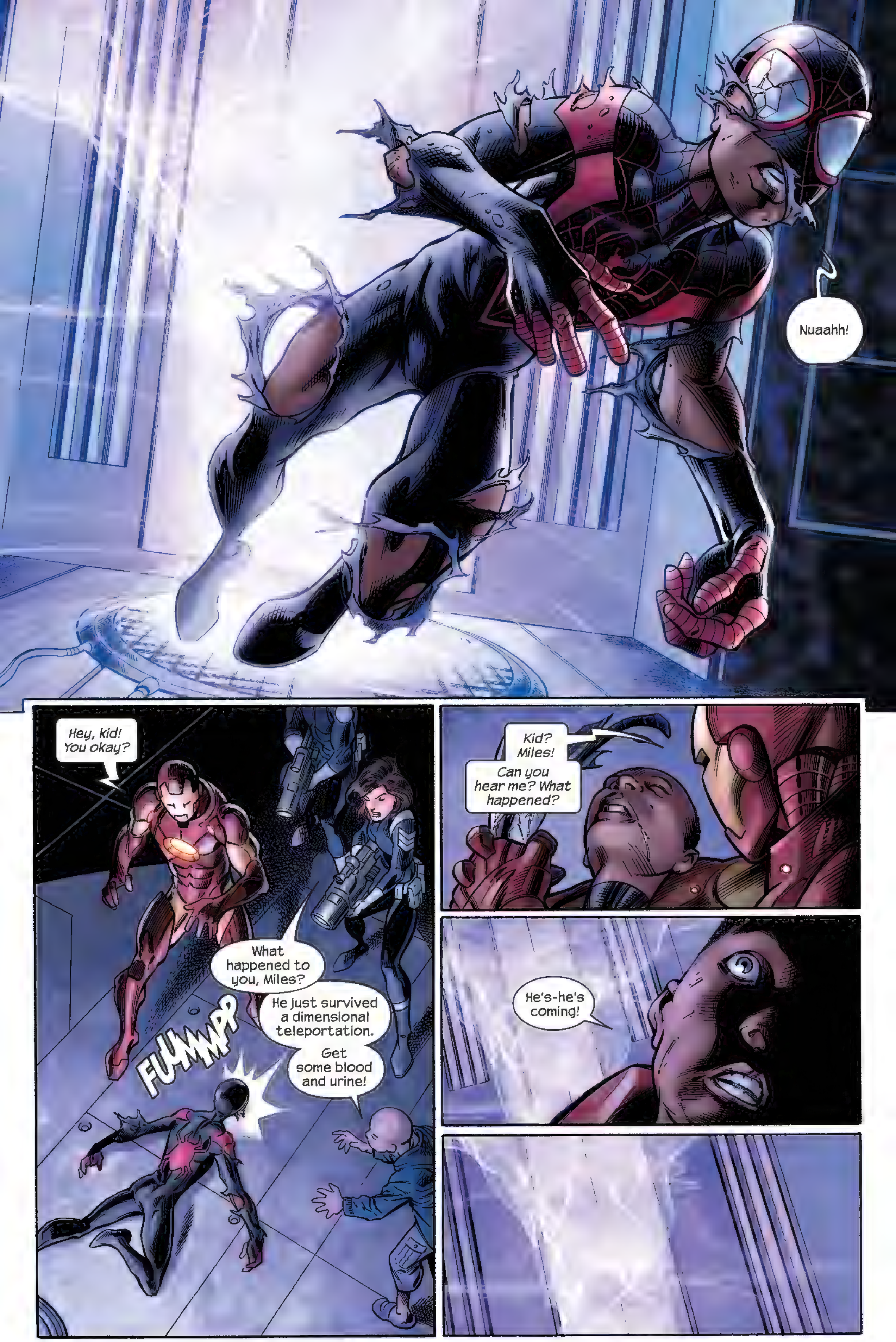


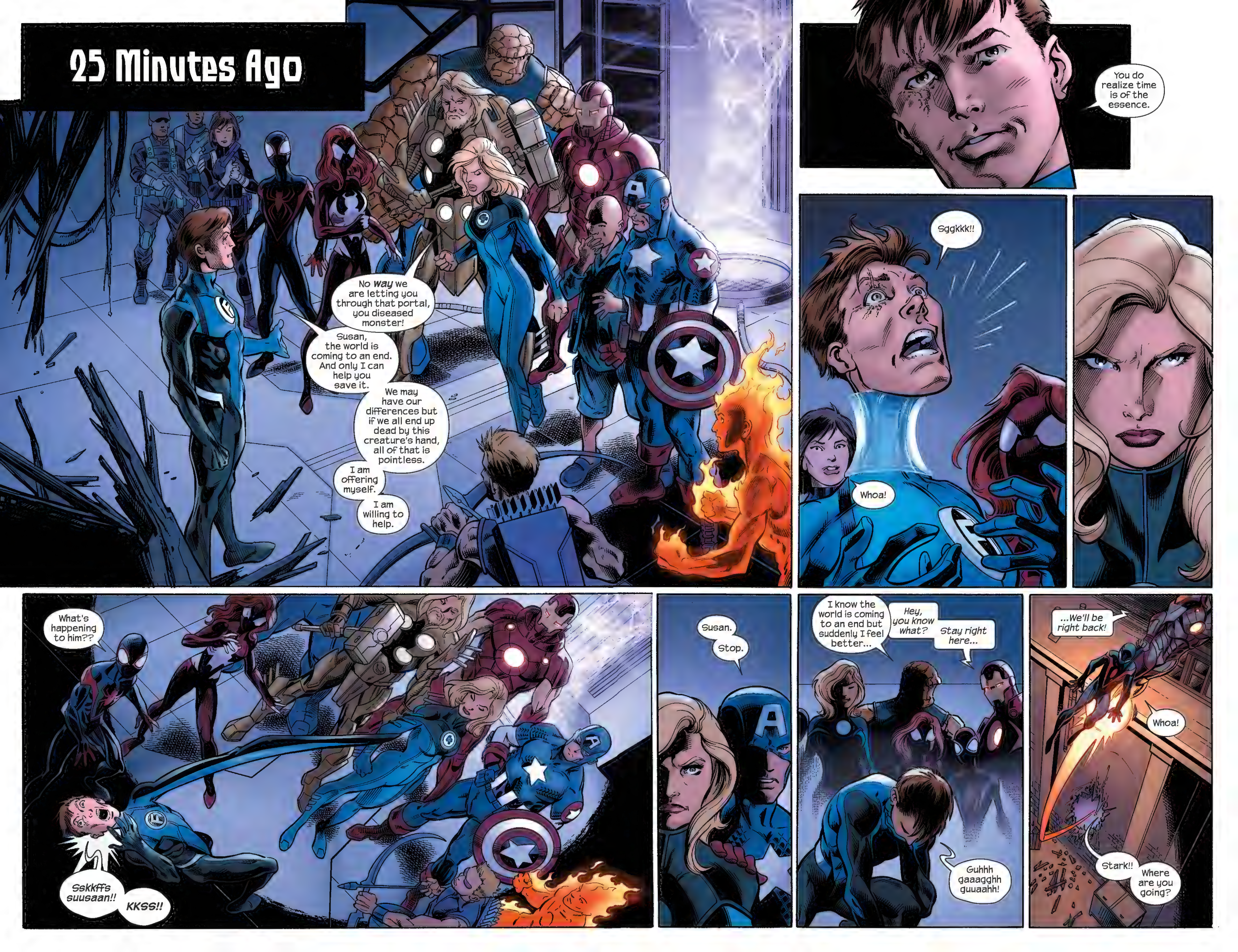
CATACLYSM: THE ULTIMATES' LAST STAND #1 HASTINGS VARIANT BY TRADD MOORE & FELIPE SOBREIRO

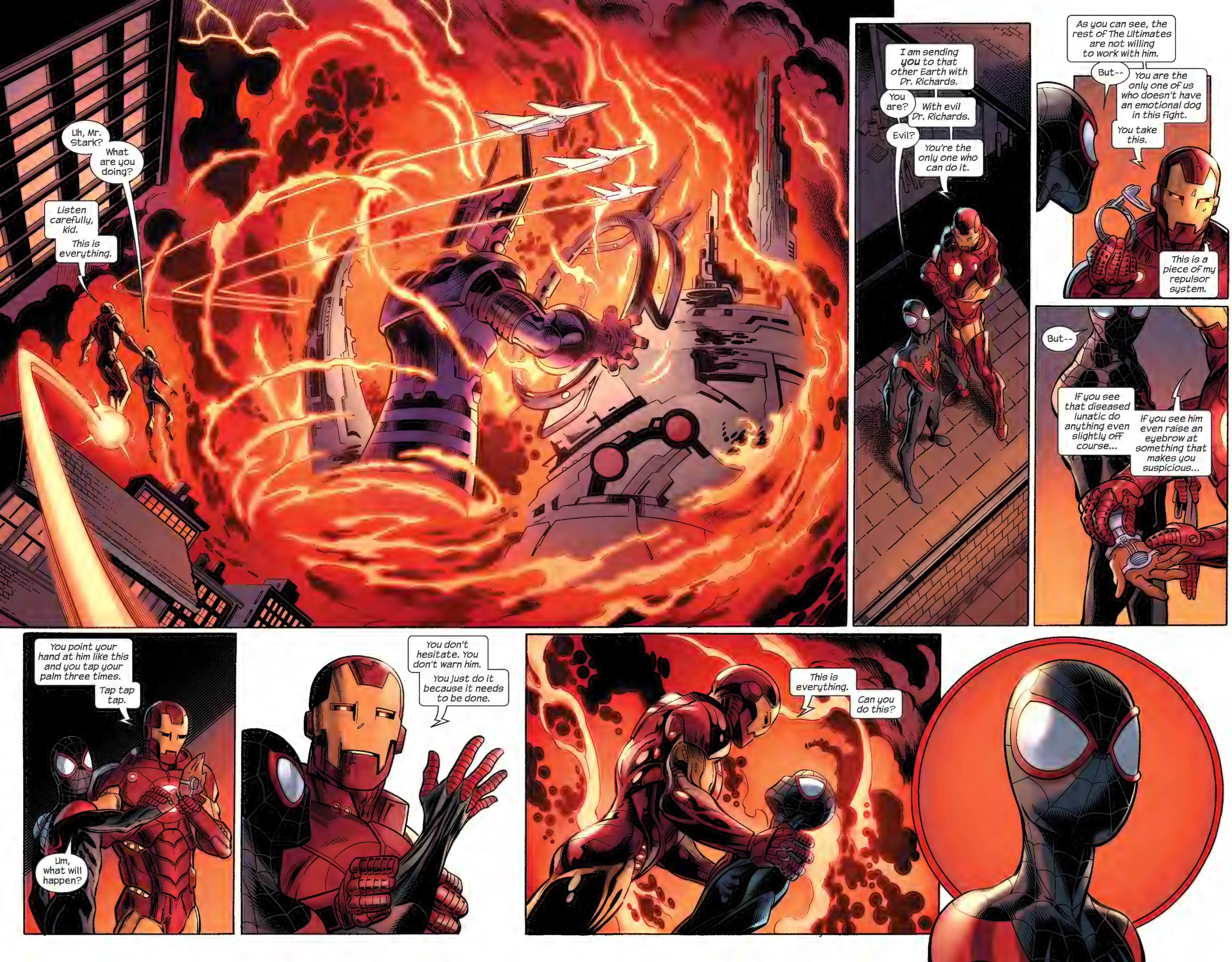


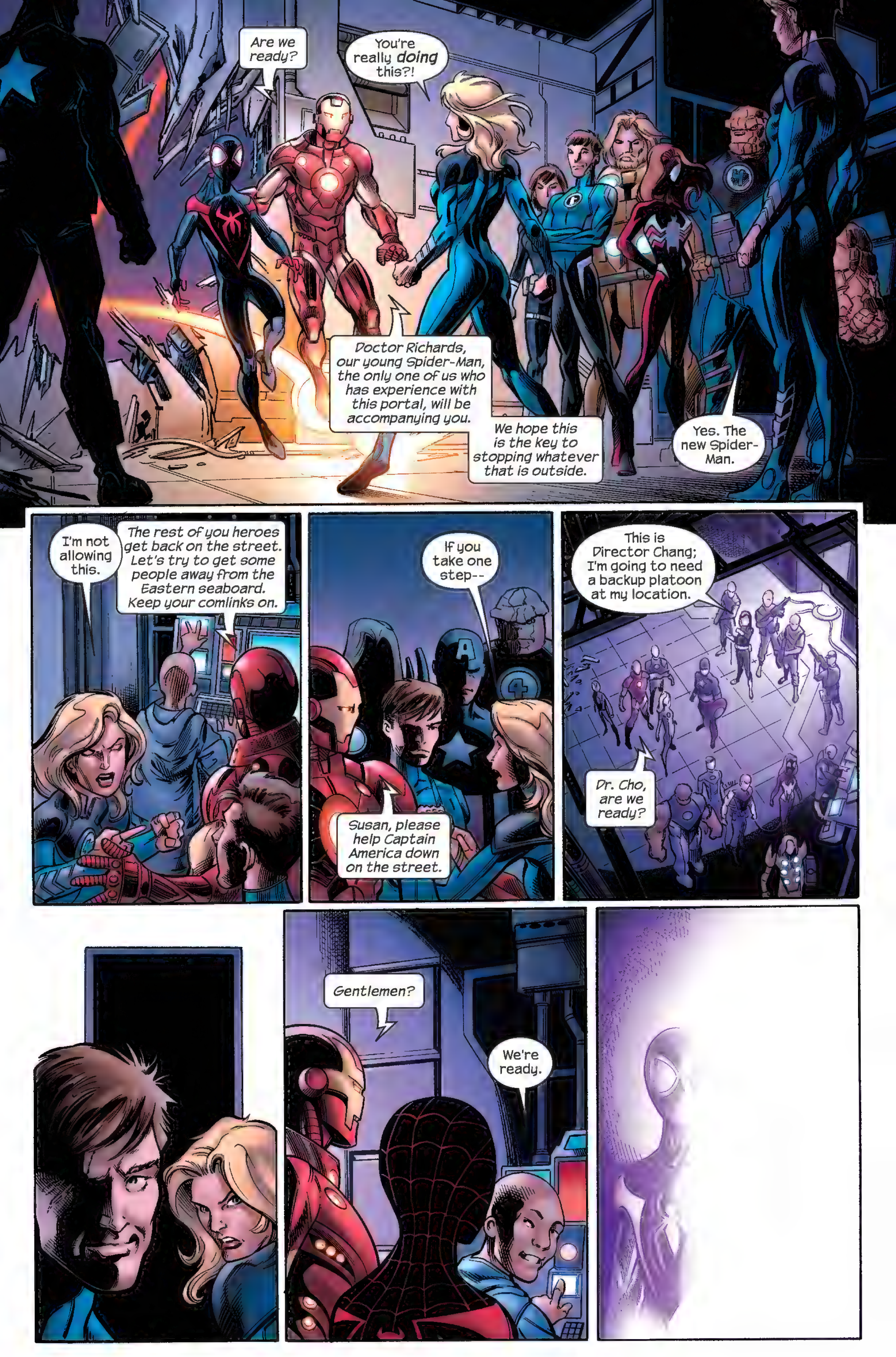
CATACLYSM: THE ULTIMATES' LAST STAND #3

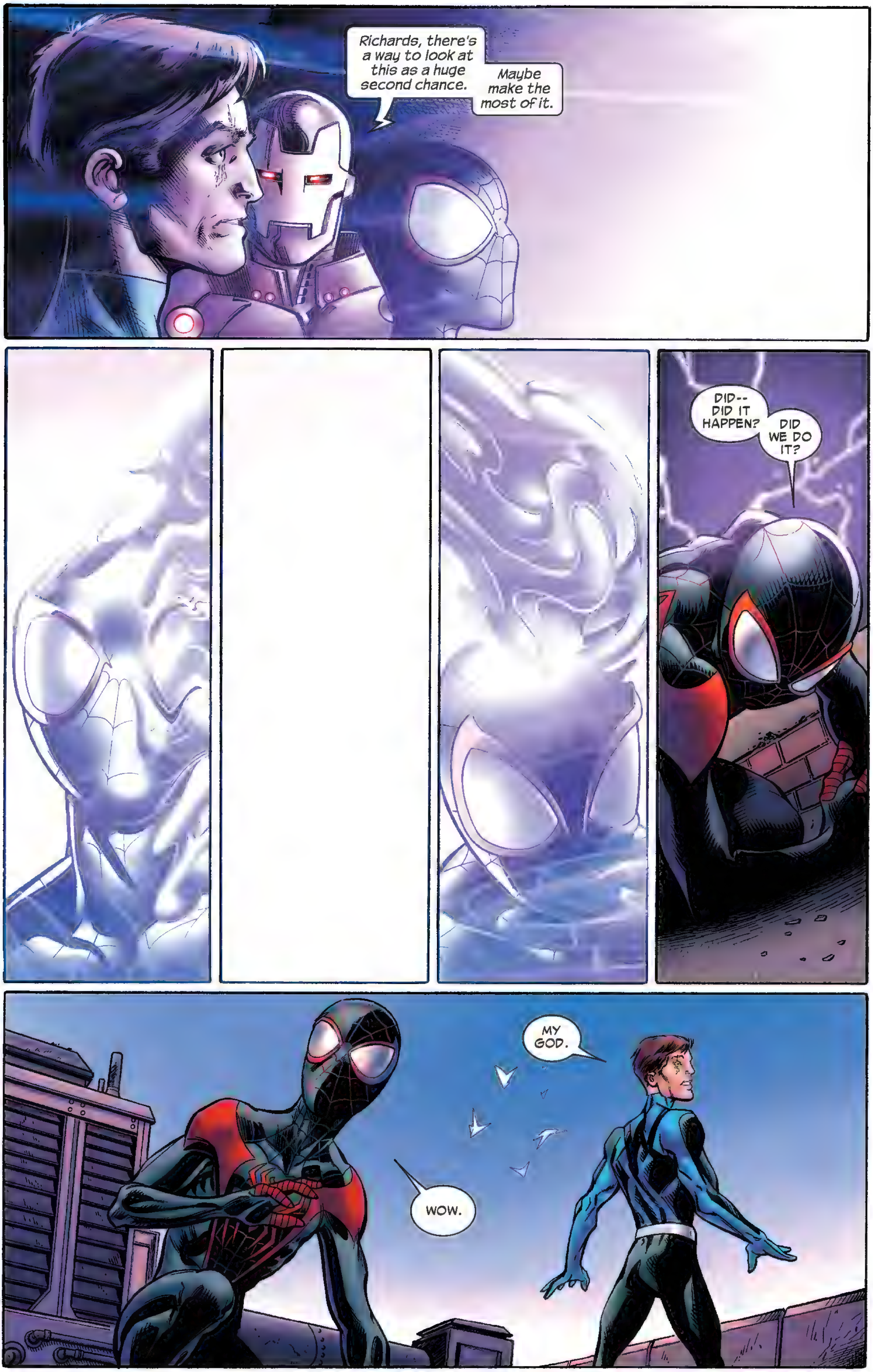

Why the gun, Director Chang?
You're kidding, right?
What are you worried about?
We just sent the worst person in the world to another Earth.
We also sent one of the best.
Says you.
What do you think Reed Richards could possibly bring back that's worse than what's going on outside?
I don't know, but I'm going to shoot it.
Something's coming.
On my signal!

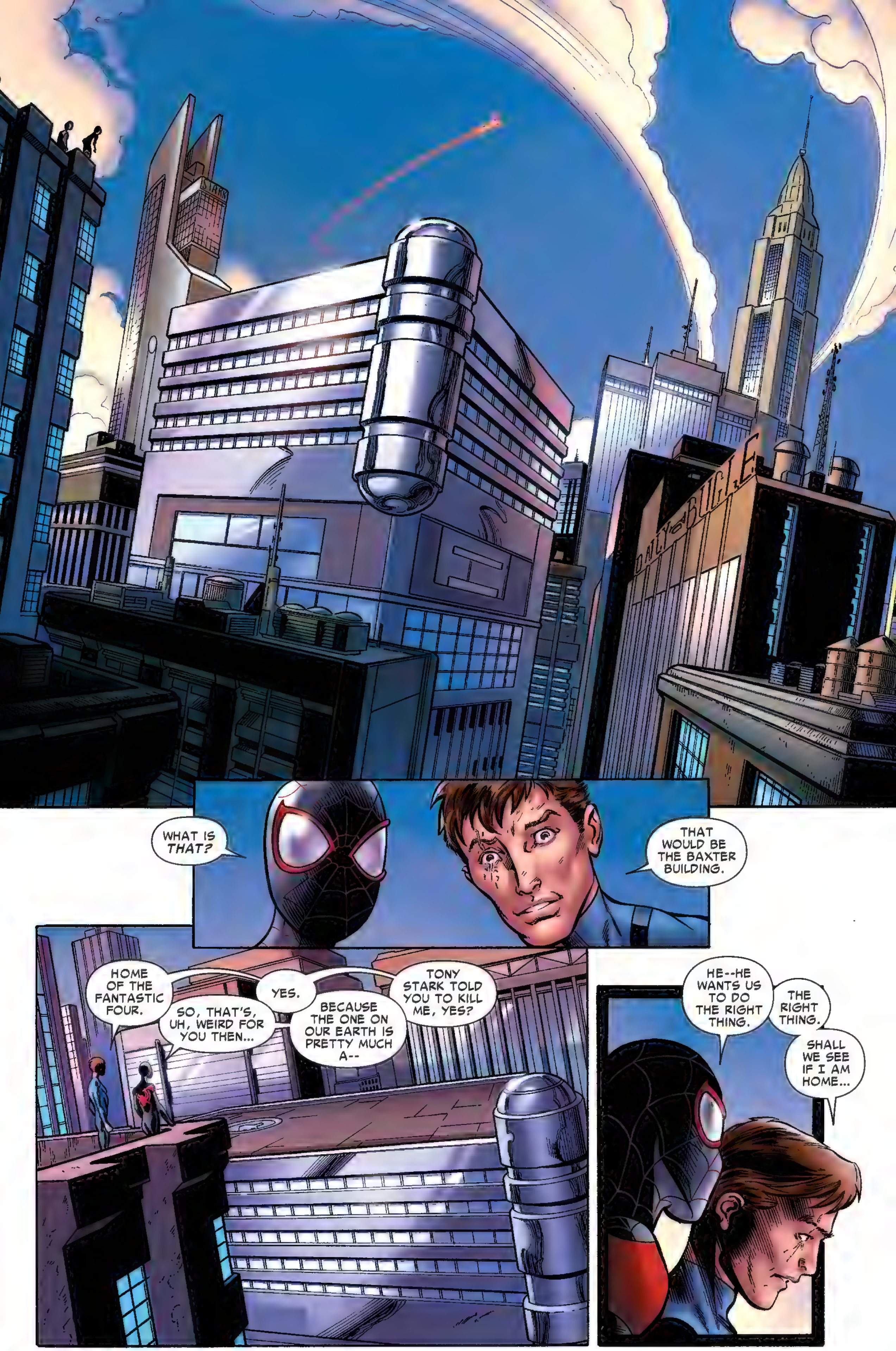

Nuaahh!
Hey, kid! You okay?
What happened to you, Miles?
He just survived a dimensional teleportation.
Get some blood and urine!
FUMMP
Kid? Miles!
Can you hear me? What happened?
He's-he's coming!

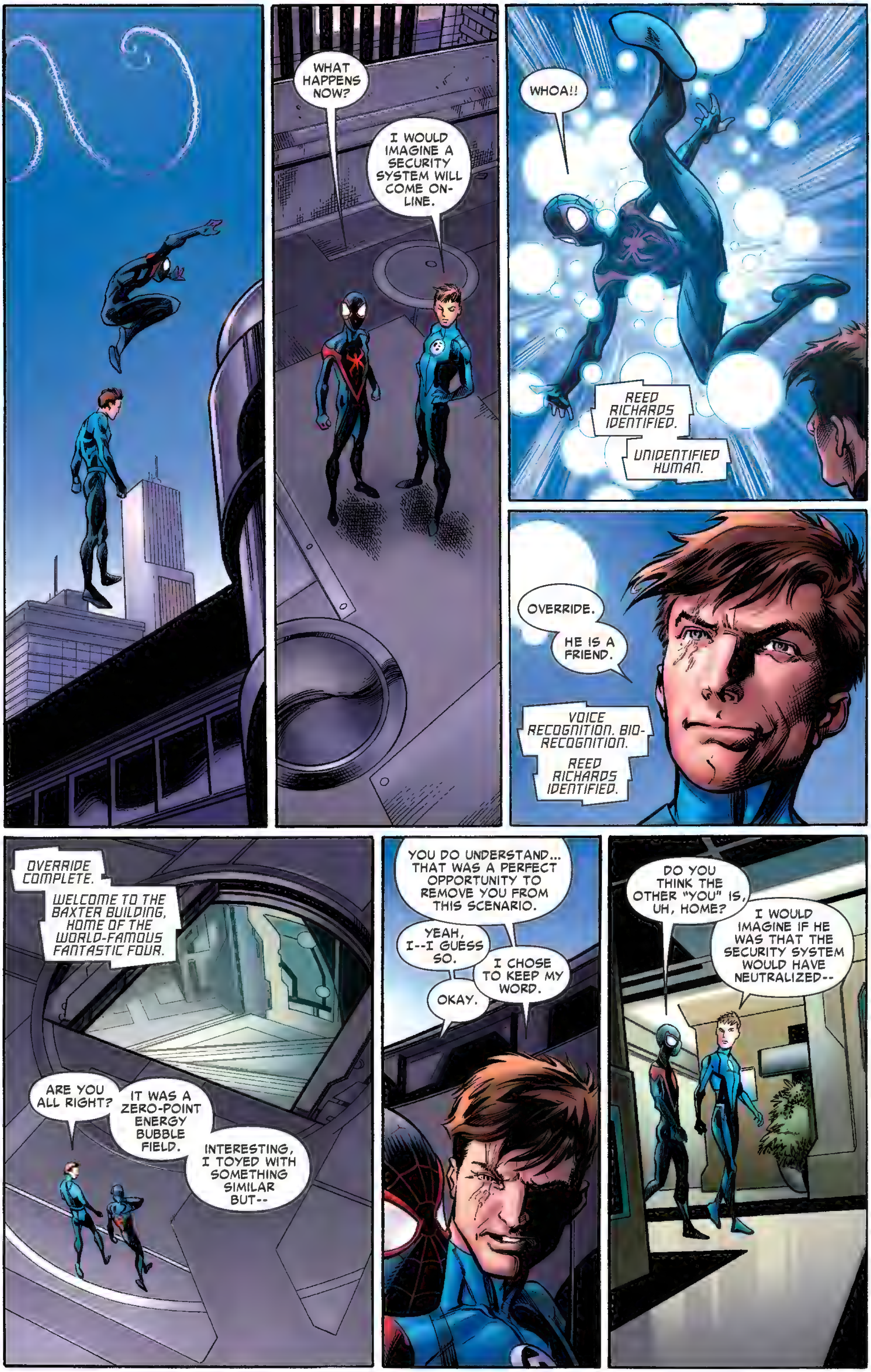

25 Minutes Ago
No *way* we are letting you through that portal, you diseased monster!
Susan, the world is coming to an end. And only I can help you save it.
We may have our differences but if we all end up dead by this creature's hand, all of that is pointless.
I am offering myself.
I am willing to help.
You do realize time is of the essence.
Sggkkk!!
Whoa!
What's happening to him??
Sskkffs suusaan!!
KKSS!!
Susan.
Stop.
I know the world is coming to an end but suddenly I feel better...
Hey, you know what?
Stay right here...
Guhhh gaaagghh guuaahh!
...We'll be right back!
Whoa!
Stark!!
Where are you going?

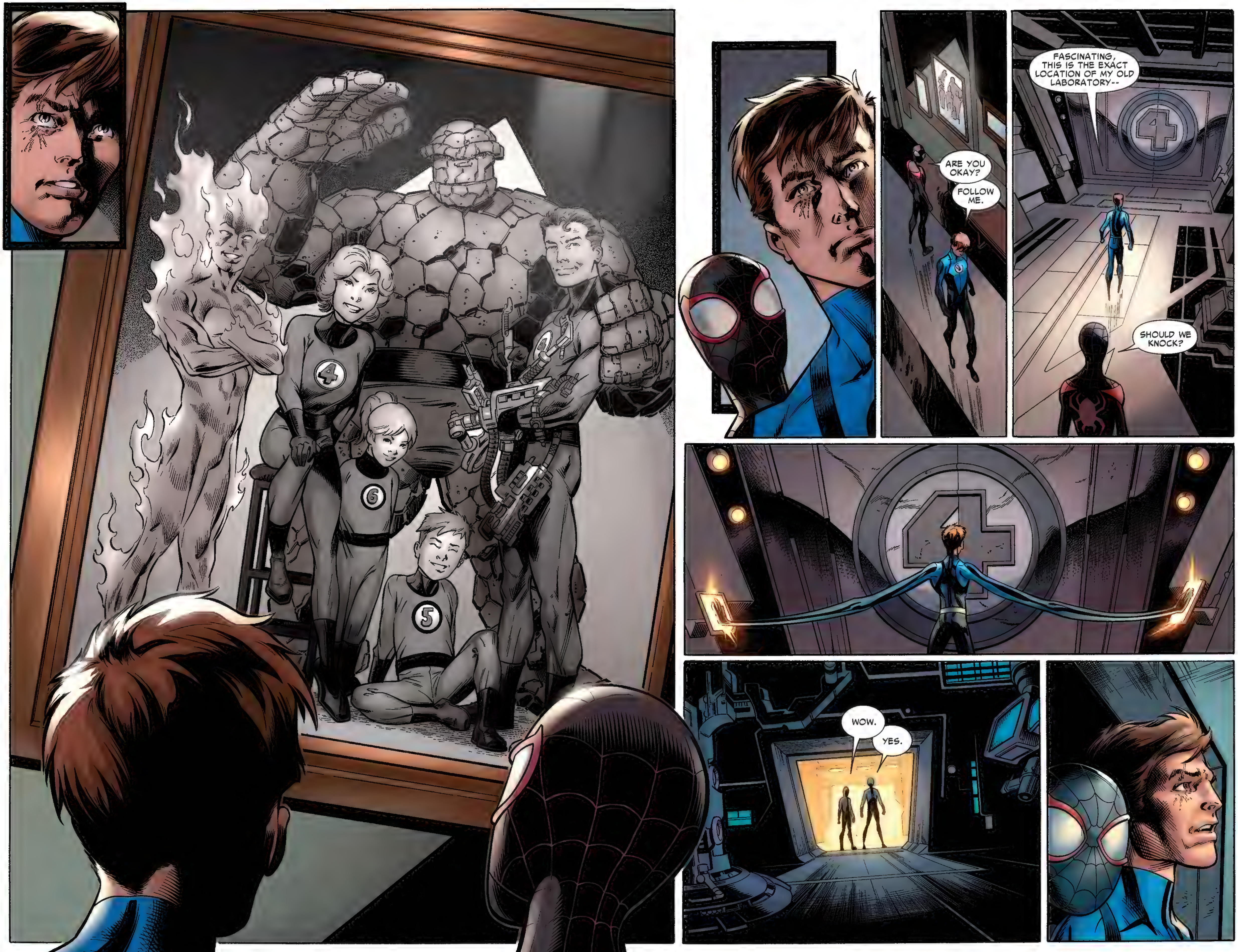

Uh, Mr. Stark?
What are you doing?
Listen carefully, kid.
This is everything.
I am sending **you** to that other Earth with Dr. Richards.
You are?
With evil Dr. Richards.
Evil?
You're the only one who can do it.
As you can see, the rest of The Ultimates are not willing to work with him.
But--
You are the only one of us who doesn't have an emotional dog in this fight.
You take this.
This is a piece of my repulsor system.
But--
If you see that diseased lunatic do anything even slightly off course...
If you see him even raise an eyebrow at something that makes you suspicious...
You point your hand at him like this and you tap your palm three times.
Tap tap tap.
Um, what will happen?
You don't hesitate. You don't warn him.
You just do it because it needs to be done.
This is everything.
Can you do this?

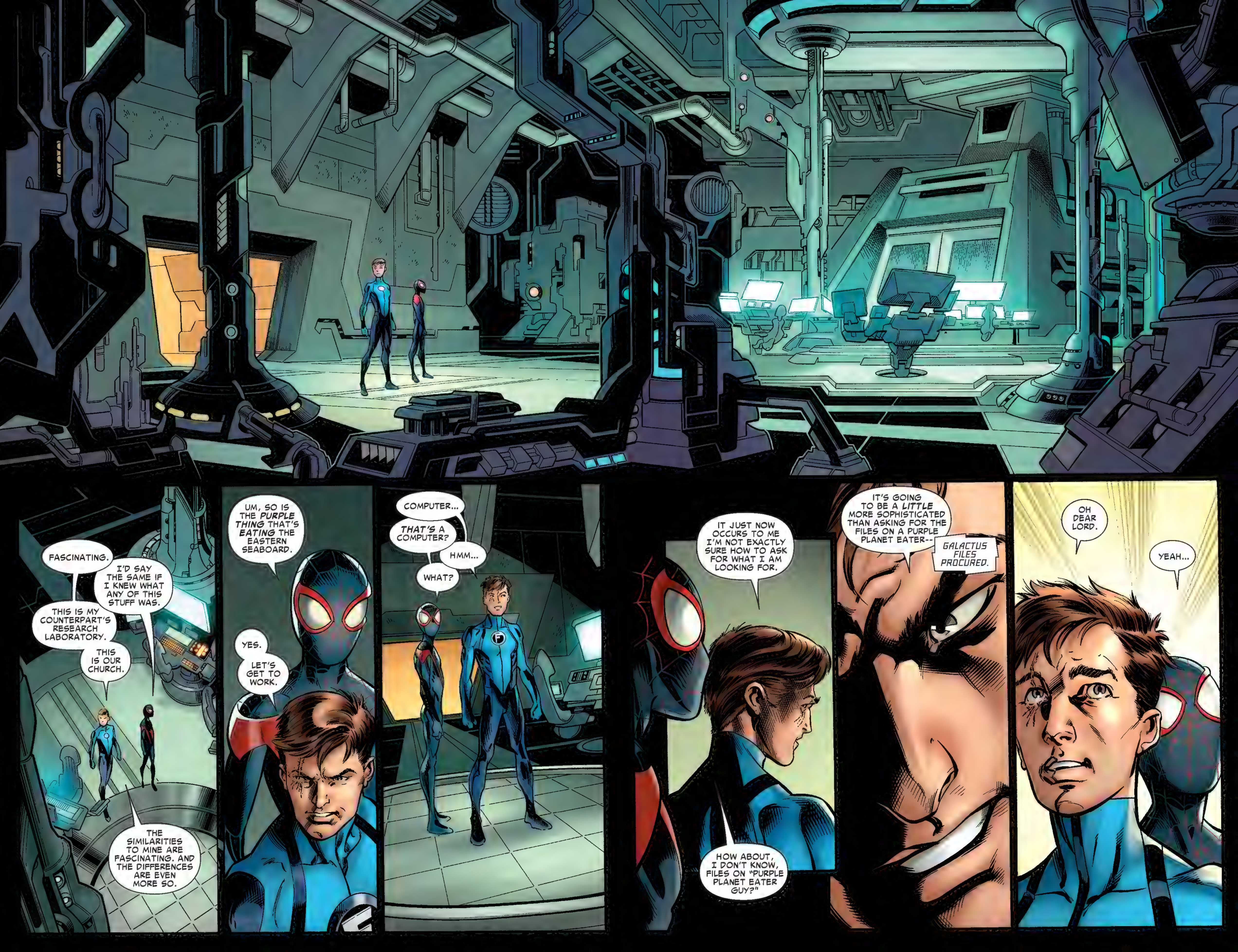

Are we ready?
You're really *doing* this?!
Doctor Richards, our young Spider-Man, the only one of us who has experience with this portal, will be accompanying you.
We hope this is the key to stopping whatever that is outside.
Yes. The new Spider-Man.
I'm not allowing this.
The rest of you heroes get back on the street. Let's try to get some people away from the Eastern seaboard. Keep your comlinks on.
If you take one step--
Susan, please help Captain America down on the street.
This is Director Chang; I'm going to need a backup platoon at my location.
Dr. Cho, are we ready?
Gentlemen?
We're ready.

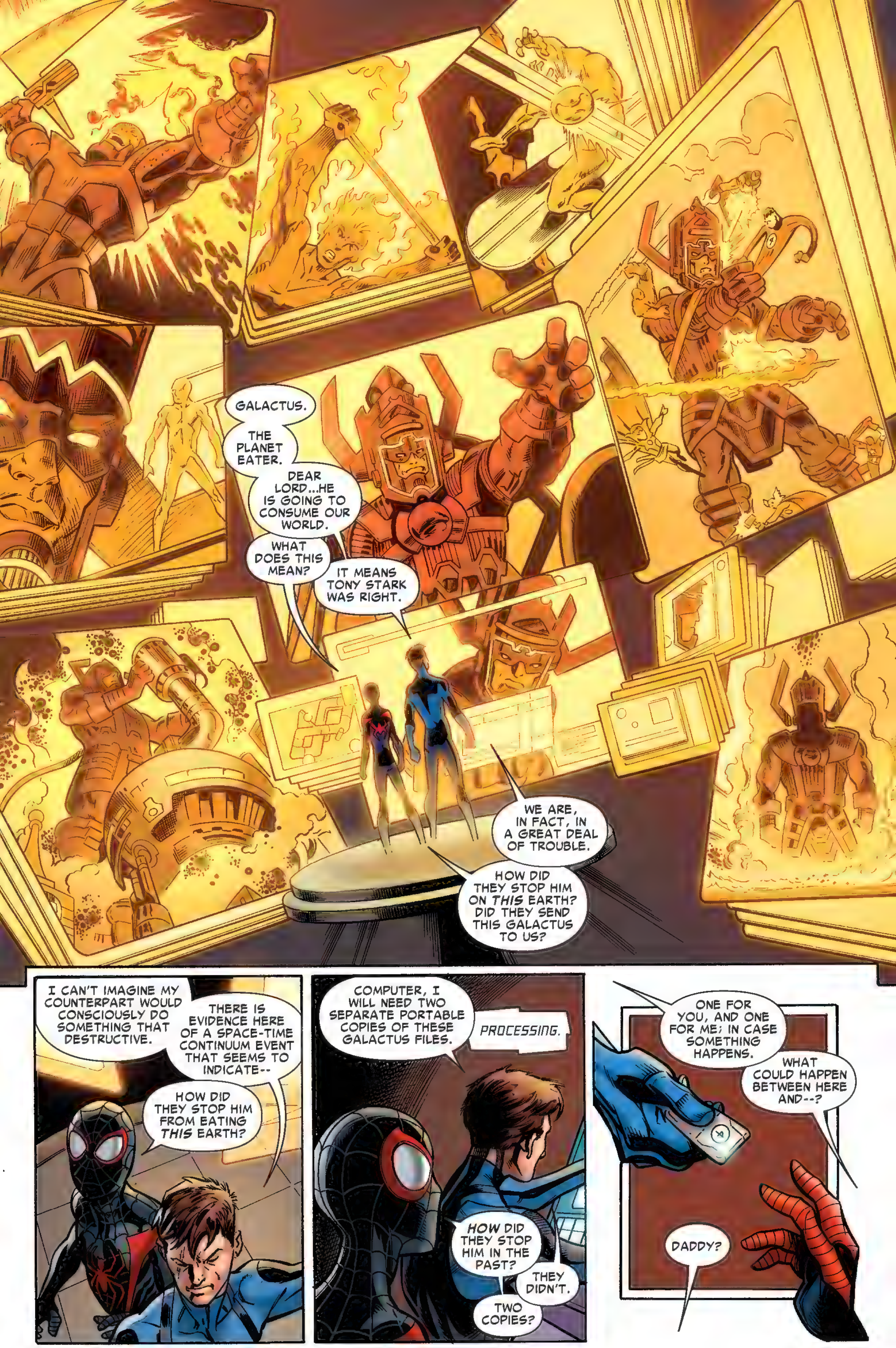

Richards, there's a way to look at this as a huge second chance.
Maybe make the most of it.
DID-- DID IT HAPPEN?
DID WE DO IT?
MY GOD.
WOW.

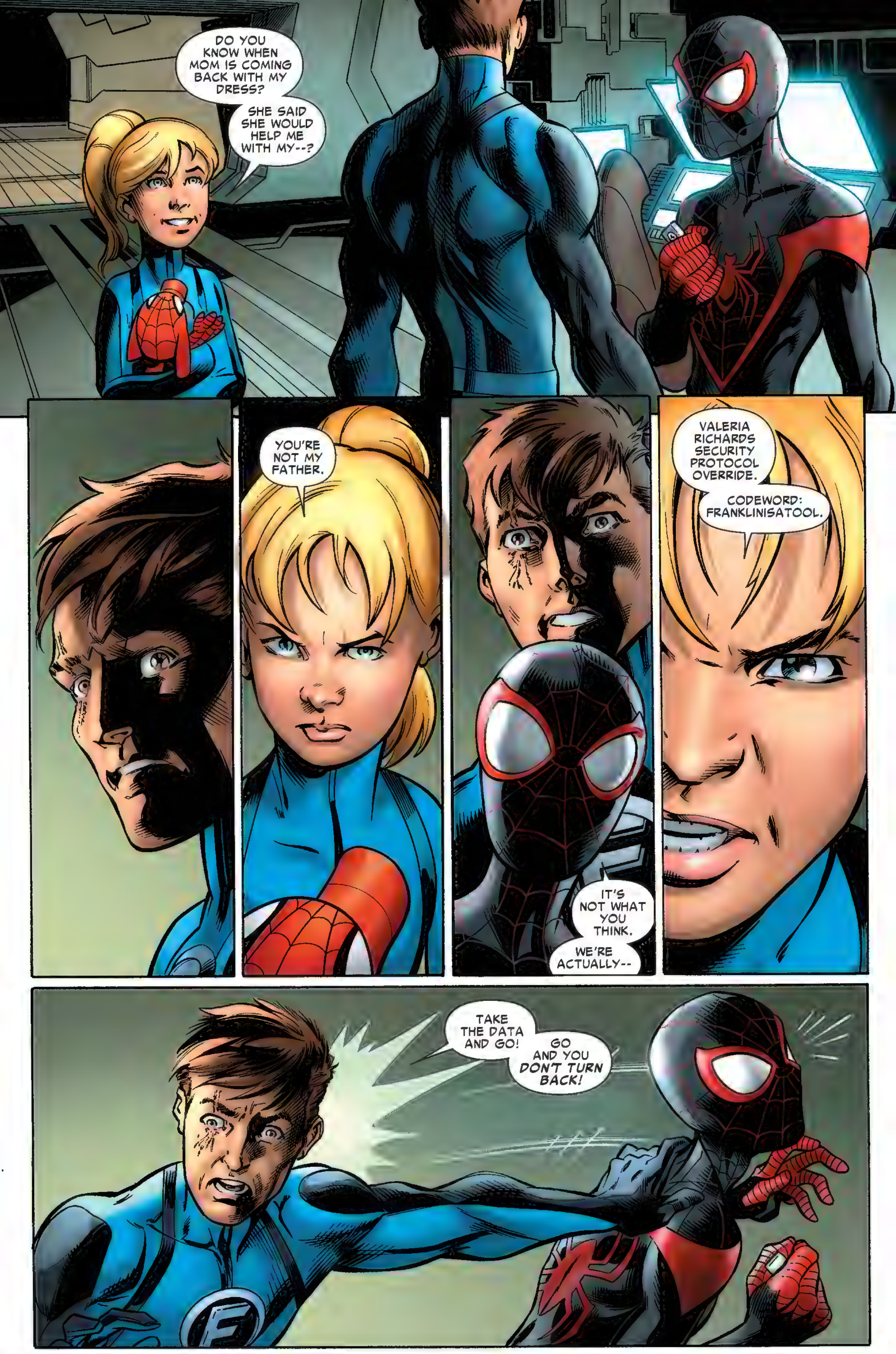

STARK
DAILY BUGLE
WHAT IS *THAT?*
THAT WOULD BE THE BAXTER BUILDING.
HOME OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR.
YES.
SO, THAT'S, UH, WEIRD FOR YOU THEN...
BECAUSE THE ONE ON OUR EARTH IS PRETTY MUCH A--
TONY STARK TOLD YOU TO KILL ME, YES?
HE--HE WANTS US TO DO THE RIGHT THING.
THE RIGHT THING.
SHALL WE SEE IF I AM HOME...

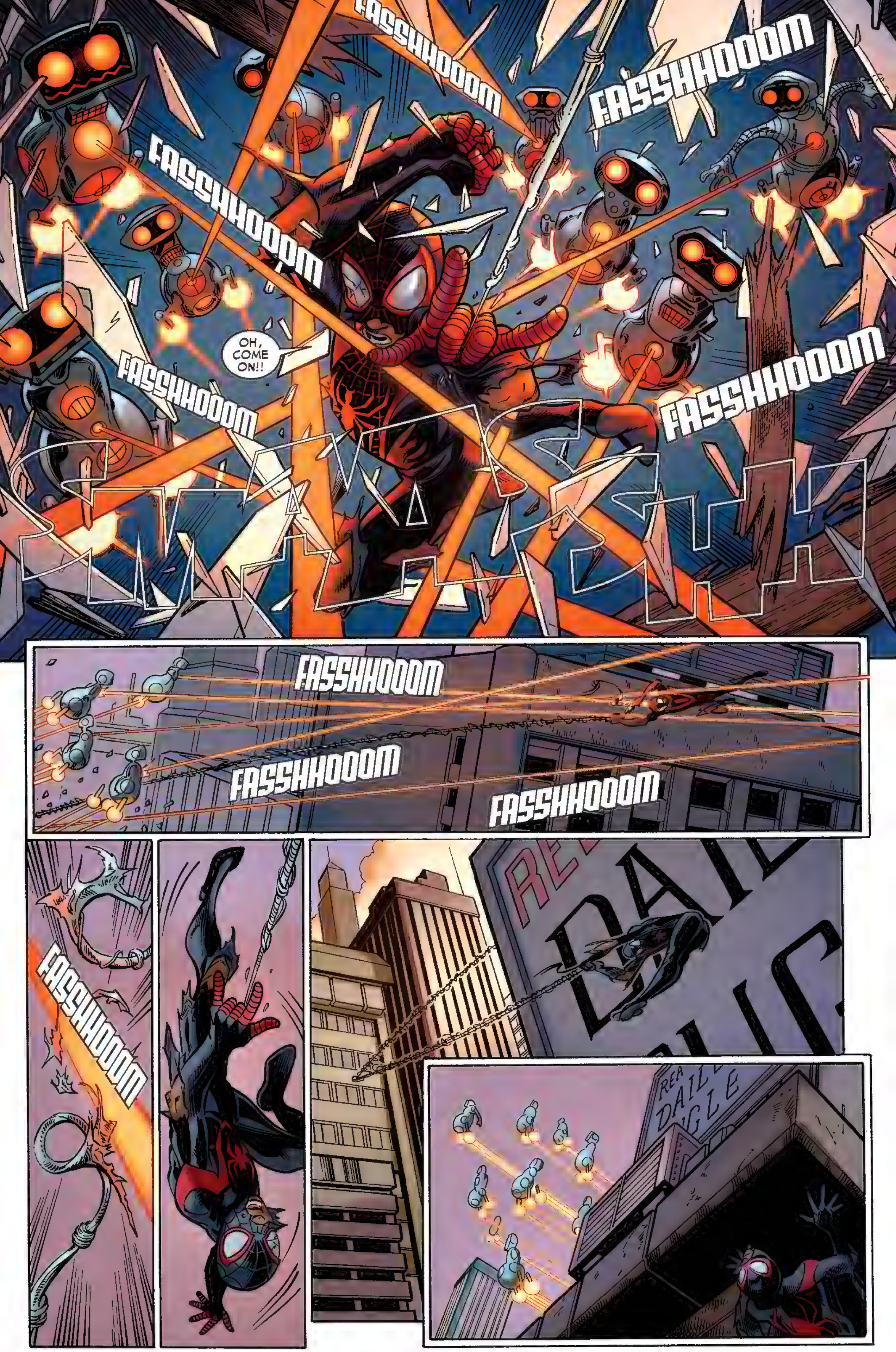

WHAT HAPPENS NOW?
I WOULD IMAGINE A SECURITY SYSTEM WILL COME ON-LINE.
WHOA!!
REED RICHARDS IDENTIFIED.
UNIDENTIFIED HUMAN.
OVERRIDE.
HE IS A FRIEND.
VOICE RECOGNITION. BIO-RECOGNITION.
REED RICHARDS IDENTIFIED.
OVERRIDE COMPLETE.
WELCOME TO THE BAXTER BUILDING, HOME OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS FANTASTIC FOUR.
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
IT WAS A ZERO-POINT ENERGY BUBBLE FIELD.
INTERESTING, I TOYED WITH SOMETHING SIMILAR BUT--
YOU DO UNDERSTAND... THAT WAS A PERFECT OPPORTUNITY TO REMOVE YOU FROM THIS SCENARIO.
YEAH, I--I GUESS SO.
I CHOSE TO KEEP MY WORD.
OKAY.
DO YOU THINK THE OTHER "YOU" IS, UH, HOME?
I WOULD IMAGINE IF HE WAS THAT THE SECURITY SYSTEM WOULD HAVE NEUTRALIZED--

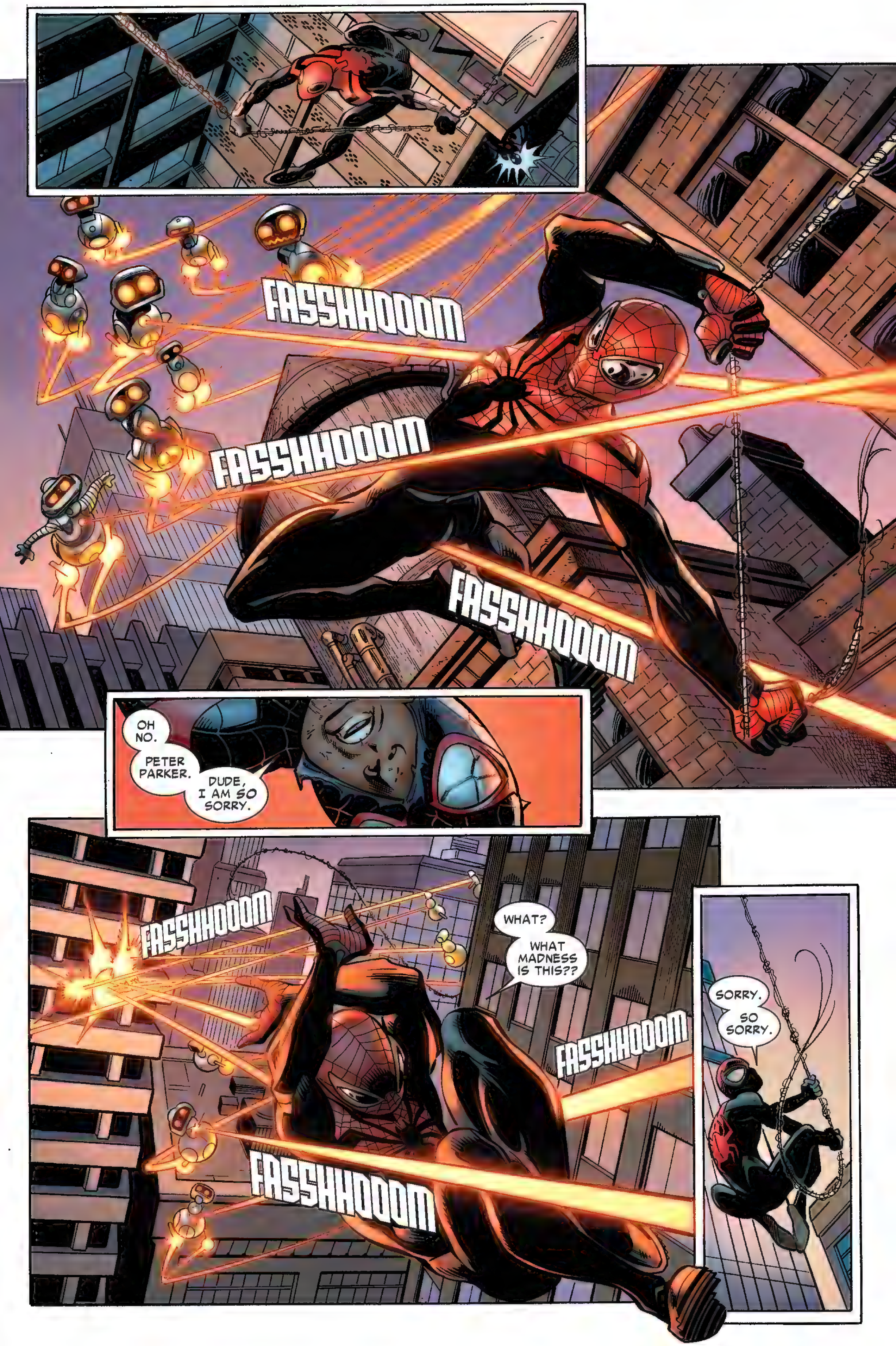

ARE YOU OKAY?
FOLLOW ME.
FASCINATING, THIS IS THE EXACT LOCATION OF MY OLD LABORATORY--
SHOULD WE KNOCK?
WOW.
YES.

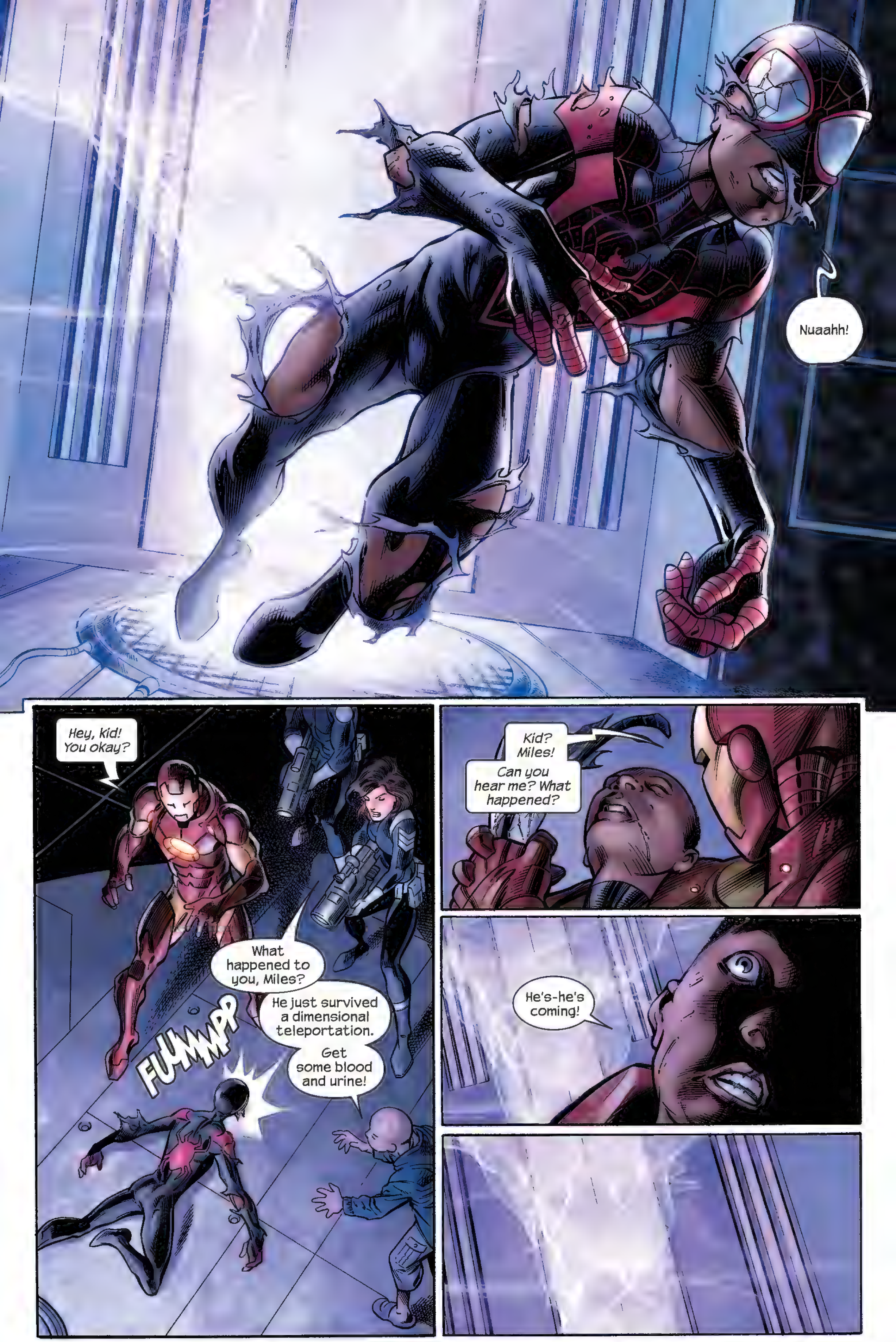

FASCINATING.
I'D SAY THE SAME IF I KNEW WHAT ANY OF THIS STUFF WAS.
THIS IS MY COUNTERPART'S RESEARCH LABORATORY.
THIS IS OUR CHURCH.
THE SIMILARITIES TO MINE ARE FASCINATING. AND THE DIFFERENCES ARE EVEN MORE SO.
UM, SO IS THE *PURPLE THING* THAT'S *EATING* THE EASTERN SEABOARD.
YES.
LET'S GET TO WORK.
COMPUTER...
*THAT'S* A COMPUTER?
HMM...
WHAT?
IT JUST NOW OCCURS TO ME I'M NOT EXACTLY SURE HOW TO ASK FOR WHAT I AM LOOKING FOR.
HOW ABOUT, I DON'T KNOW, FILES ON "PURPLE PLANET EATER GUY?"
IT'S GOING TO BE A *LITTLE* MORE SOPHISTICATED THAN ASKING FOR THE FILES ON A PURPLE PLANET EATER--
*GALACTUS FILES PROCURED.*
OH DEAR LORD.
YEAH...

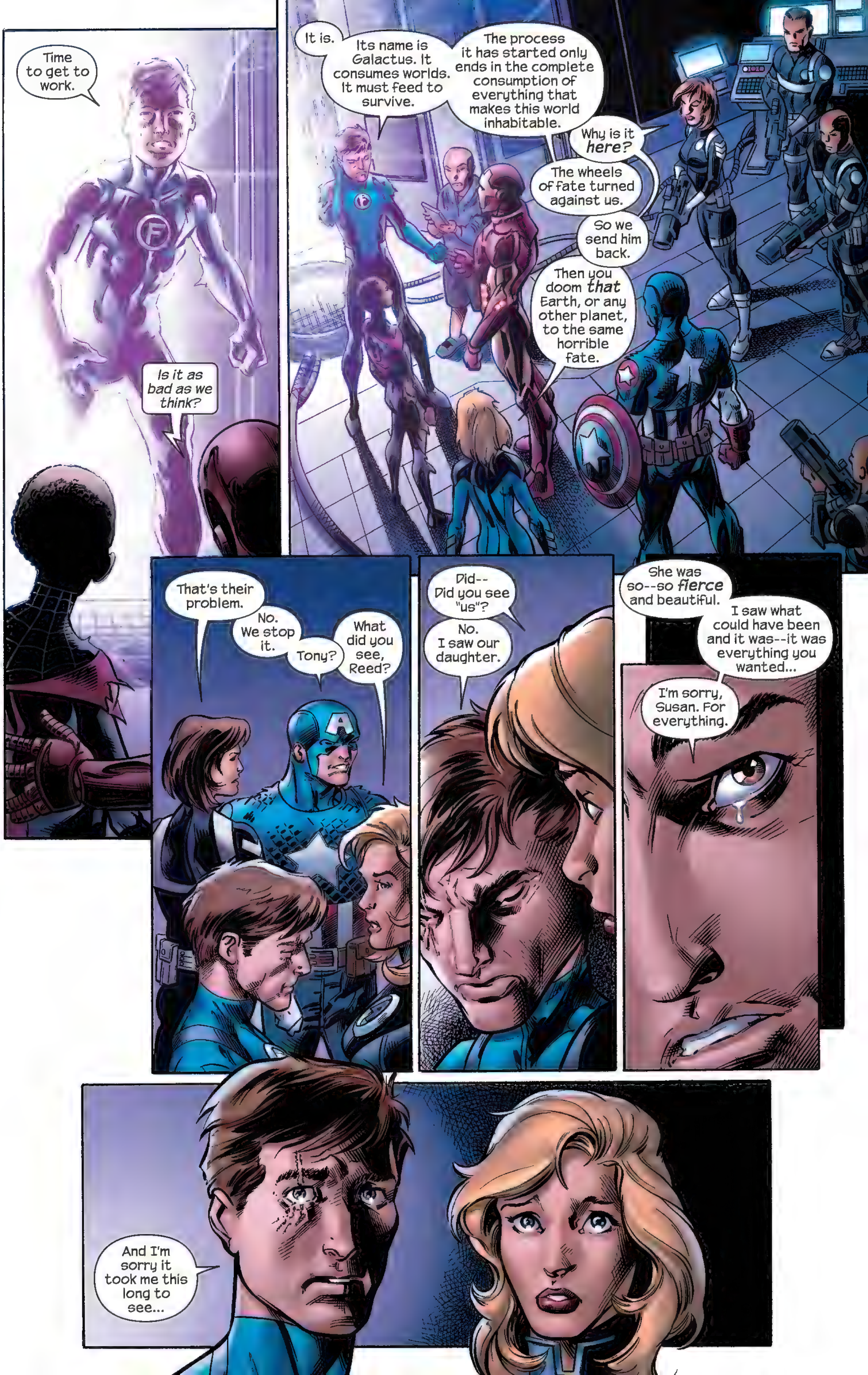

GALACTUS.
THE PLANET EATER.
DEAR LORD...HE IS GOING TO CONSUME OUR WORLD.
WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?
IT MEANS TONY STARK WAS RIGHT.
WE ARE, IN FACT, IN A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE.
HOW DID THEY STOP HIM ON *THIS* EARTH? DID THEY SEND THIS GALACTUS TO US?
I CAN'T IMAGINE MY COUNTERPART WOULD CONSCIOUSLY DO SOMETHING THAT DESTRUCTIVE.
THERE IS EVIDENCE HERE OF A SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM EVENT THAT SEEMS TO INDICATE--
HOW DID THEY STOP HIM FROM EATING *THIS* EARTH?
COMPUTER, I WILL NEED TWO SEPARATE PORTABLE COPIES OF THESE GALACTUS FILES.
*PROCESSING.*
*HOW* DID THEY STOP HIM IN THE PAST?
THEY DIDN'T.
TWO COPIES?
ONE FOR YOU, AND ONE FOR ME; IN CASE SOMETHING HAPPENS.
WHAT COULD HAPPEN BETWEEN HERE AND--?
DADDY?

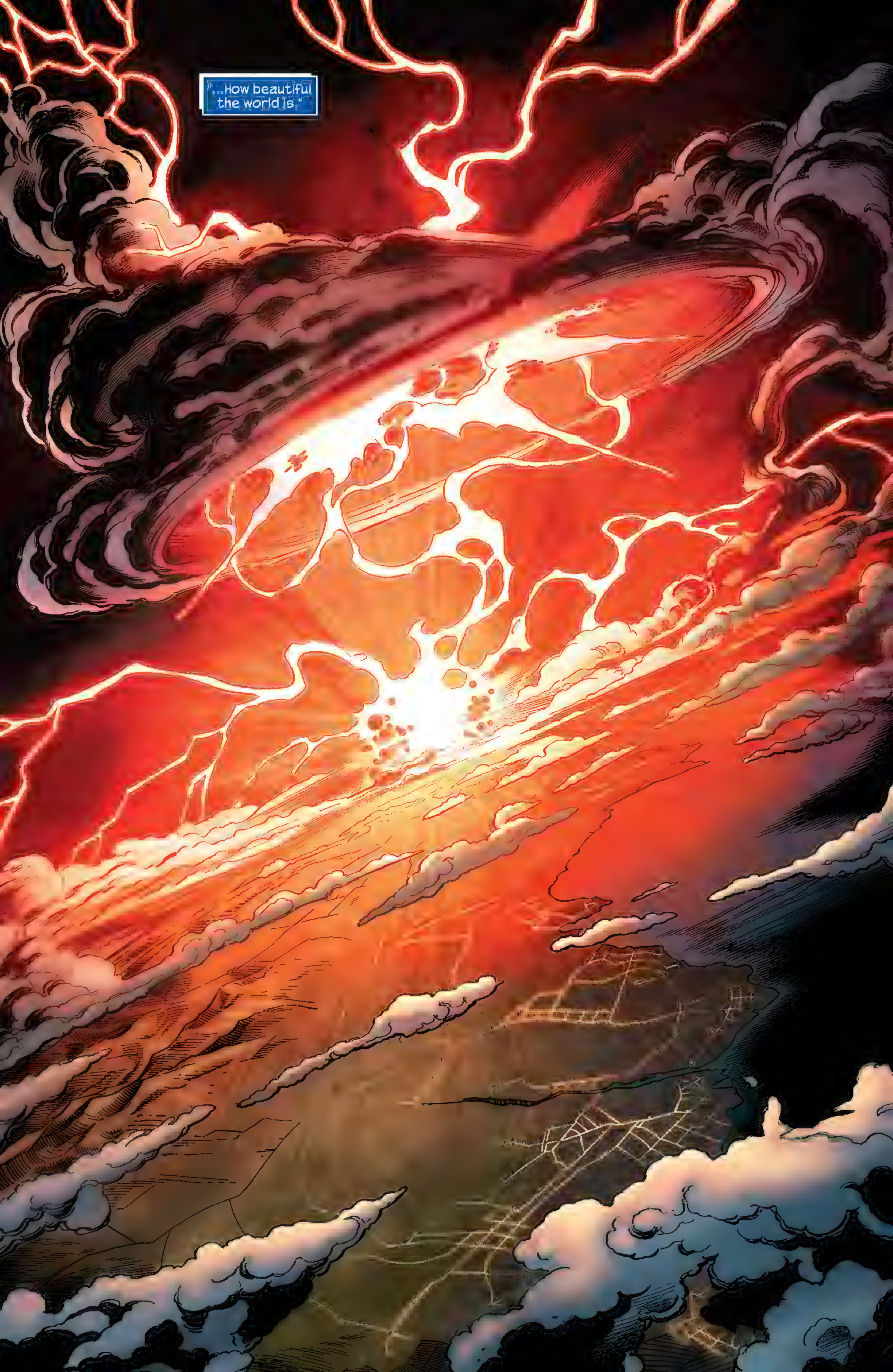

DO YOU KNOW WHEN MOM IS COMING BACK WITH MY DRESS?
SHE SAID SHE WOULD HELP ME WITH MY--?
YOU'RE NOT MY FATHER.
VALERIA RICHARDS SECURITY PROTOCOL OVERRIDE.
CODEWORD: FRANKLINISATOOL.
IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK.
WE'RE ACTUALLY--
TAKE THE DATA AND GO!
GO AND YOU *DON'T TURN BACK!*


FASSHHOOOM
FASSHHOOOM
FASSHHOOOM
OH, COME ON!!
FASSHHOOOM
FASSHHOOOM
FASSHHOOOM
FASSHHOOOM
FASSHHOOOM
FASSHHOOOM
REA
DAI
REA
DAIL
GLE

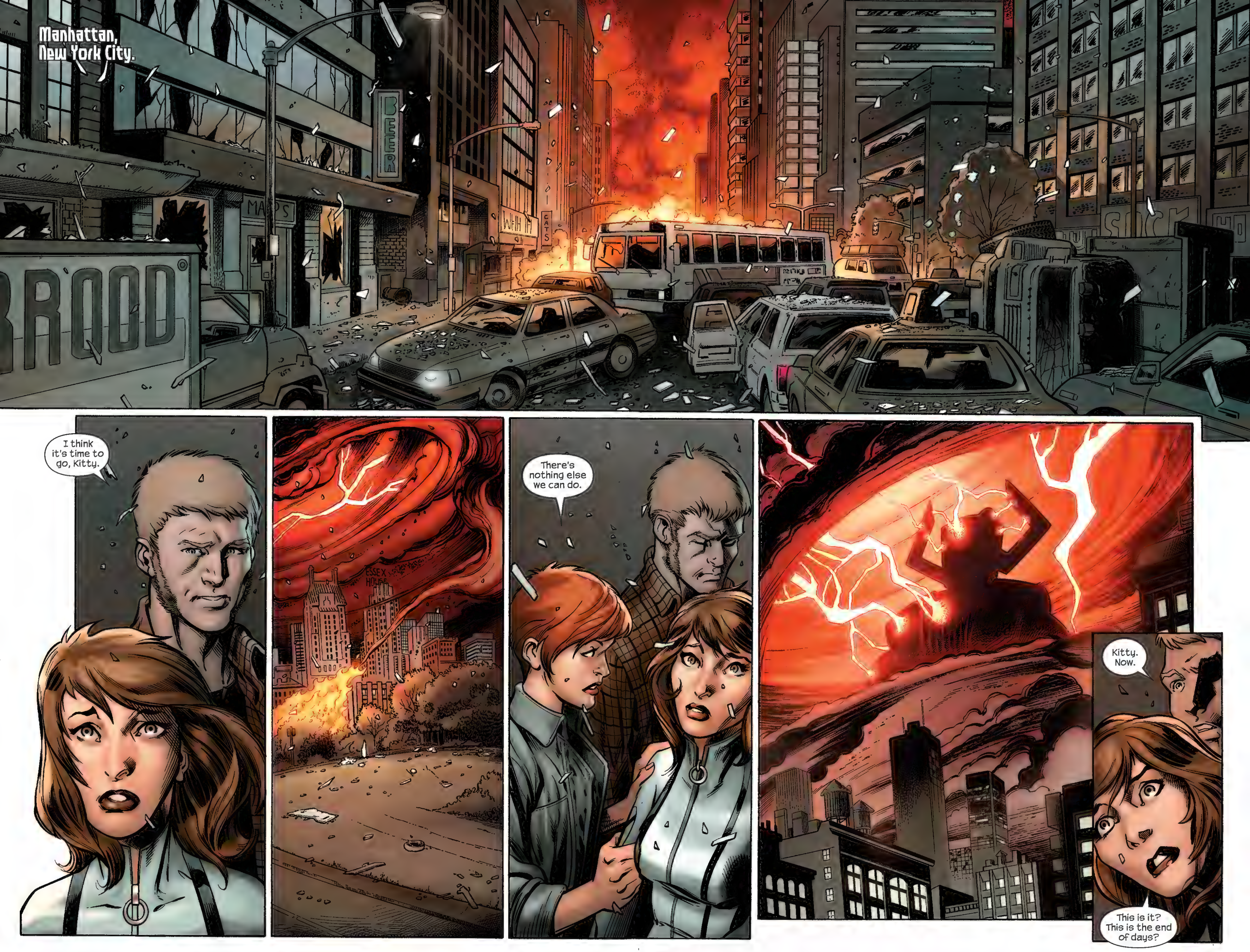

FASSHHOOOM
FASSHHOOOM
FASSHHOOOM
OH NO.
PETER PARKER.
DUDE, I AM SO SORRY.
FASSHHOOOM
WHAT?
WHAT MADNESS IS THIS??
FASSHHOOOM
FASSHHOOOM
SORRY.
SO SORRY.

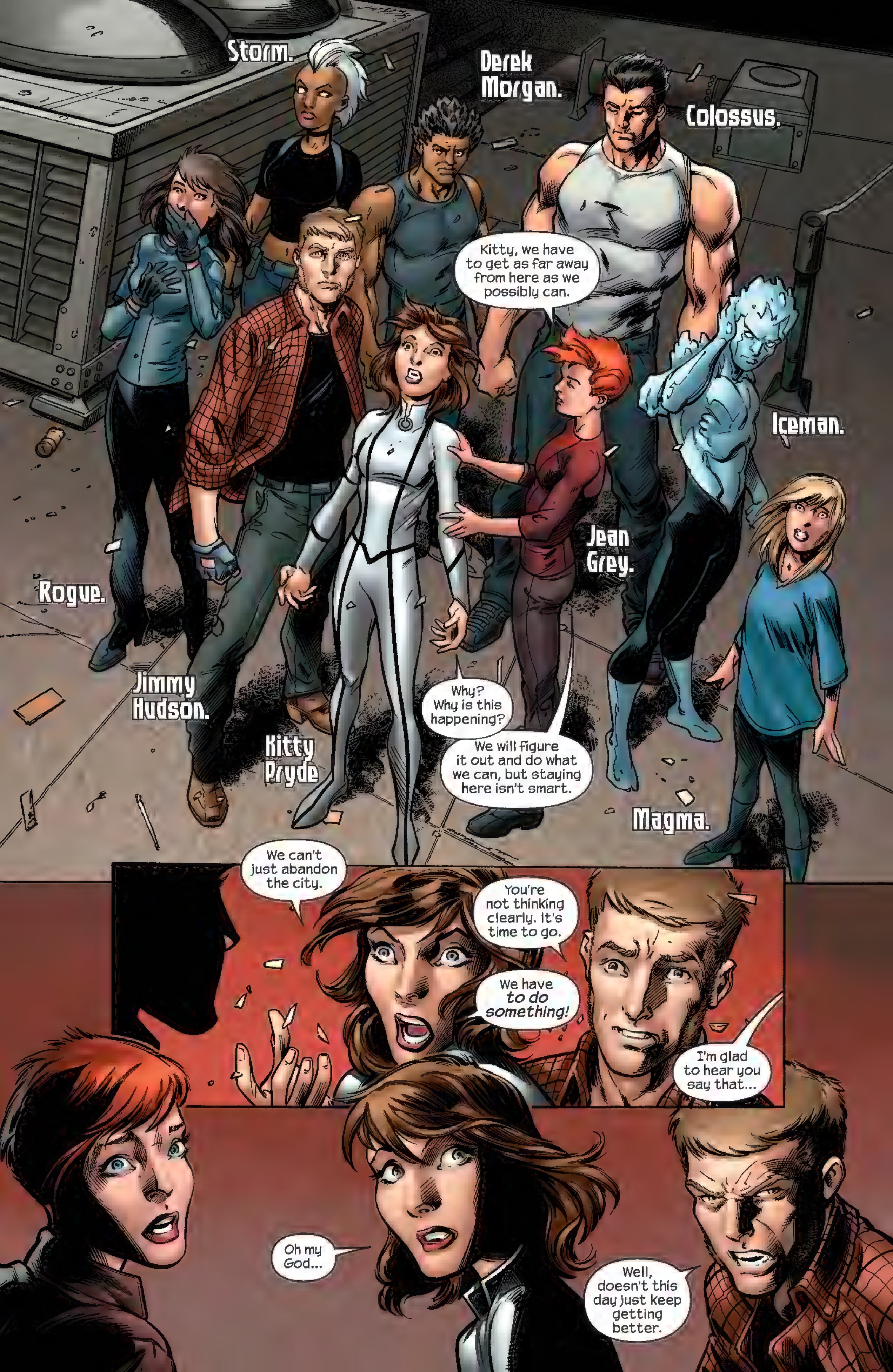

Nuaahh!
Hey, kid! You okay?
What happened to you, Miles?
He just survived a dimensional teleportation.
Get some blood and urine!
FUMMPP
Kid? Miles!
Can you hear me? What happened?
He's-he's coming!

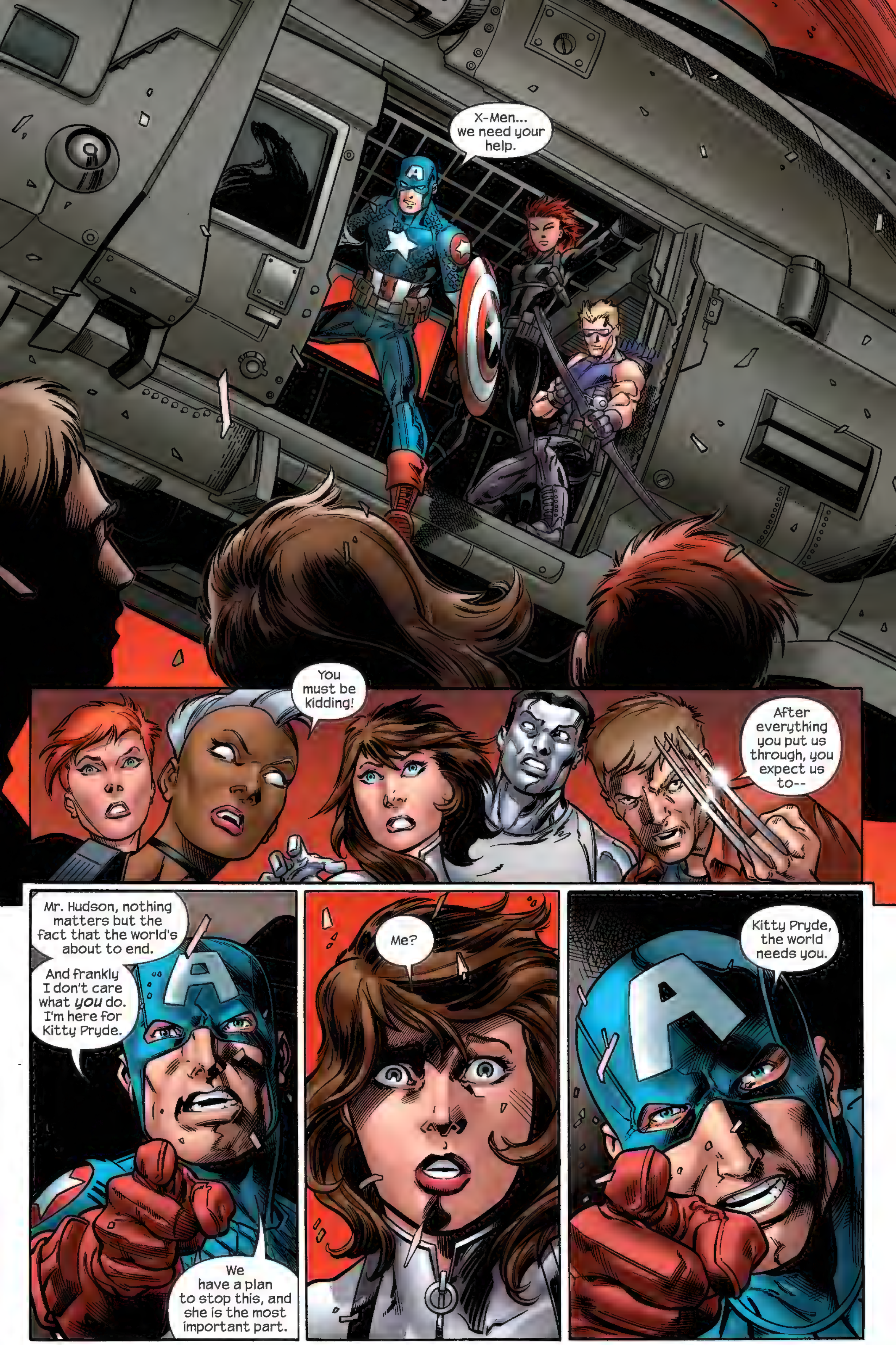

Time to get to work.
Is it as bad as we think?
It is.
Its name is Galactus. It consumes worlds. It must feed to survive.
The process it has started only ends in the complete consumption of everything that makes this world inhabitable.
Why is it *here?*
The wheels of fate turned against us.
So we send him back.
Then you doom *that* Earth, or any other planet, to the same horrible fate.
That's their problem.
No. We stop it.
Tony?
What did you see, Reed?
Did-- Did you see "us"?
No. I saw our daughter.
She was so--so *fierce* and beautiful.
I saw what could have been and it was--it was everything you wanted...
I'm sorry, Susan. For everything.
And I'm sorry it took me this long to see...

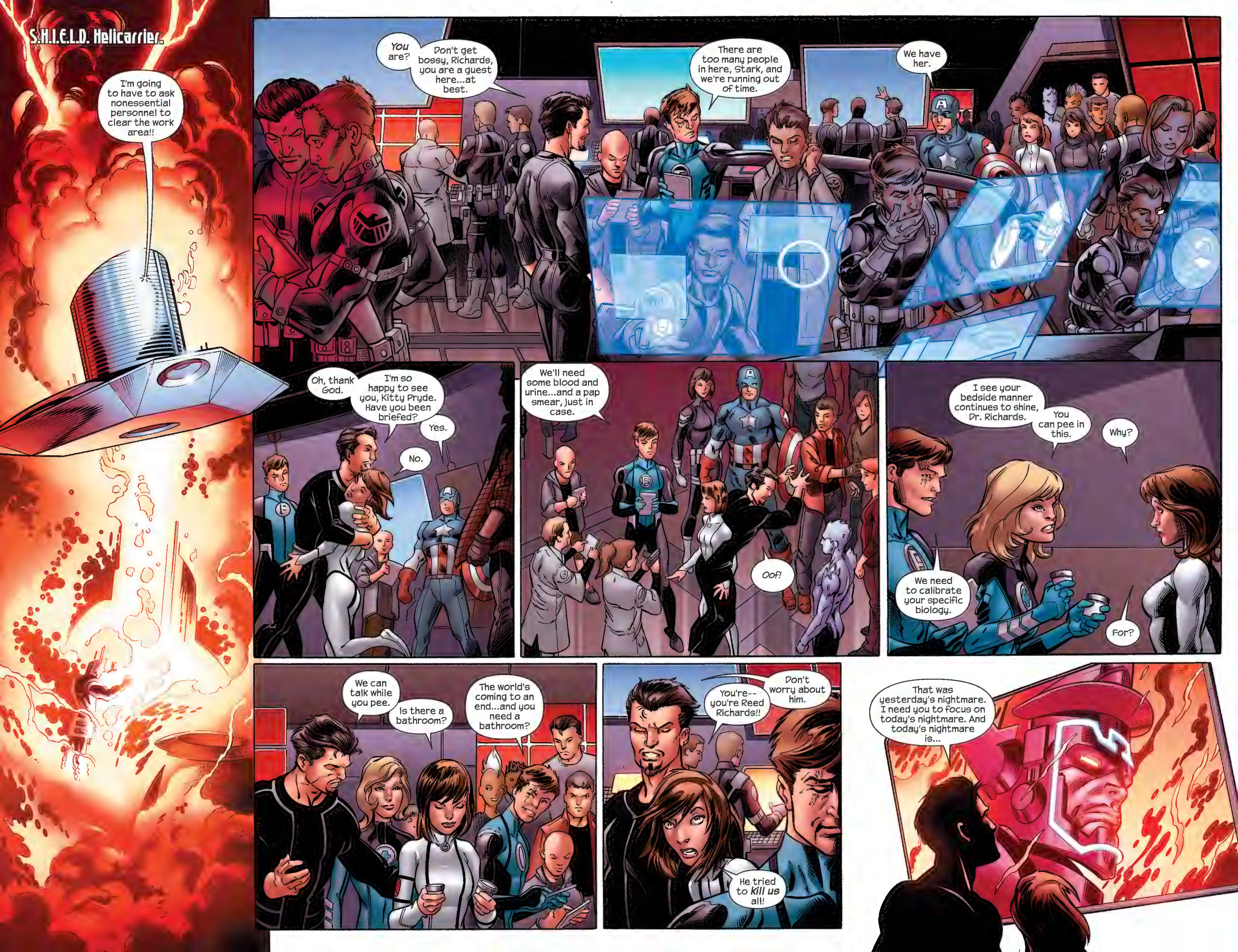

"...How beautiful the world is."

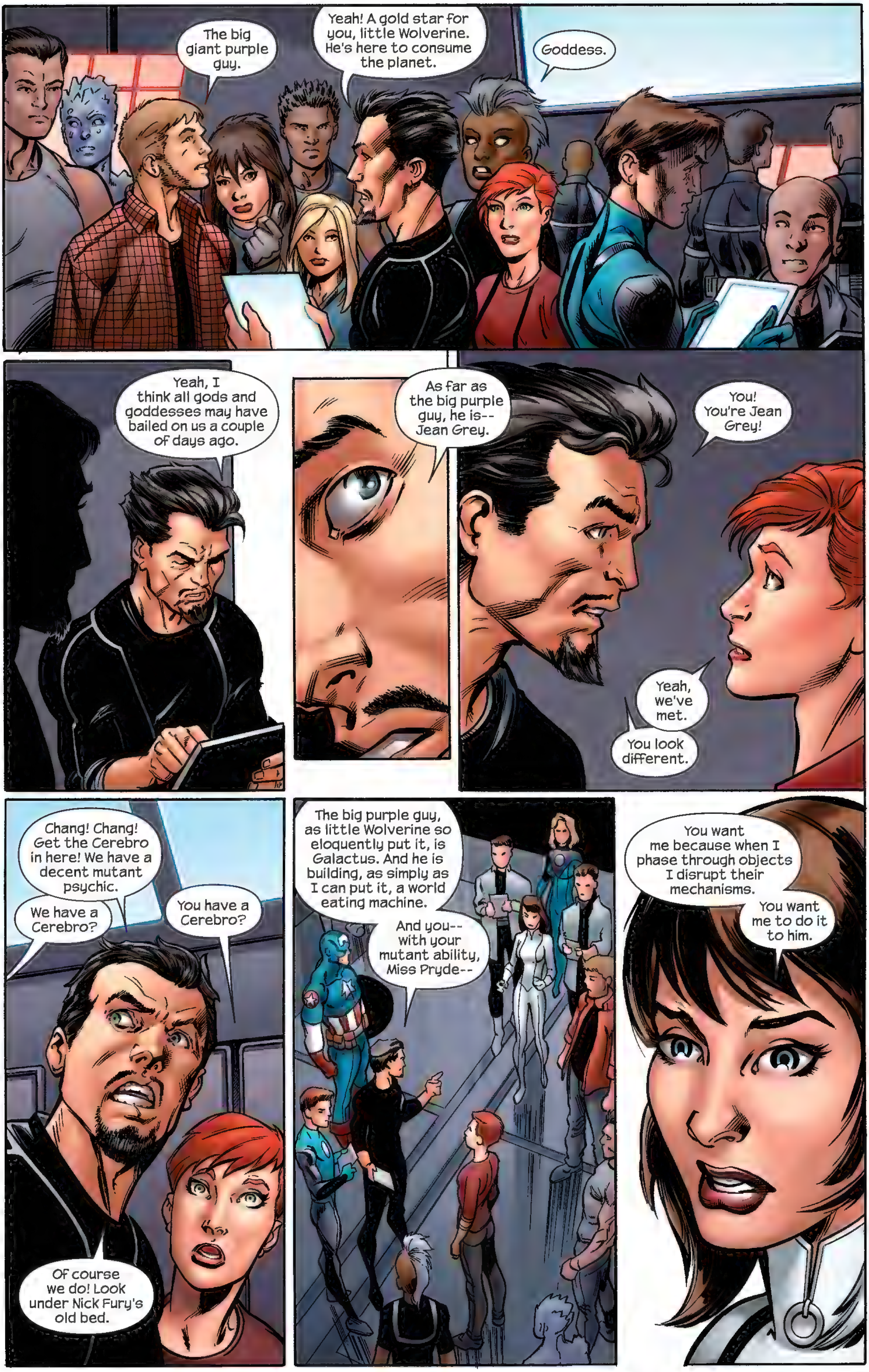
CATACLYSM: THE ULTIMATES' LAST STAND #4

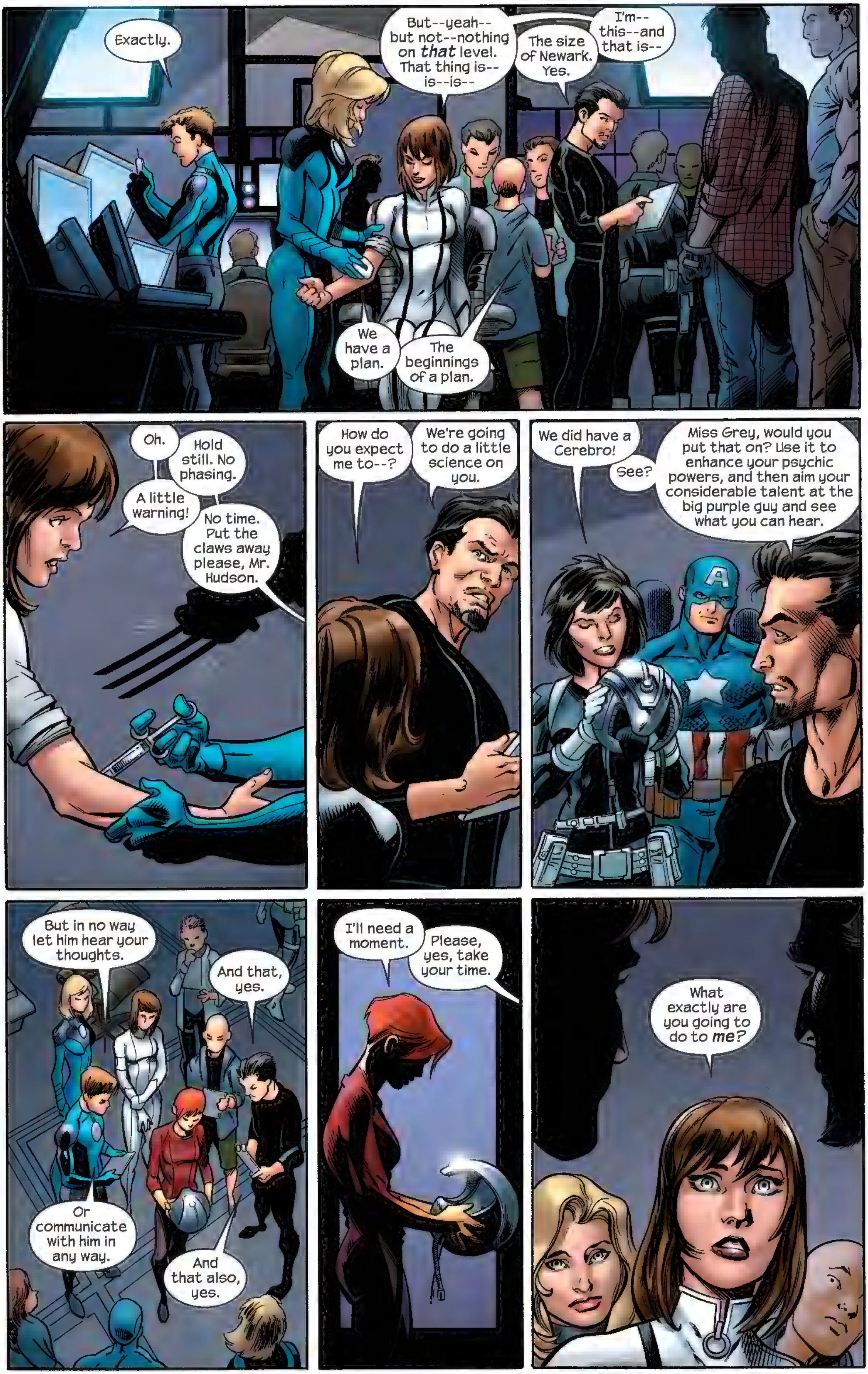

Manhattan, New York City.
BROOD
BEER
MAPS
ESSEX HOUSE
I think it's time to go, Kitty.
There's nothing else we can do.
Kitty. Now.
This is it? This is the end of days?

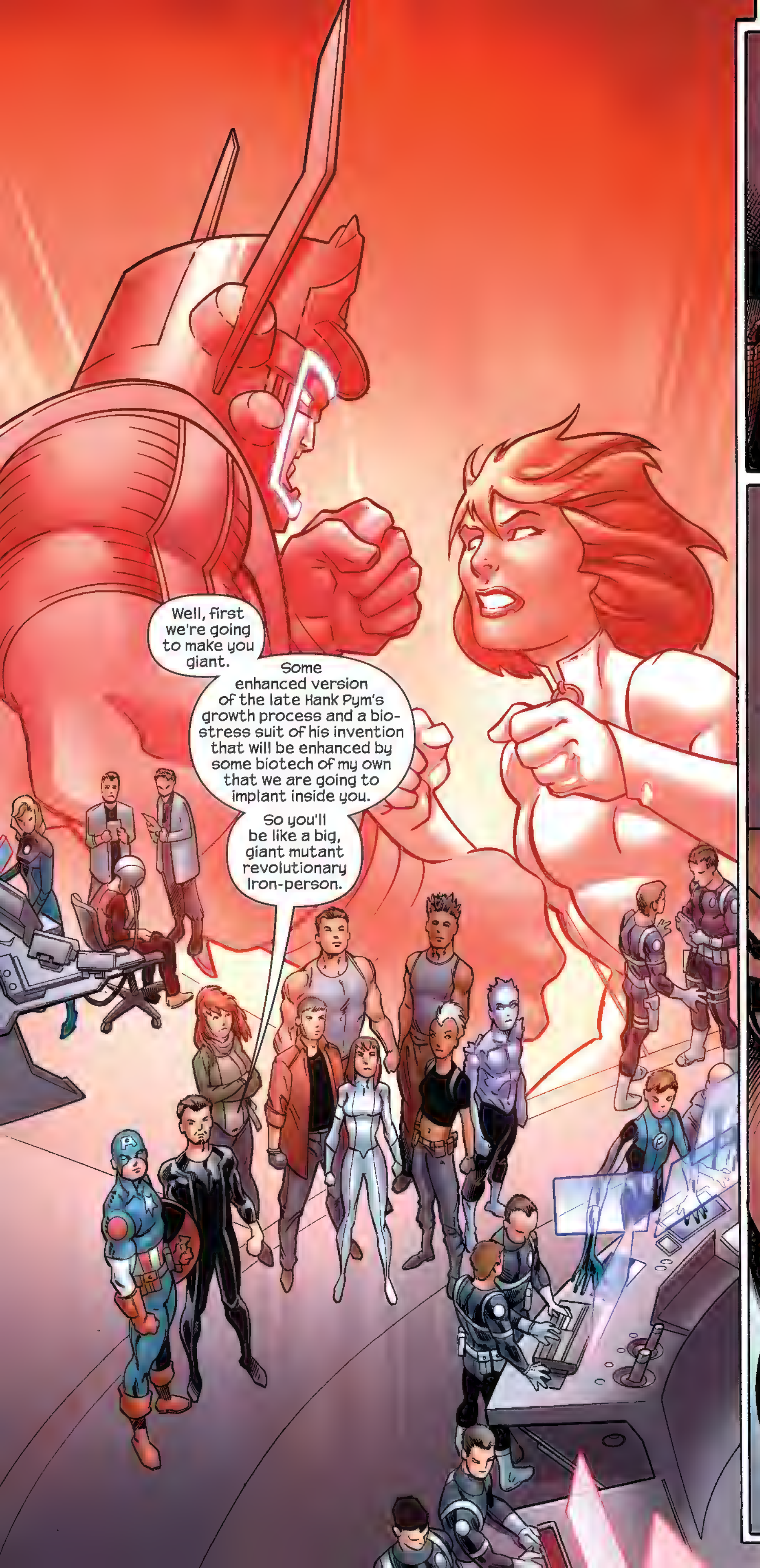

Storm.
Derek Morgan.
Colossus.
Kitty, we have to get as far away from here as we possibly can.
Iceman.
Jean Grey.
Rogue.
Jimmy Hudson.
Kitty Pryde
Why? Why is this happening?
We will figure it out and do what we can, but staying here isn't smart.
Magma.
We can't just abandon the city.
You're not thinking clearly. It's time to go.
We have *to do something!*
I'm glad to hear you say that...
Oh my God...
Well, doesn't this day just keep getting better.

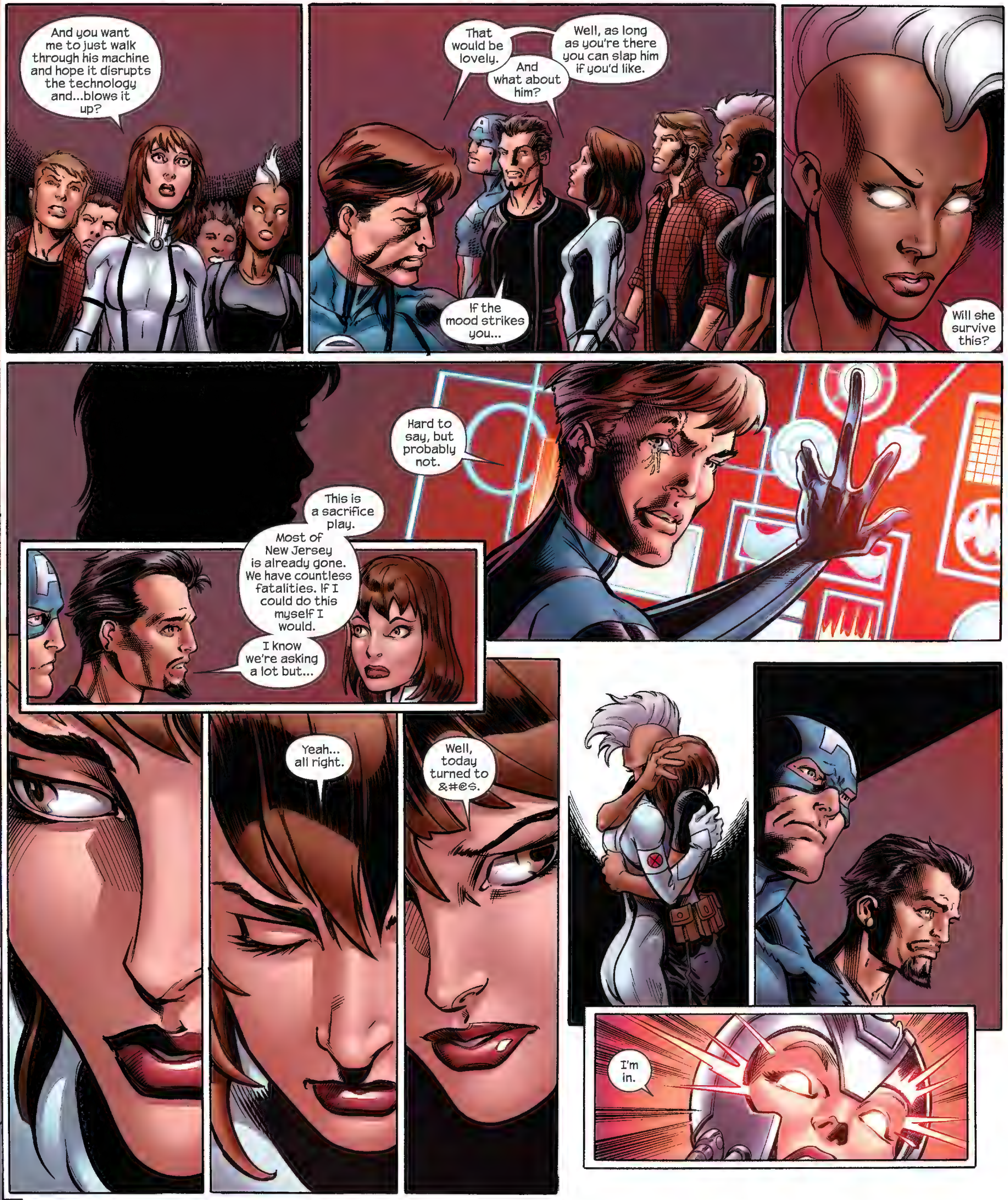

X-Men... we need your help.
You must be kidding!
After everything you put us through, you expect us to--
Mr. Hudson, nothing matters but the fact that the world's about to end.
And frankly I don't care what *you* do. I'm here for Kitty Pryde.
We have a plan to stop this, and she is the most important part.
Me?
Kitty Pryde, the world needs you.

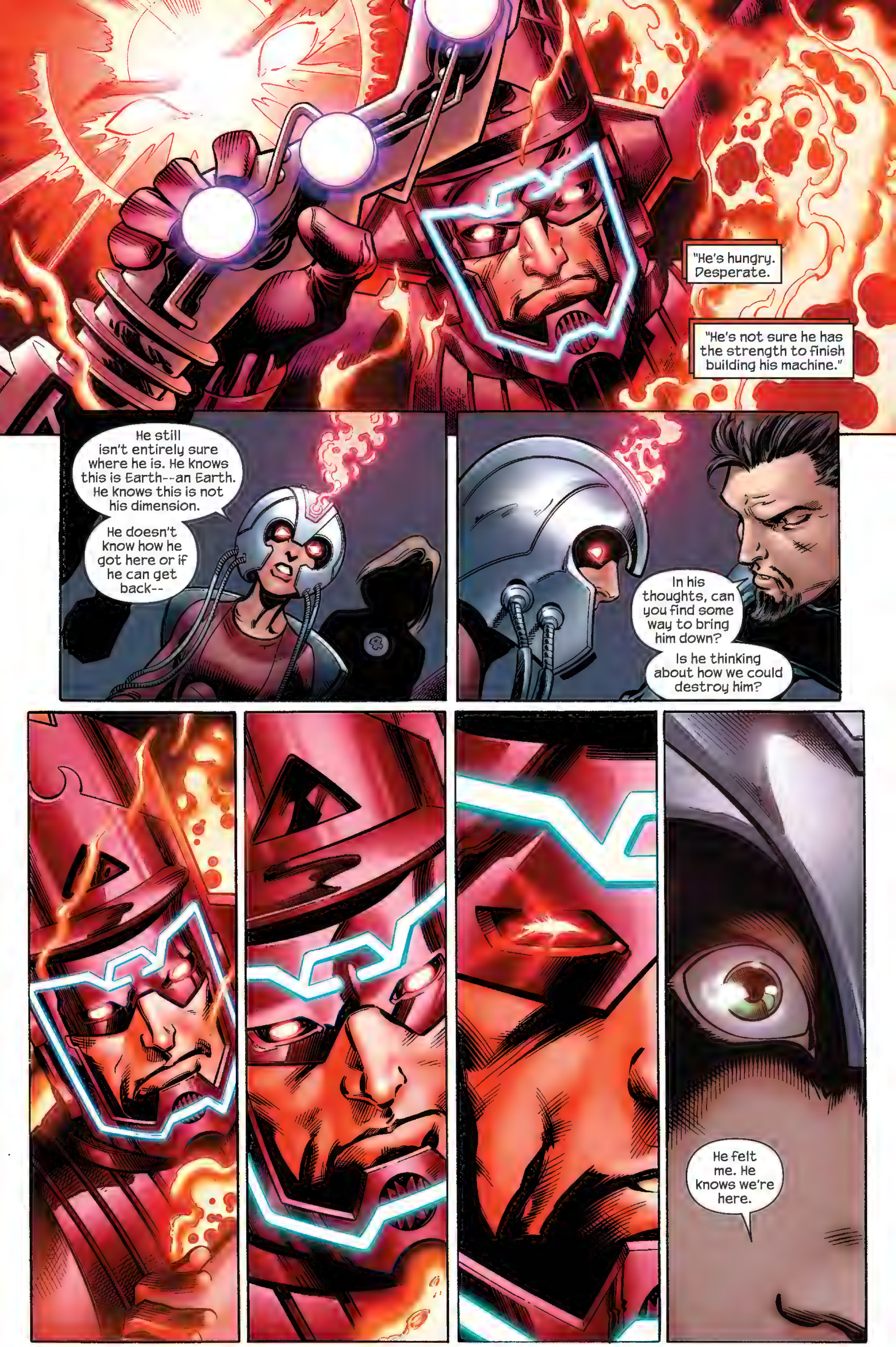

S.H.I.E.L.D. Helicarrier.
I'm going to have to ask nonessential personnel to clear the work area!!
*You* are?
Don't get bossy, Richards, you are a guest here...at best.
There are too many people in here, Stark, and we're running out of time.
We have her.
Oh, thank God.
I'm so happy to see you, Kitty Pryde. Have you been briefed?
Yes.
No.
We'll need some blood and urine...and a pap smear, just in case.
Oof!
I see your bedside manner continues to shine, Dr. Richards.
You can pee in this.
Why?
We need to calibrate your specific biology.
For?
We can talk while you pee.
Is there a bathroom?
The world's coming to an end...and you need a bathroom?
You're-- you're Reed Richards!!
Don't worry about him.
He tried to ***kill us*** all!
That was yesterday's nightmare. I need you to focus on today's nightmare. And today's nightmare is...

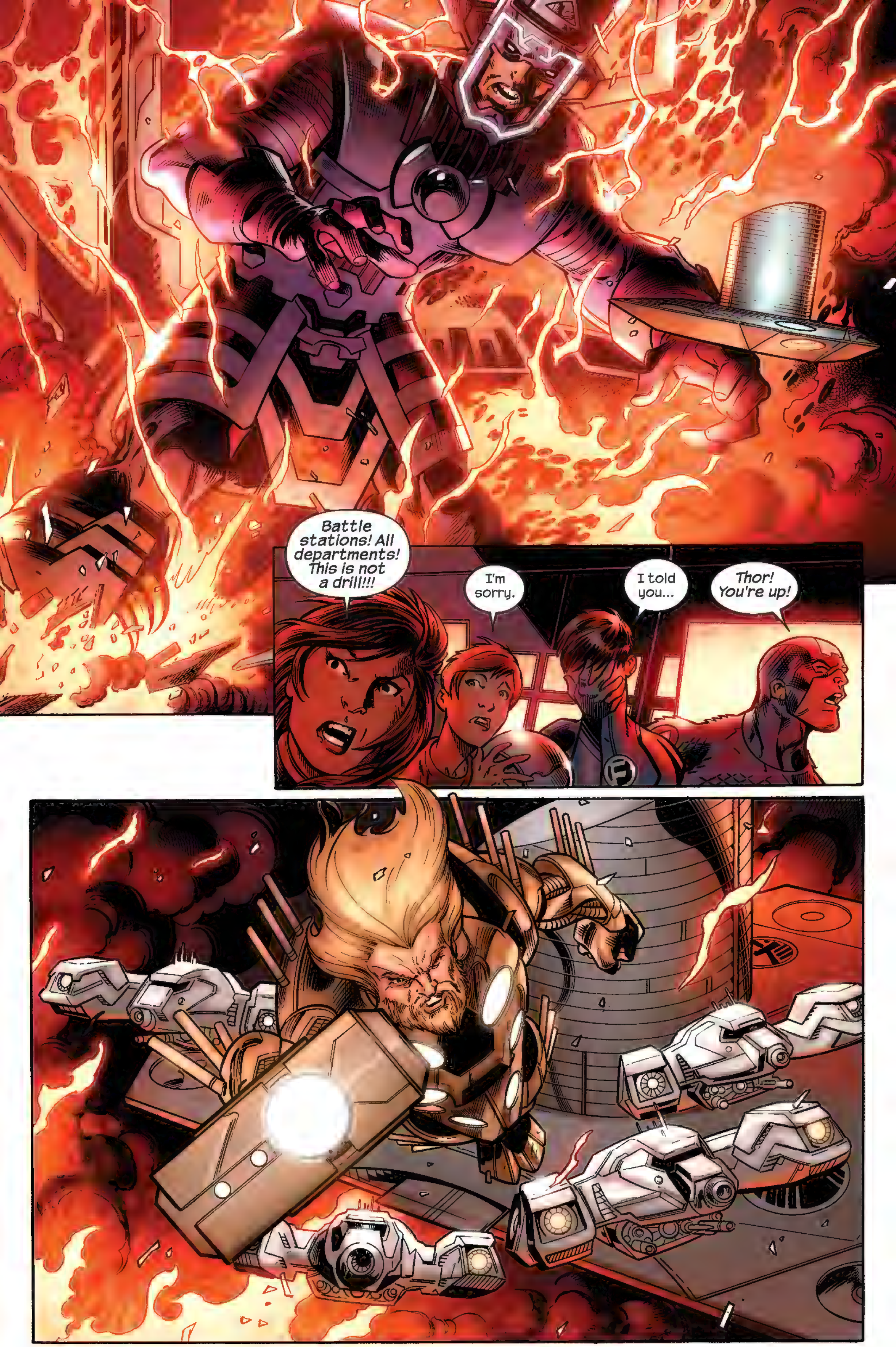

The big giant purple guy.
Yeah! A gold star for you, little Wolverine. He's here to consume the planet.
Goddess.
Yeah, I think all gods and goddesses may have bailed on us a couple of days ago.
As far as the big purple guy, he is-- Jean Grey.
You! You're Jean Grey!
Yeah, we've met.
You look different.
Chang! Chang! Get the Cerebro in here! We have a decent mutant psychic.
We have a Cerebro?
You have a Cerebro?
Of course we do! Look under Nick Fury's old bed.
The big purple guy, as little Wolverine so eloquently put it, is Galactus. And he is building, as simply as I can put it, a world eating machine.
And you-- with your mutant ability, Miss Pryde--
You want me because when I phase through objects I disrupt their mechanisms.
You want me to do it to him.

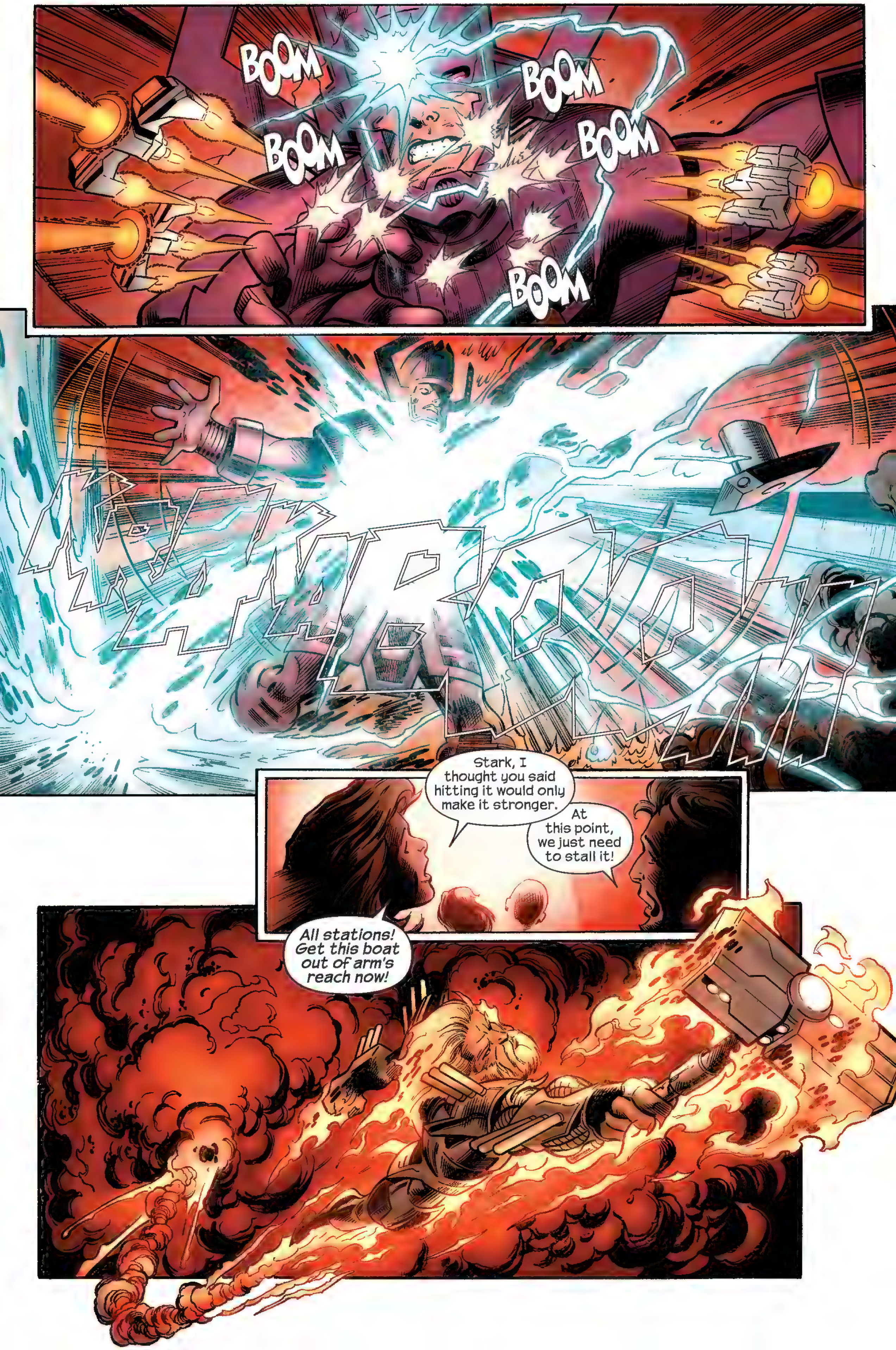

Exactly.
But--yeah--but not--nothing on *that* level. That thing is--is--is--
The size of Newark. Yes.
I'm--this--and that is--
We have a plan.
The beginnings of a plan.
Oh.
Hold still. No phasing.
A little warning!
No time. Put the claws away please, Mr. Hudson.
How do you expect me to--?
We're going to do a little science on you.
We did have a Cerebro!
See?
Miss Grey, would you put that on? Use it to enhance your psychic powers, and then aim your considerable talent at the big purple guy and see what you can hear.
But in no way let him hear your thoughts.
And that, yes.
Or communicate with him in any way.
And that also, yes.
I'll need a moment.
Please, yes, take your time.
What exactly are you going to do to *me*?

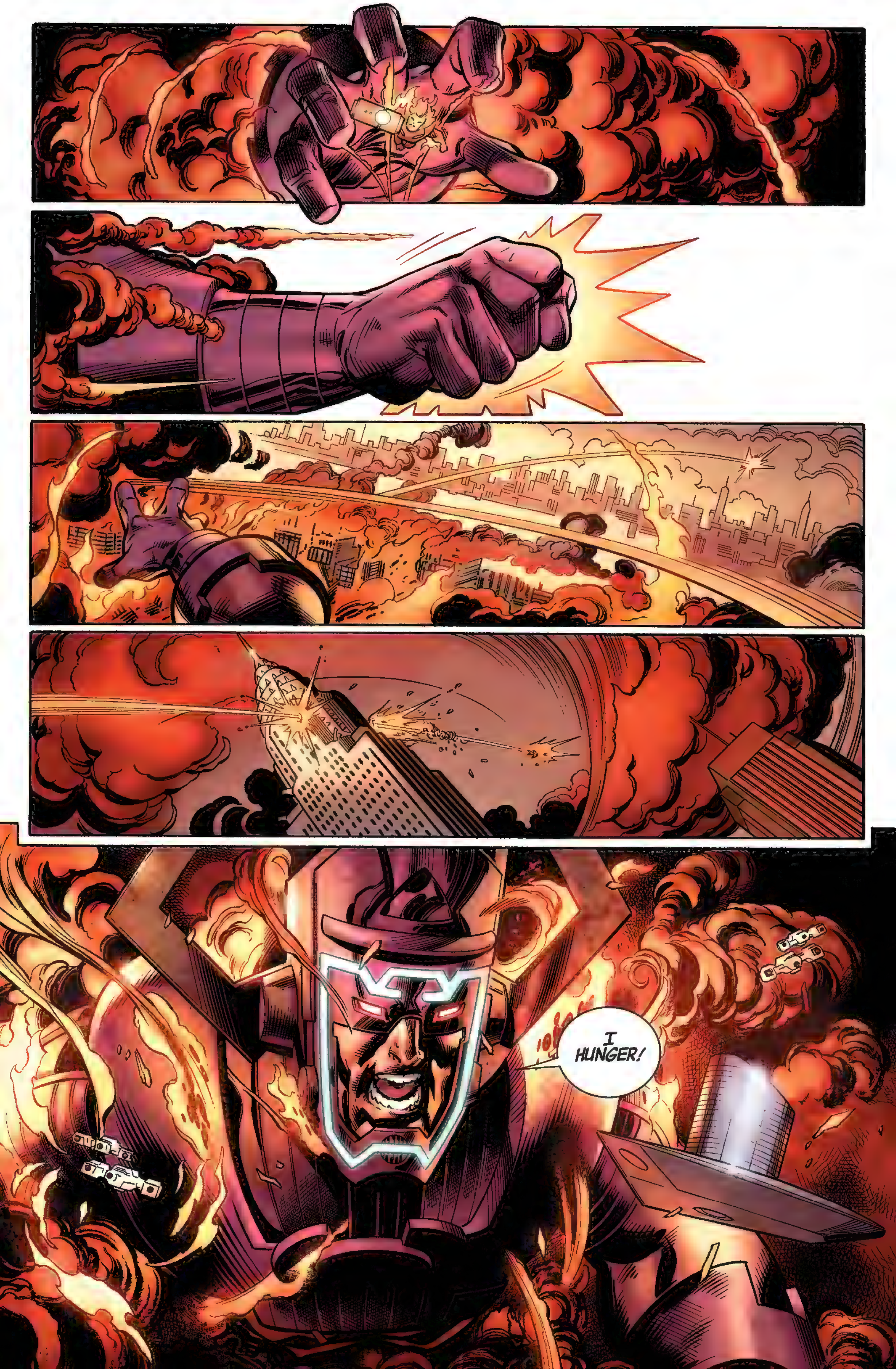

Well, first we're going to make you giant.
Some enhanced version of the late Hank Pym's growth process and a bio-stress suit of his invention that will be enhanced by some biotech of my own that we are going to implant inside you.
So you'll be like a big, giant mutant revolutionary Iron-person.

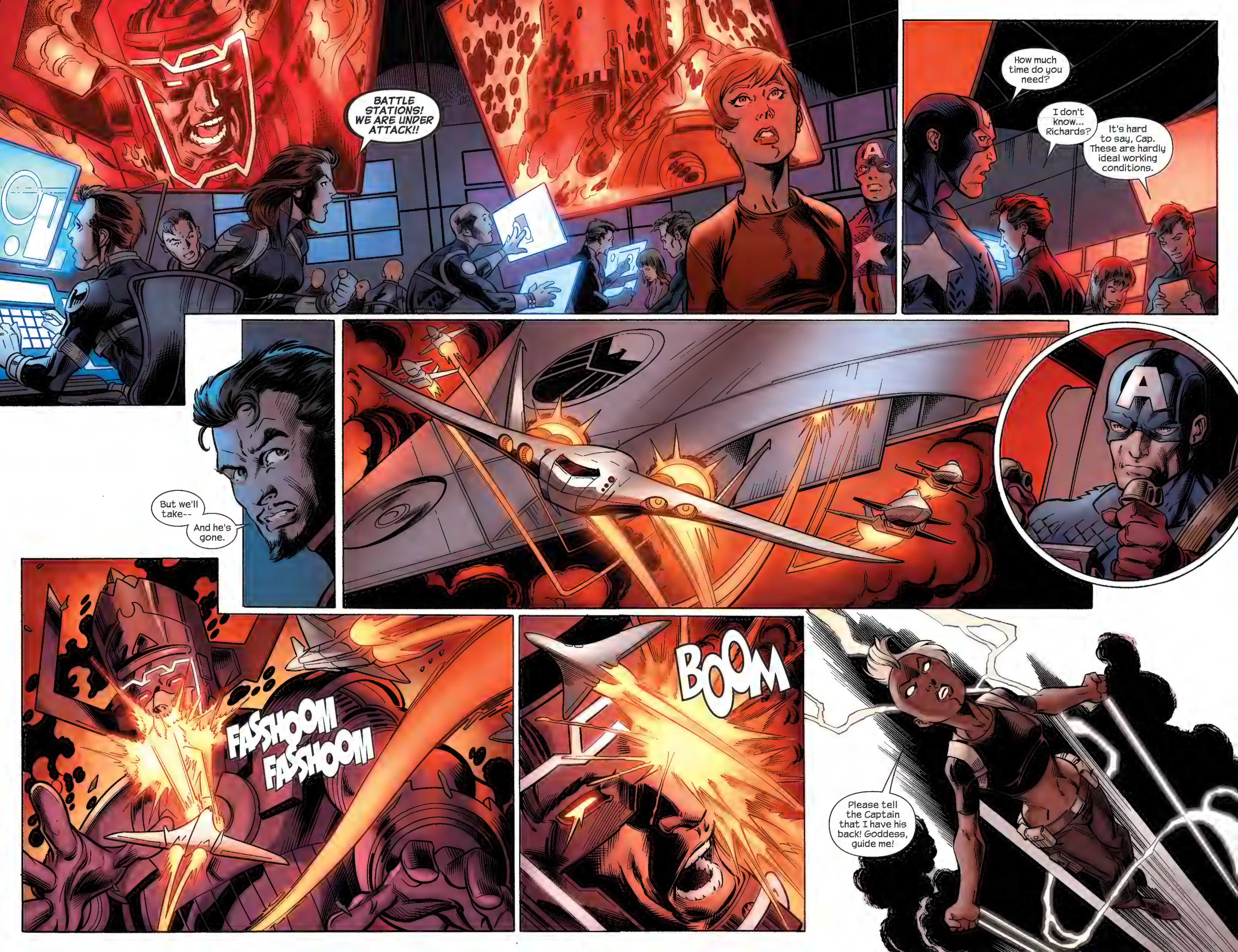

And you want me to just walk through his machine and hope it disrupts the technology and...blows it up?
That would be lovely.
Well, as long as you're there you can slap him if you'd like.
And what about him?
If the mood strikes you...
Will she survive this?
Hard to say, but probably not.
This is a sacrifice play.
Most of New Jersey is already gone. We have countless fatalities. If I could do this myself I would.
I know we're asking a lot but...
Yeah... all right.
Well, today turned to &#@$.
I'm in.

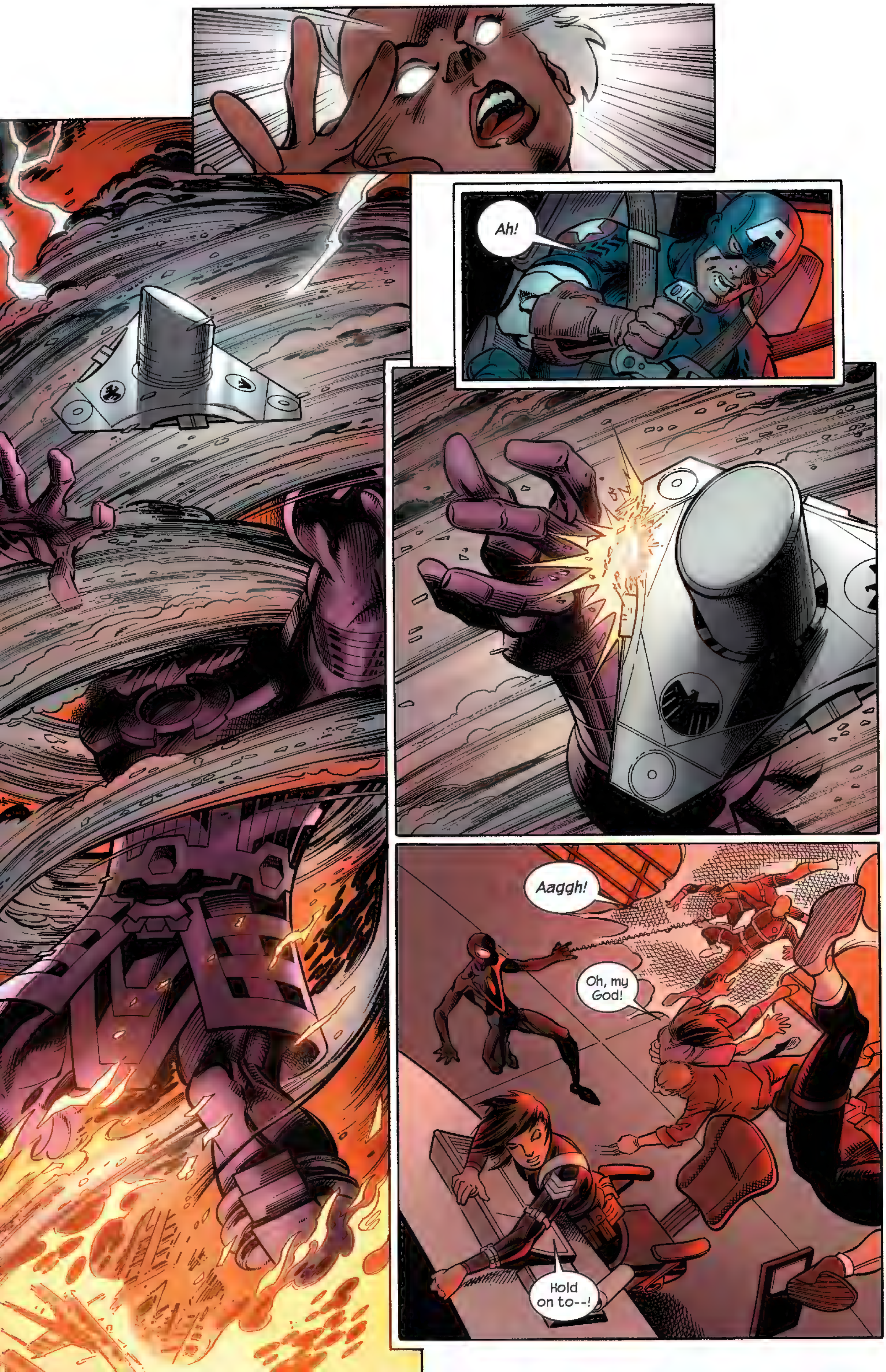

"He's hungry. Desperate.
"He's not sure he has the strength to finish building his machine."
He still isn't entirely sure where he is. He knows this is Earth--an Earth. He knows this is not his dimension.
He doesn't know how he got here or if he can get back--
In his thoughts, can you find some way to bring him down?
Is he thinking about how we could destroy him?
He felt me. He knows we're here.

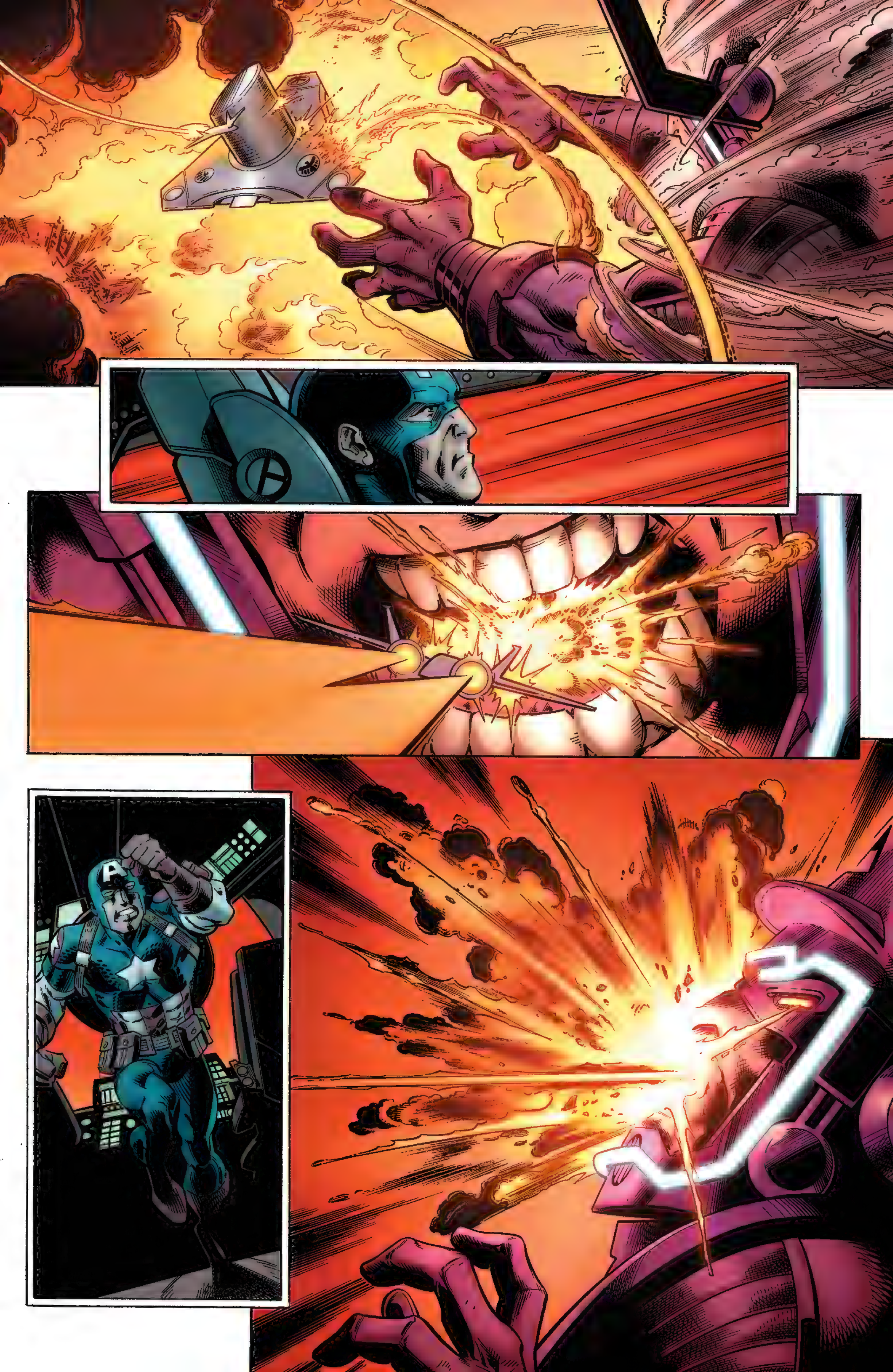

Battle stations! All departments! This is not a drill!!!
I'm sorry.
I told you...
Thor! You're up!

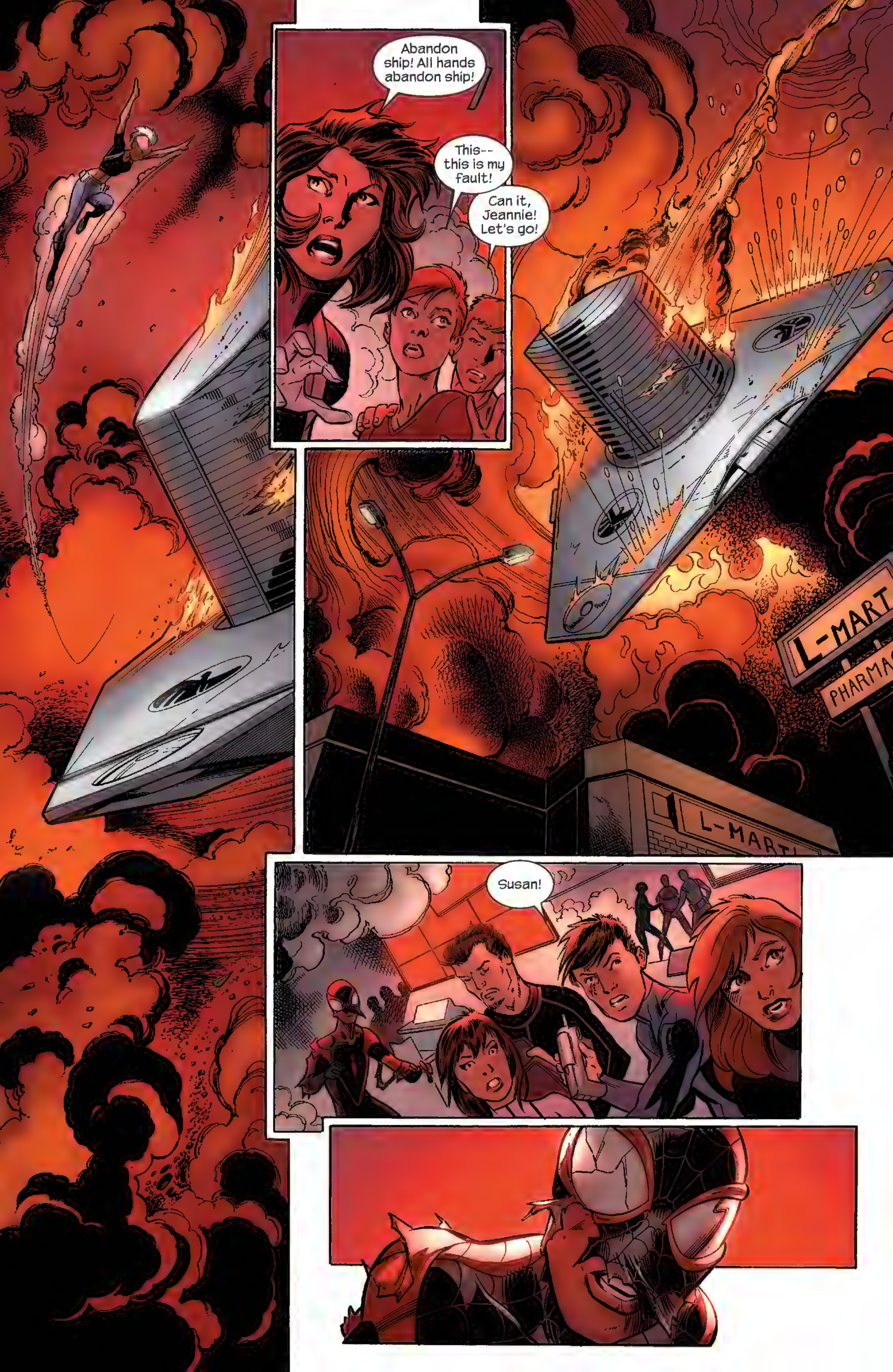

BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
WHAROOM
Stark, I thought you said hitting it would only make it stronger.
At this point, we just need to stall it!
All stations! Get this boat out of arm's reach now!

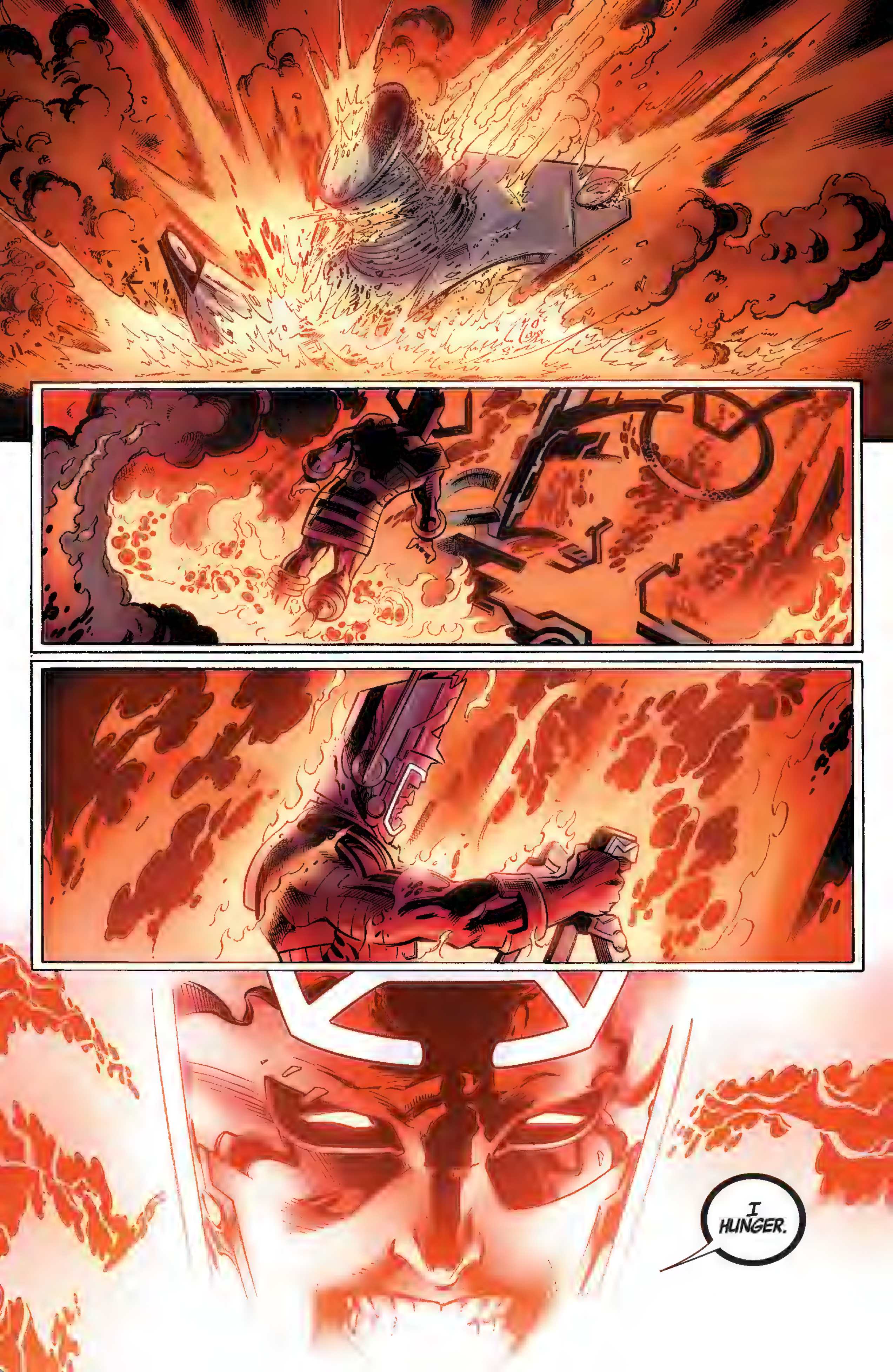

I HUNGER!

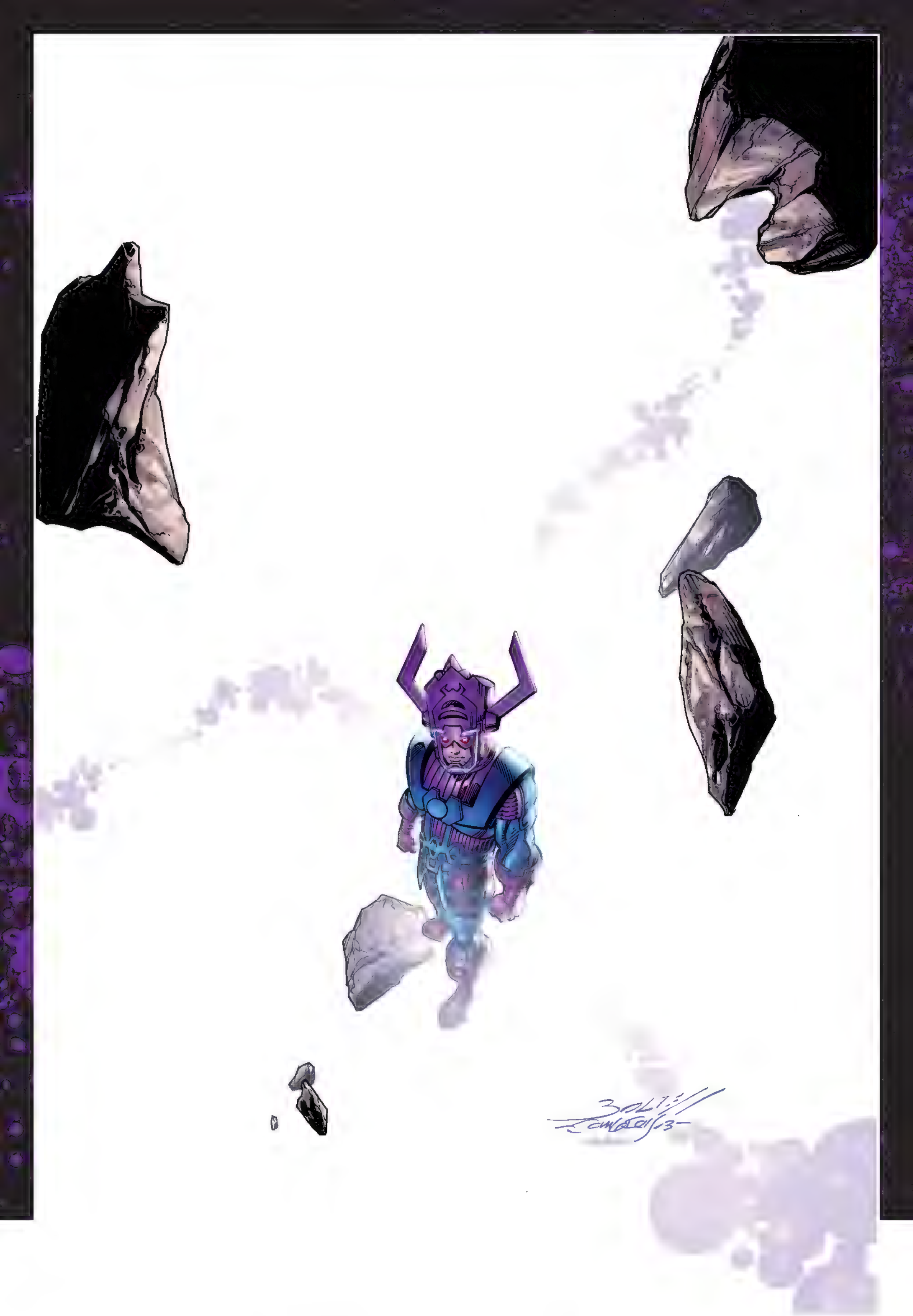

BATTLE STATIONS! WE ARE UNDER ATTACK!!
How much time do you need?
I don't know... Richards?
It's hard to say, Cap. These are hardly ideal working conditions.
But we'll take--
And he's gone.
FASHOOM FASHOOM
BOOM
Please tell the Captain that I have his back! Goddess, guide me!


Ah!
Aaggh!
Oh, my God!
Hold on to--!

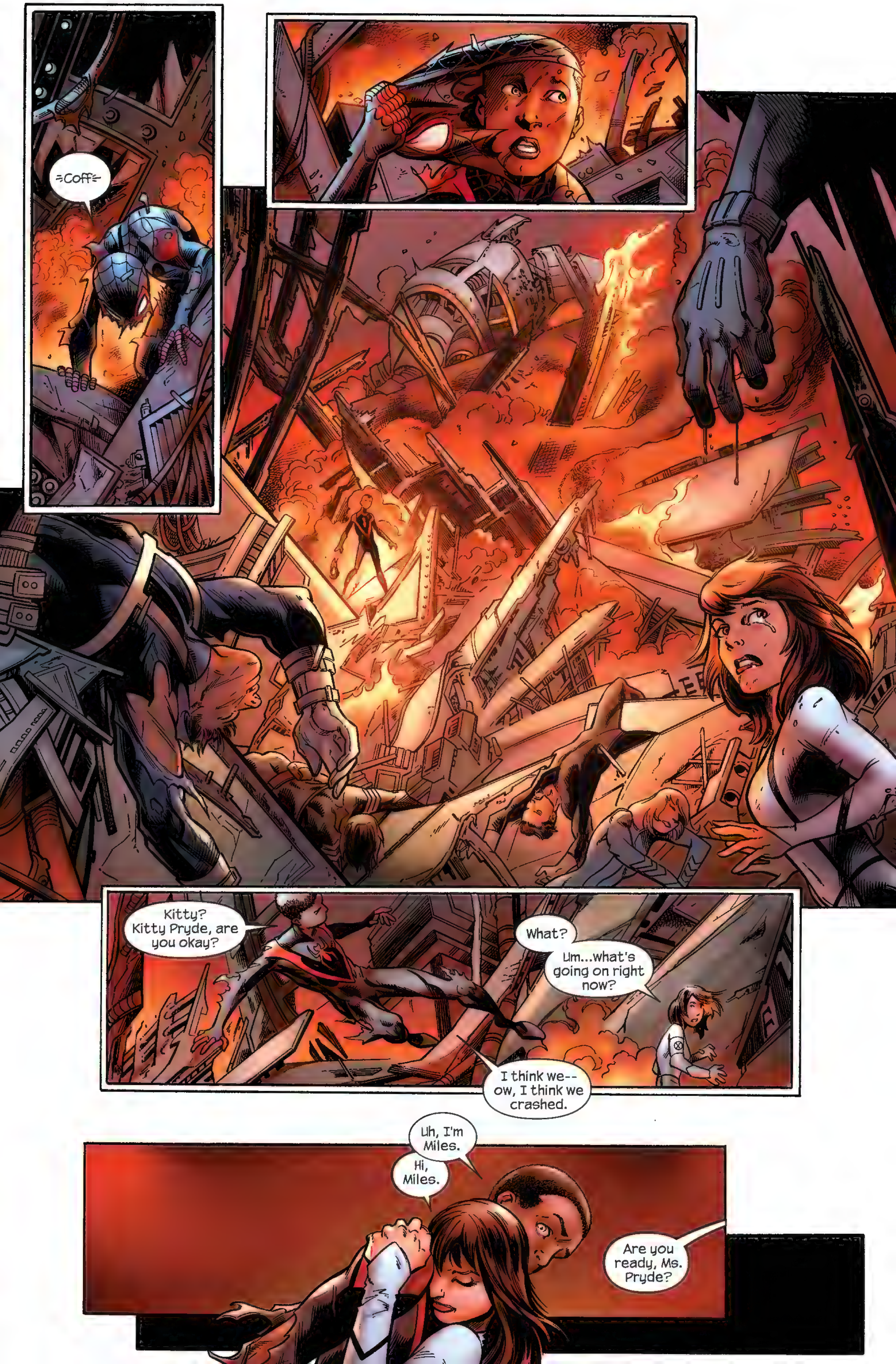


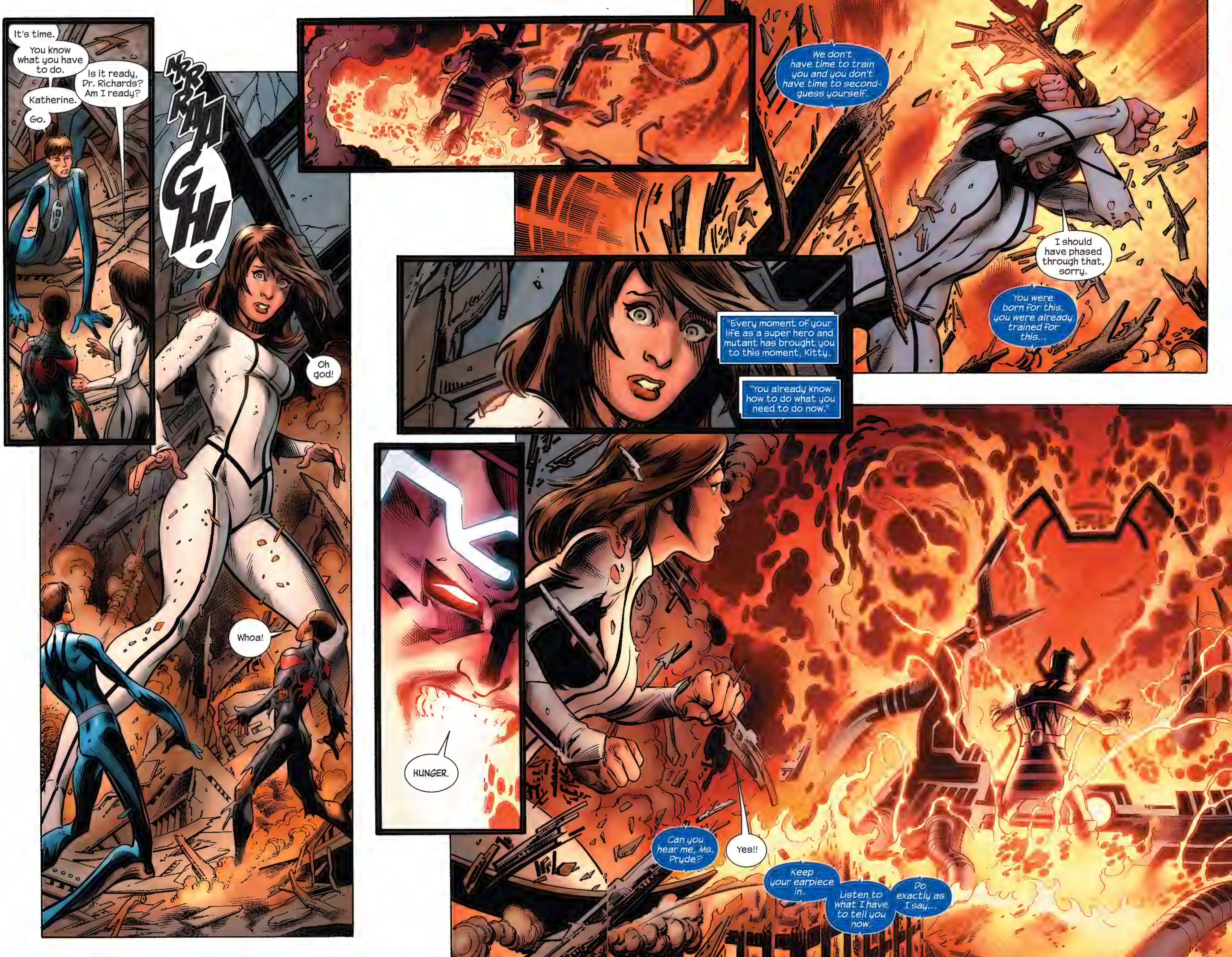

Abandon ship! All hands abandon ship!
This-- this is my fault!
Can it, Jeannie! Let's go!
L-MART
PHARMA
L-MART
Susan!

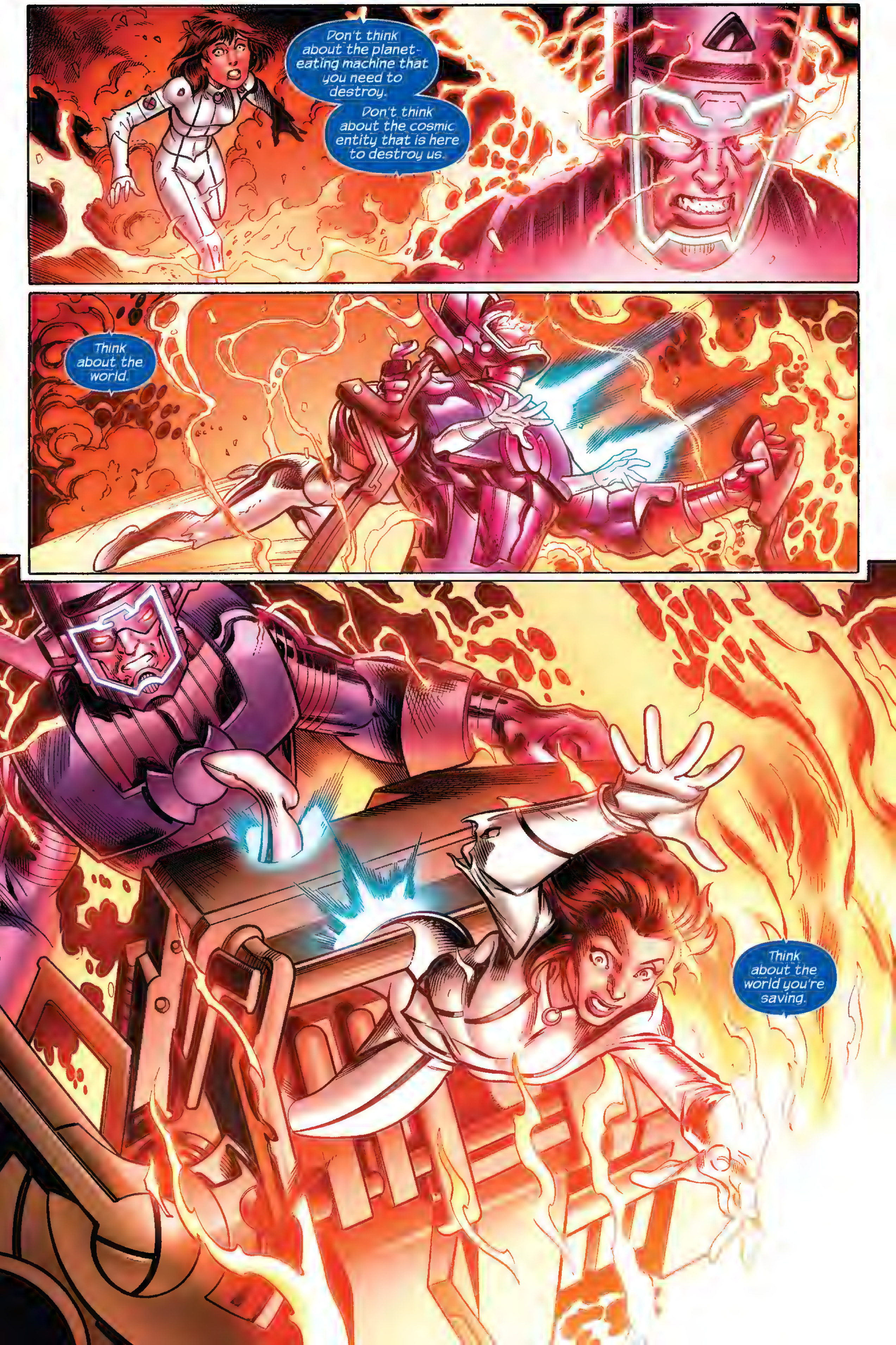

I HUNGER.

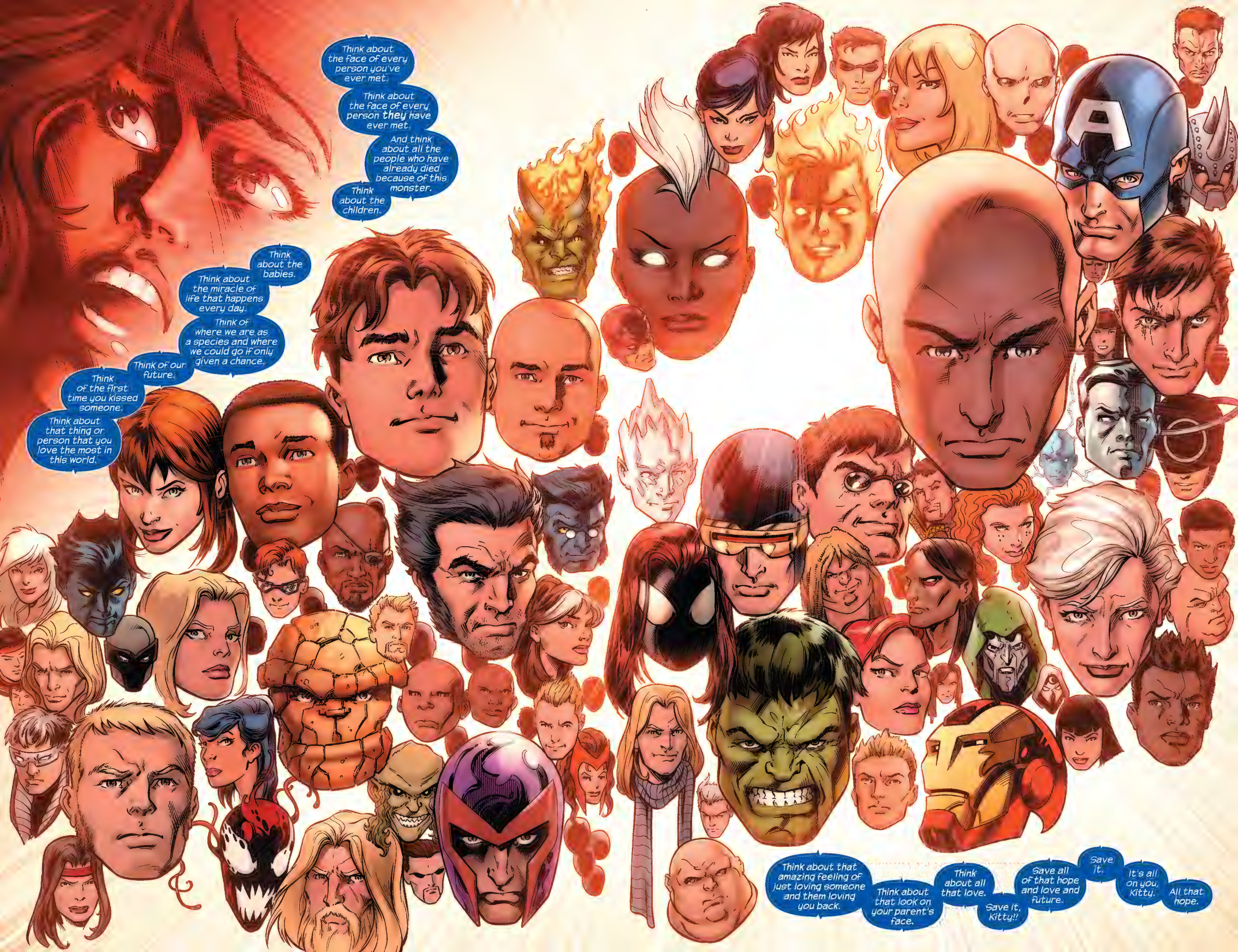


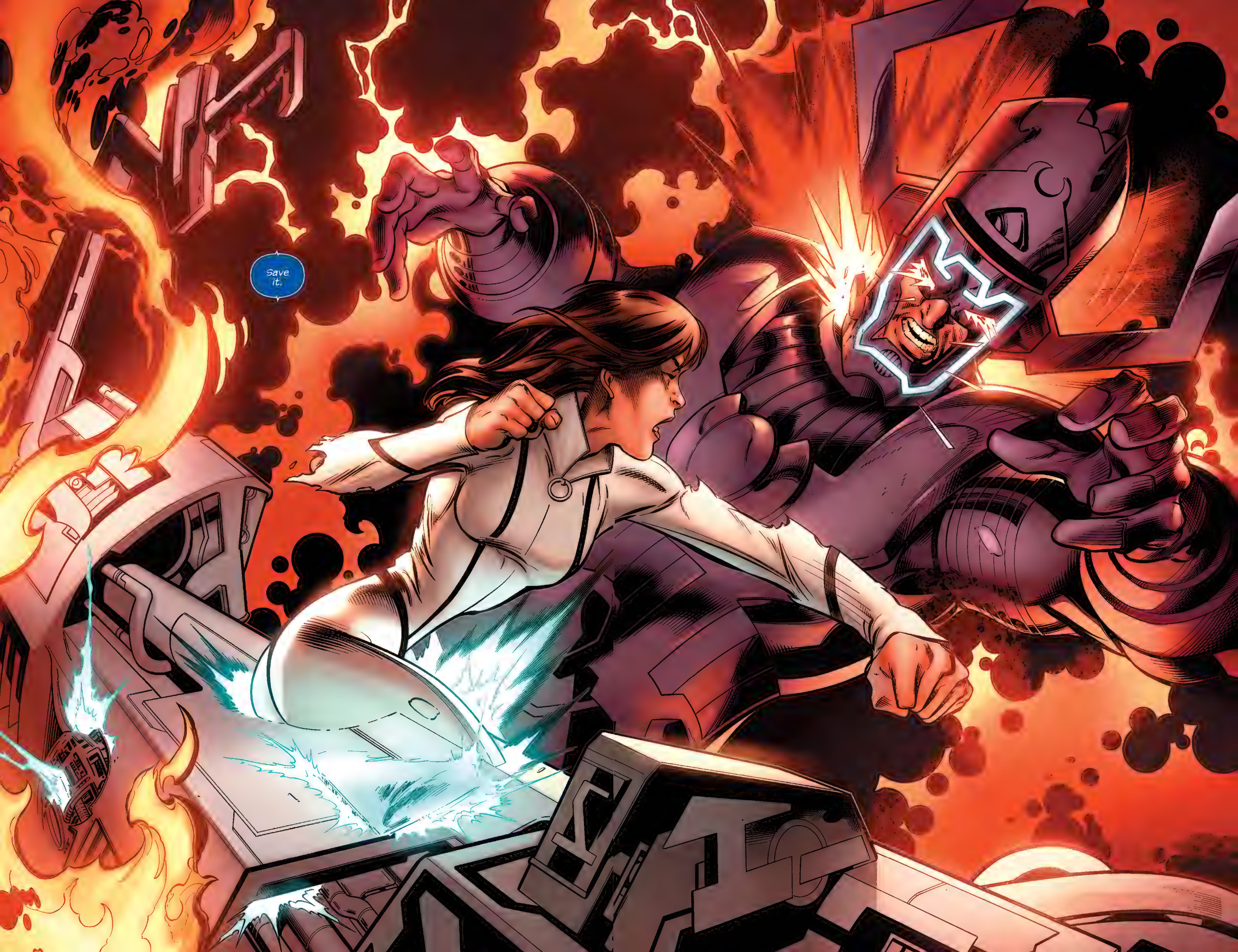
CATACLYSM: THE ULTIMATES' LAST STAND #5

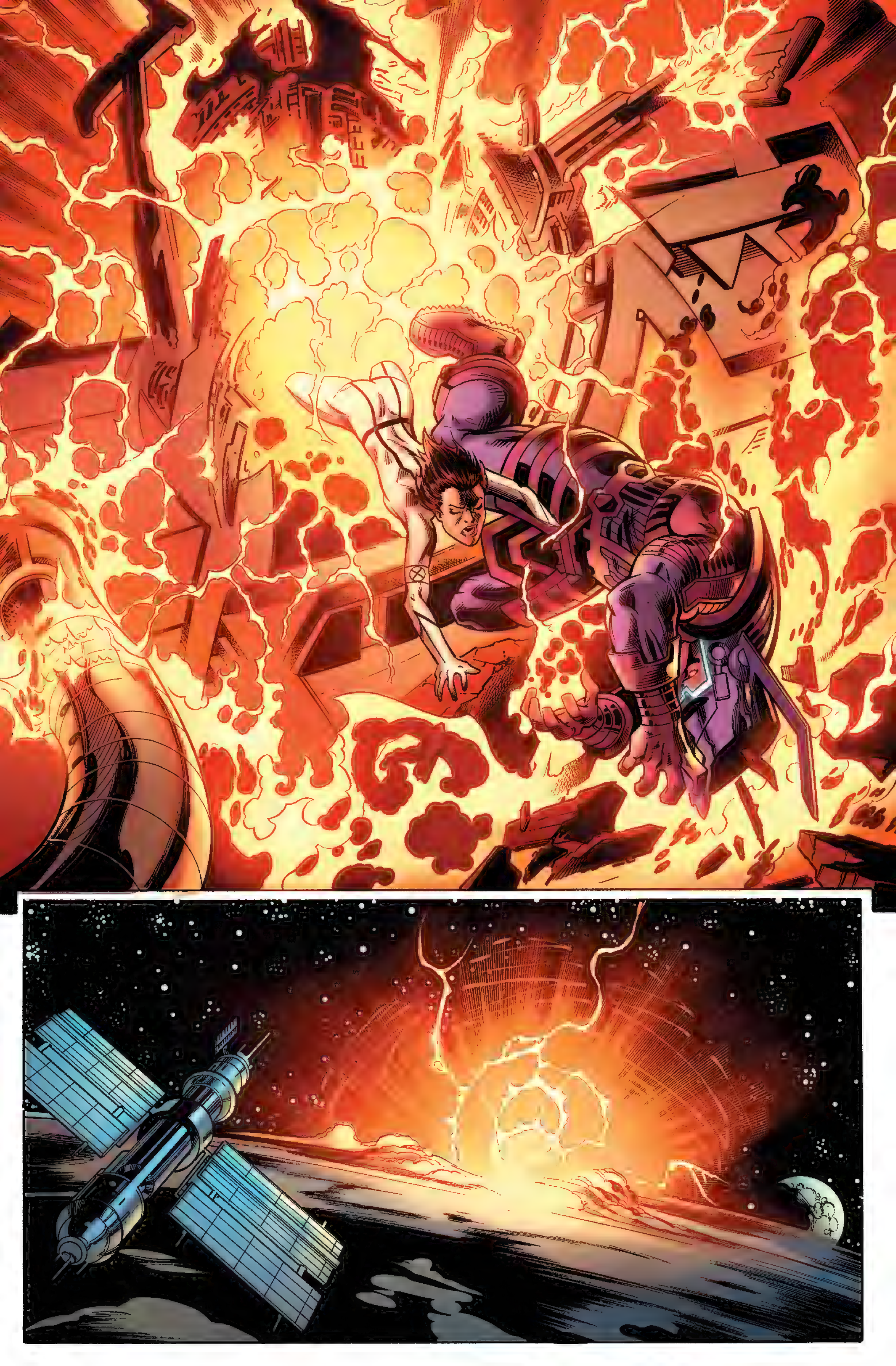

=Coff=
Kitty? Kitty Pryde, are you okay?
What?
Um...what's going on right now?
I think we-- ow, I think we crashed.
Uh, I'm Miles.
Hi, Miles.
Are you ready, Ms. Pryde?

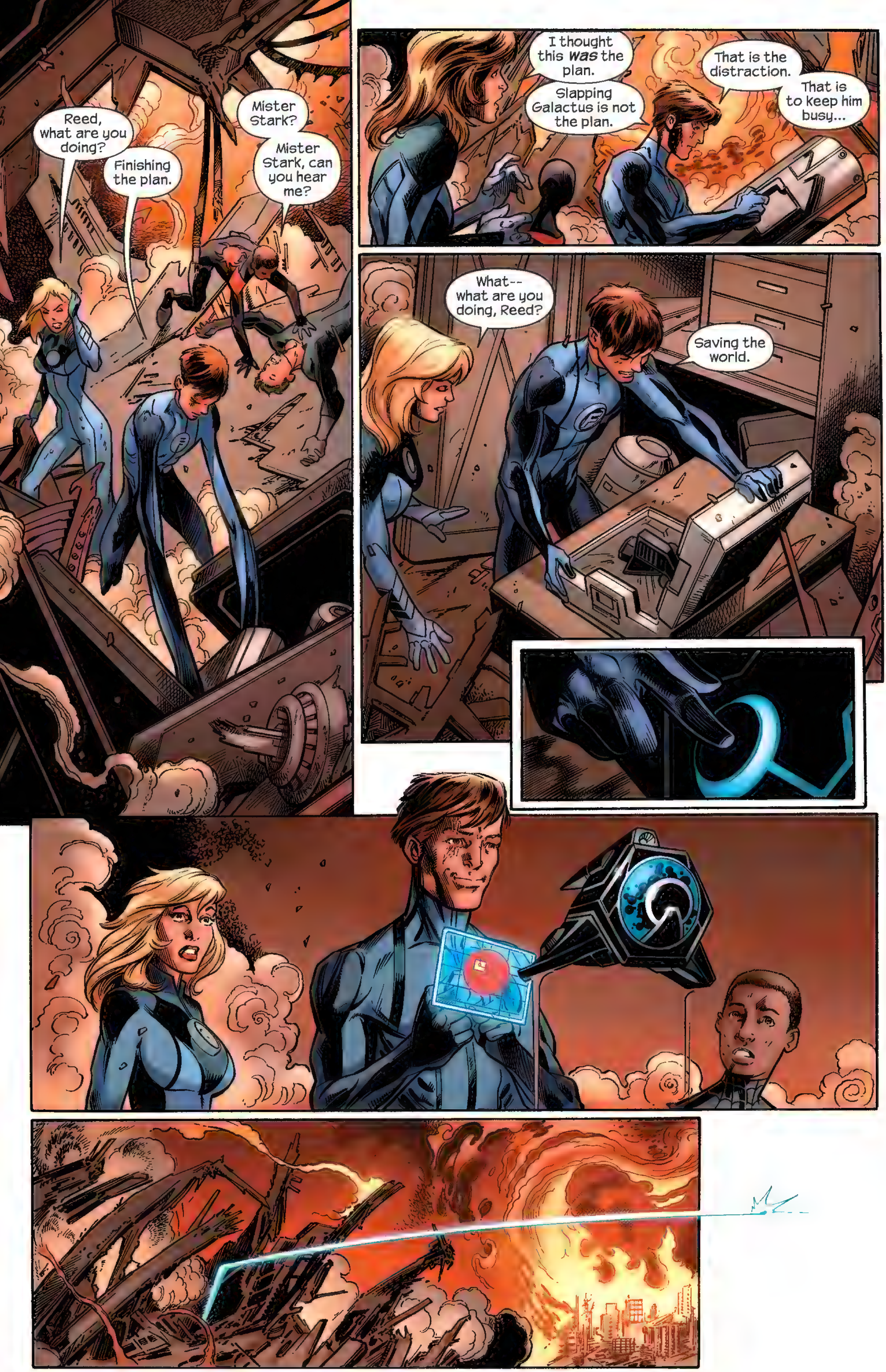

It's time.
You know what you have to do.
Is it ready, Dr. Richards? Am I ready?
Katherine.
Go.
NRRAAGH!
Oh god!
Whoa!
We don't have time to train you and you don't have time to second-guess yourself.
I should have phased through that, sorry.
You were born for this, you were already trained for this...
"Every moment of your life as a super hero and mutant has brought you to this moment, Kitty.
"You already know how to do what you need to do now."
HUNGER.
Can you hear me, Ms. Pryde?
Yes!!
Keep your earpiece in.
Listen to what I have to tell you now.
Do exactly as I say...

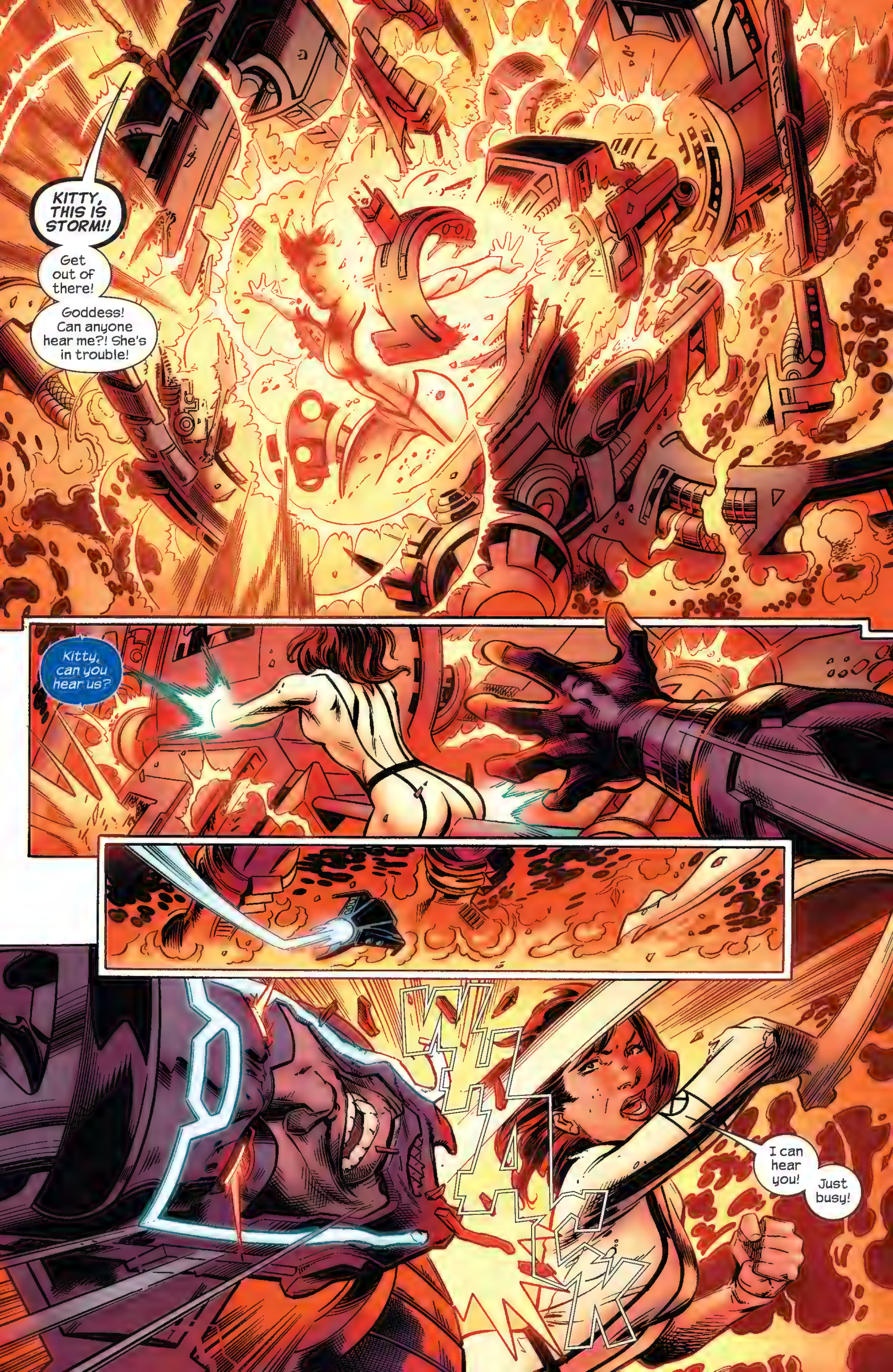

Don't think about the planet-eating machine that you need to destroy.
Don't think about the cosmic entity that is here to destroy us.
Think about the world.
Think about the world you're saving.

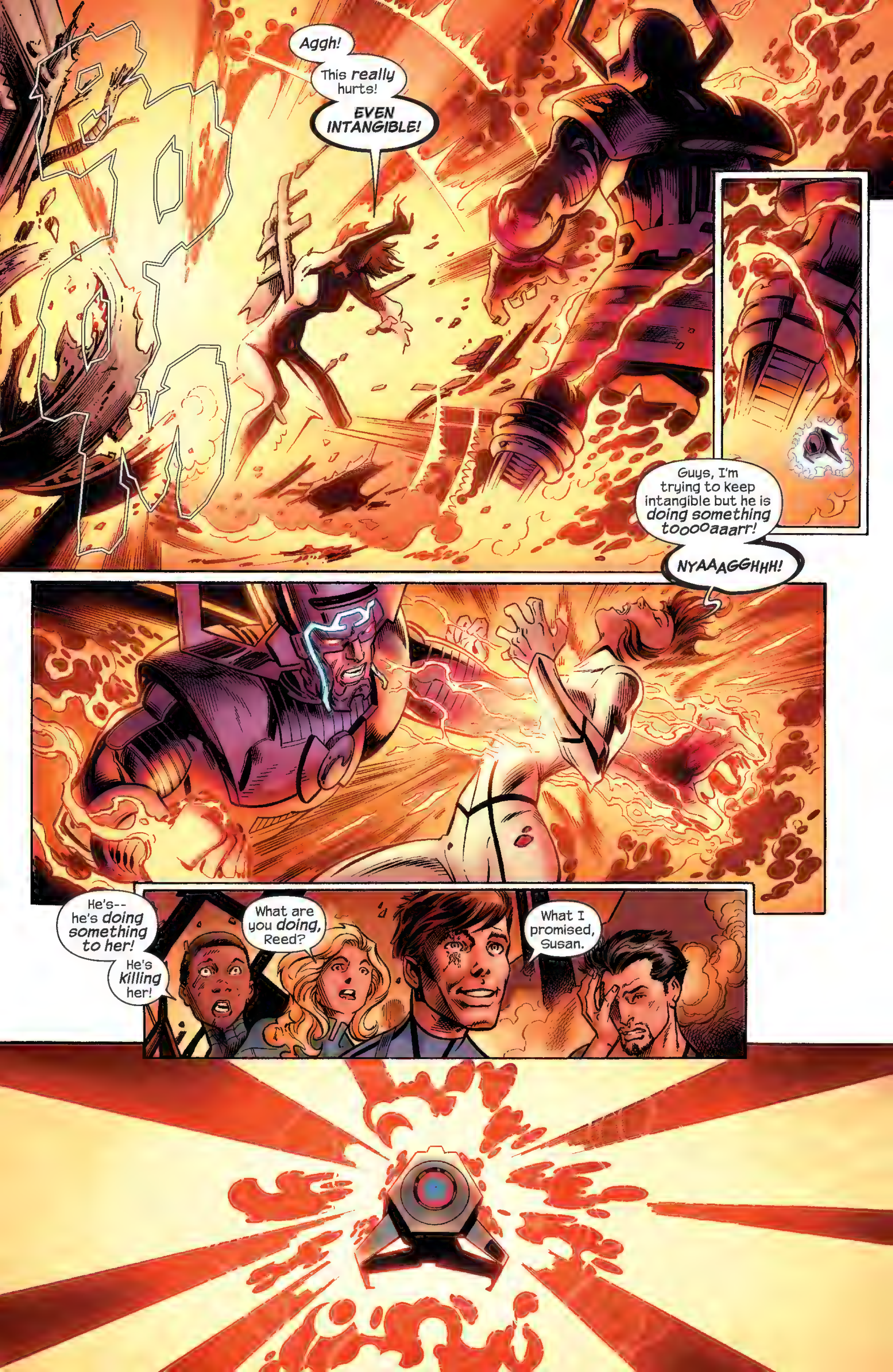

Think about the face of every person you've ever met.
Think about the face of every person **they** have ever met.
And think about all the people who have already died because of this monster.
Think about the children.
Think about the babies.
Think about the miracle of life that happens every day.
Think of where we are as a species and where we could go if only given a chance.
Think of our future.
Think of the first time you kissed someone.
Think about that thing or person that you love the most in this world.
Think about that amazing feeling of just loving someone and them loving you back.
Think about that look on your parent's face.
Think about all that love.
Save it, Kitty!!
Save all of that hope and love and future.
Save it.
It's all on you, Kitty.
All that hope.

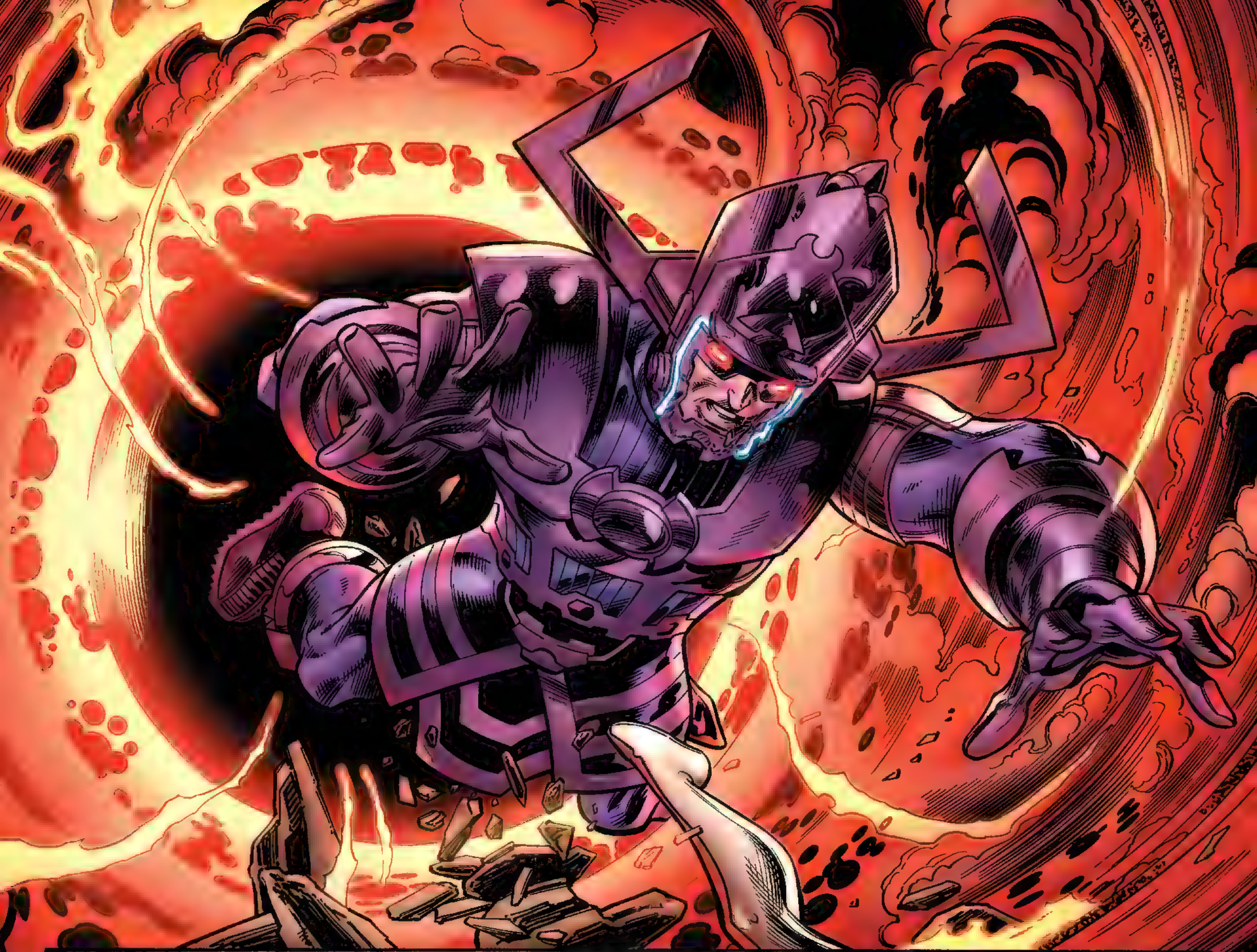

Save it.

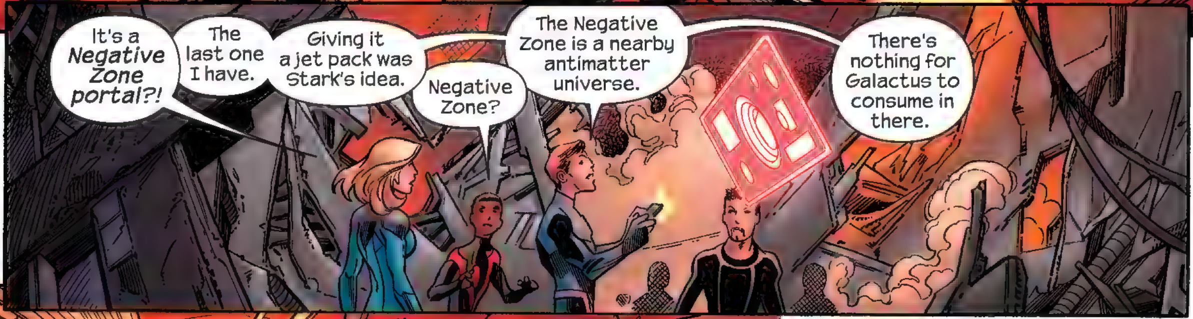


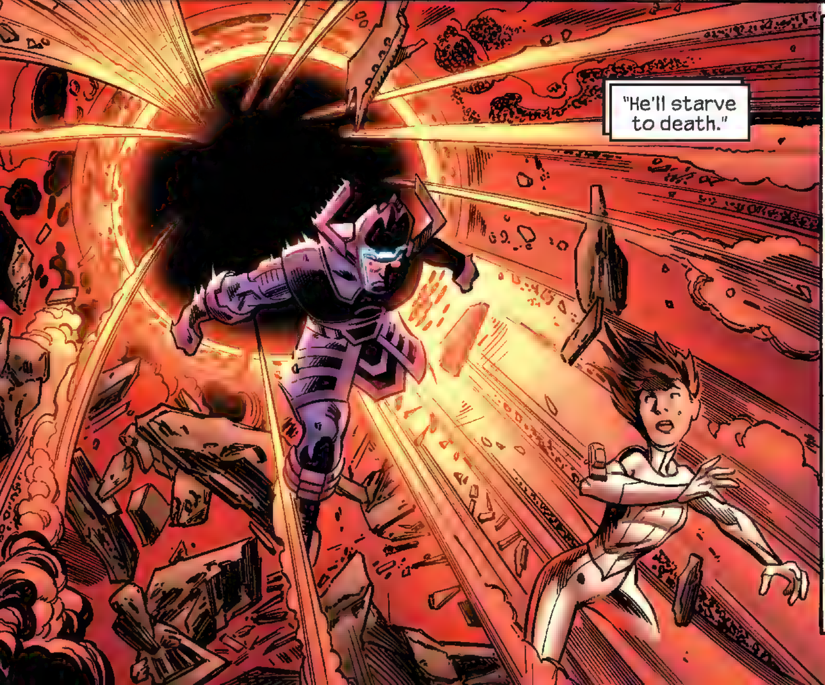

Reed, what are you doing?
Finishing the plan.
Mister Stark?
Mister Stark, can you hear me?
I thought this *was* the plan.
Slapping Galactus is not the plan.
That is the distraction.
That is to keep him busy...
What-- what are you doing, Reed?
Saving the world.

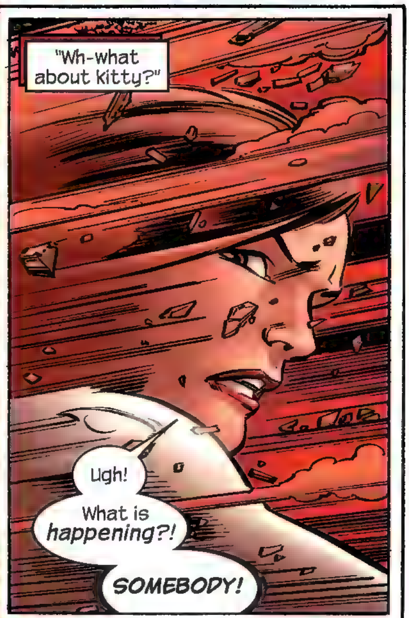

KITTY, THIS IS STORM!!
Get out of there!
Goddess! Can anyone hear me?! She's in trouble!
Kitty, can you hear us?
WHACK
I can hear you!
Just busy!

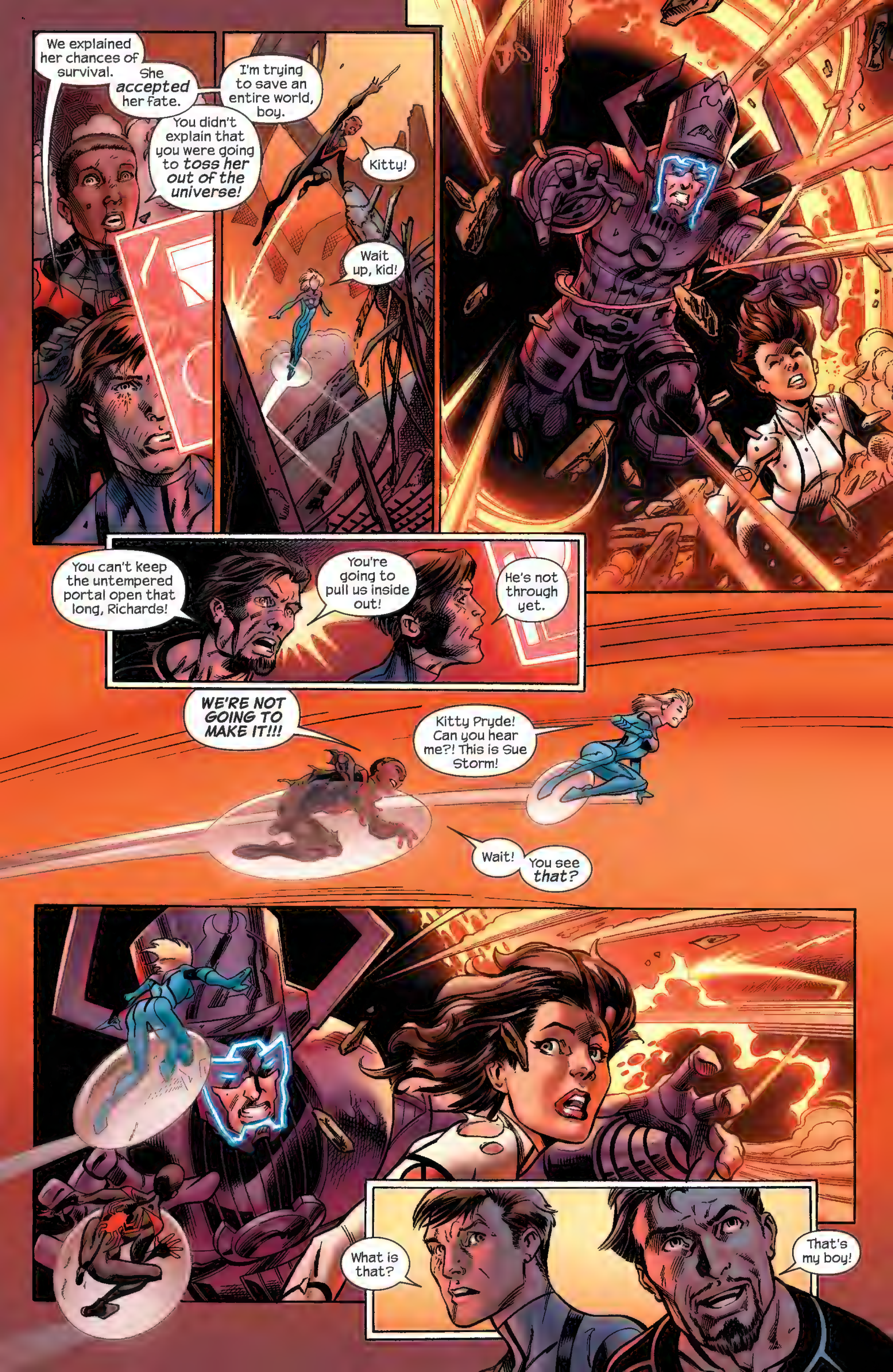

Aggh!
This *really* hurts!
**EVEN INTANGIBLE!**
Guys, I'm trying to keep intangible but he is *doing something* toooOaaarr!
**NYAAAGGHHH!**
He's-- he's *doing something to her!*
He's *killing* her!
What are you *doing,* Reed?
What I promised, Susan.

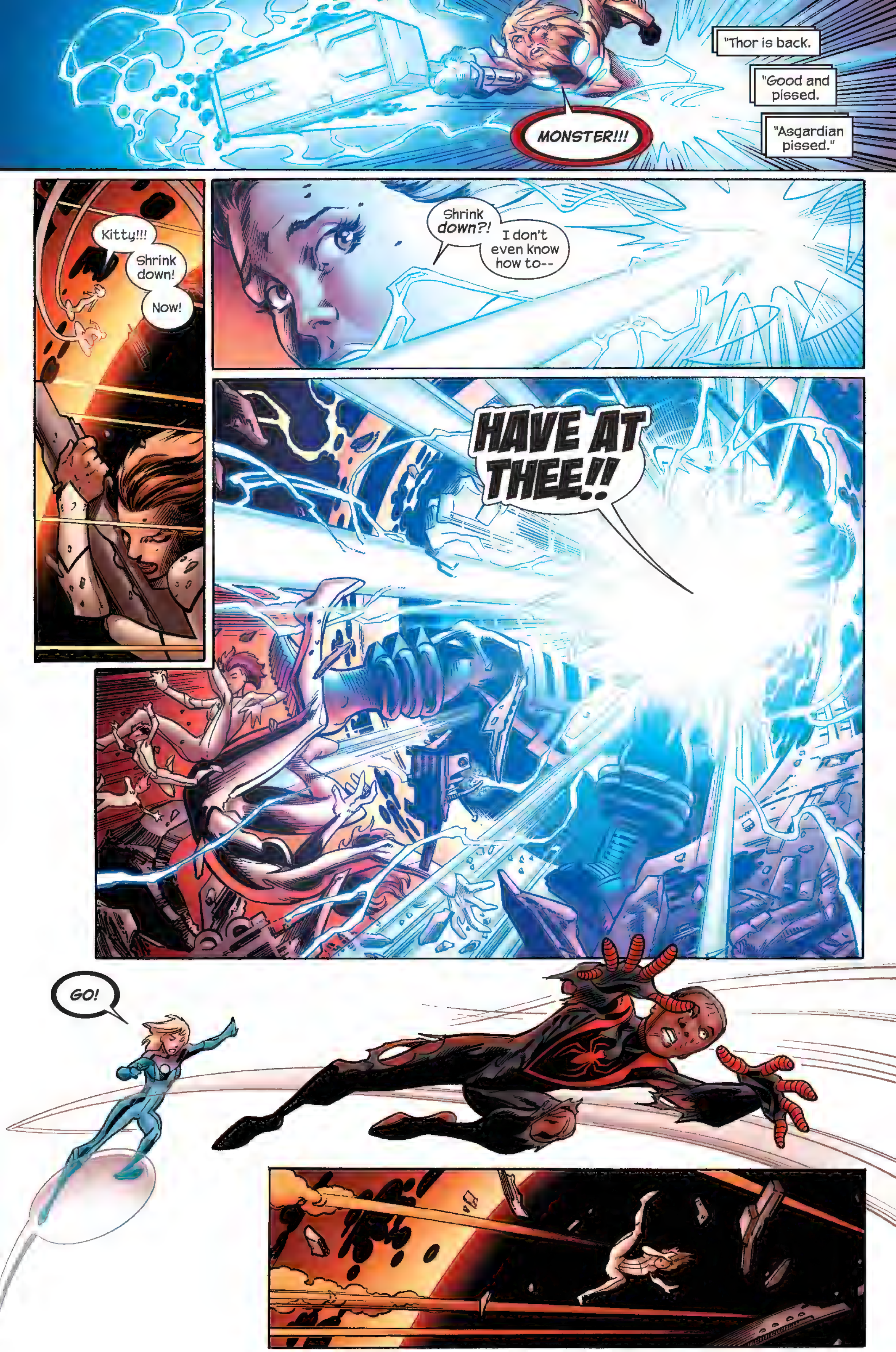


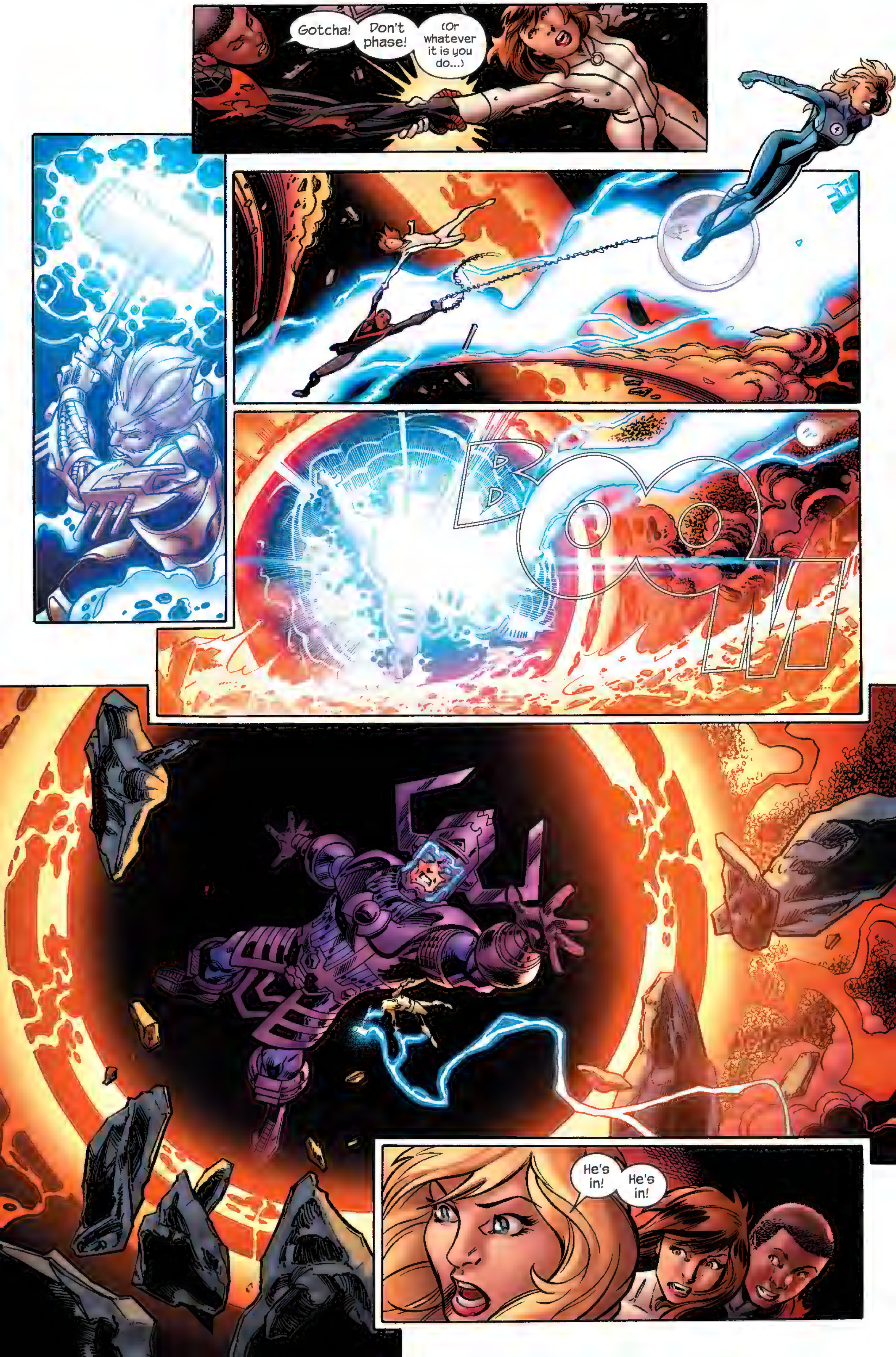

It's a *Negative Zone portal?!*
The last one I have.
Giving it a jet pack was Stark's idea.
Negative Zone?
The Negative Zone is a nearby antimatter universe.
There's nothing for Galactus to consume in there.

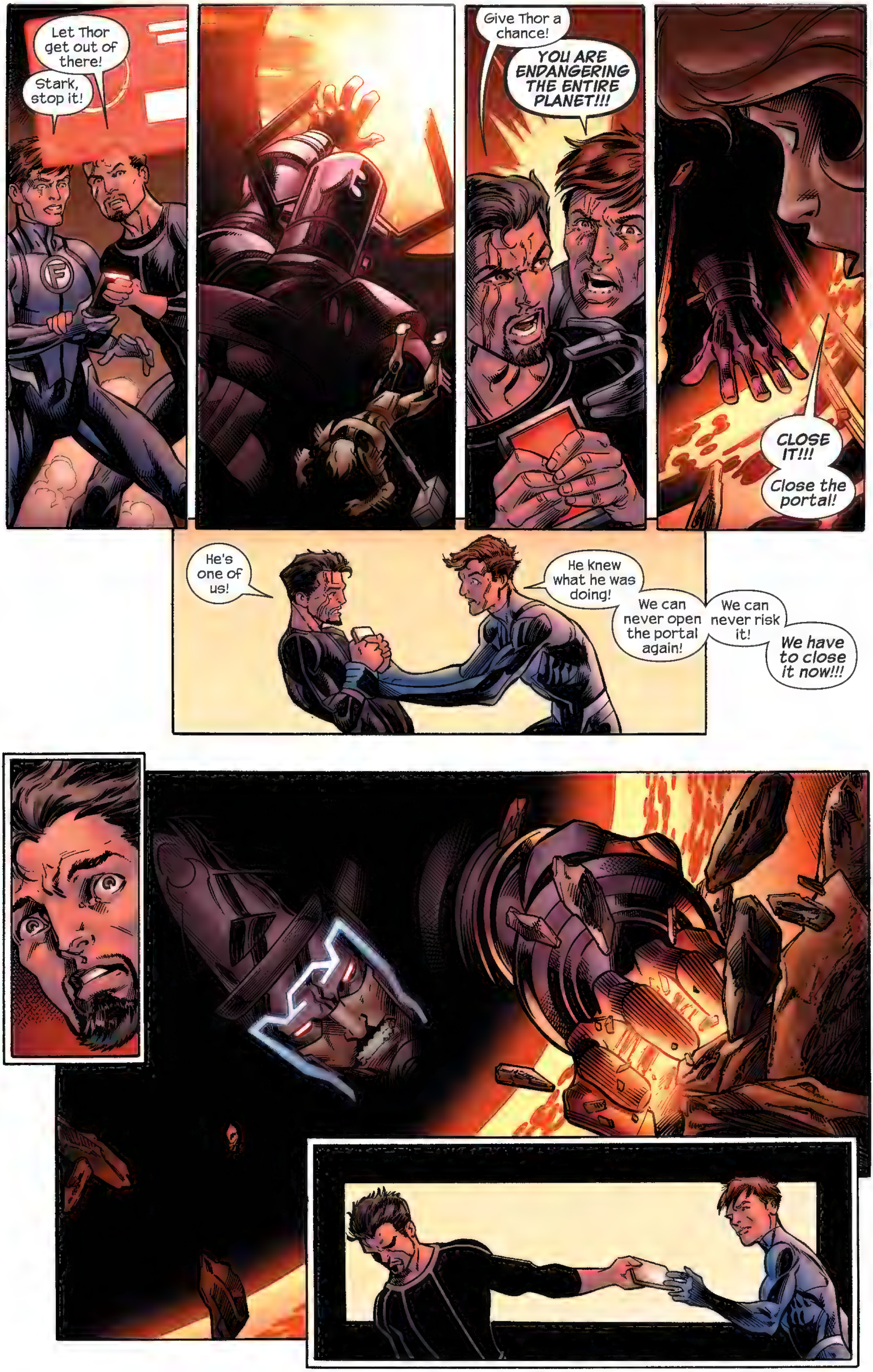

"He'll starve to death."

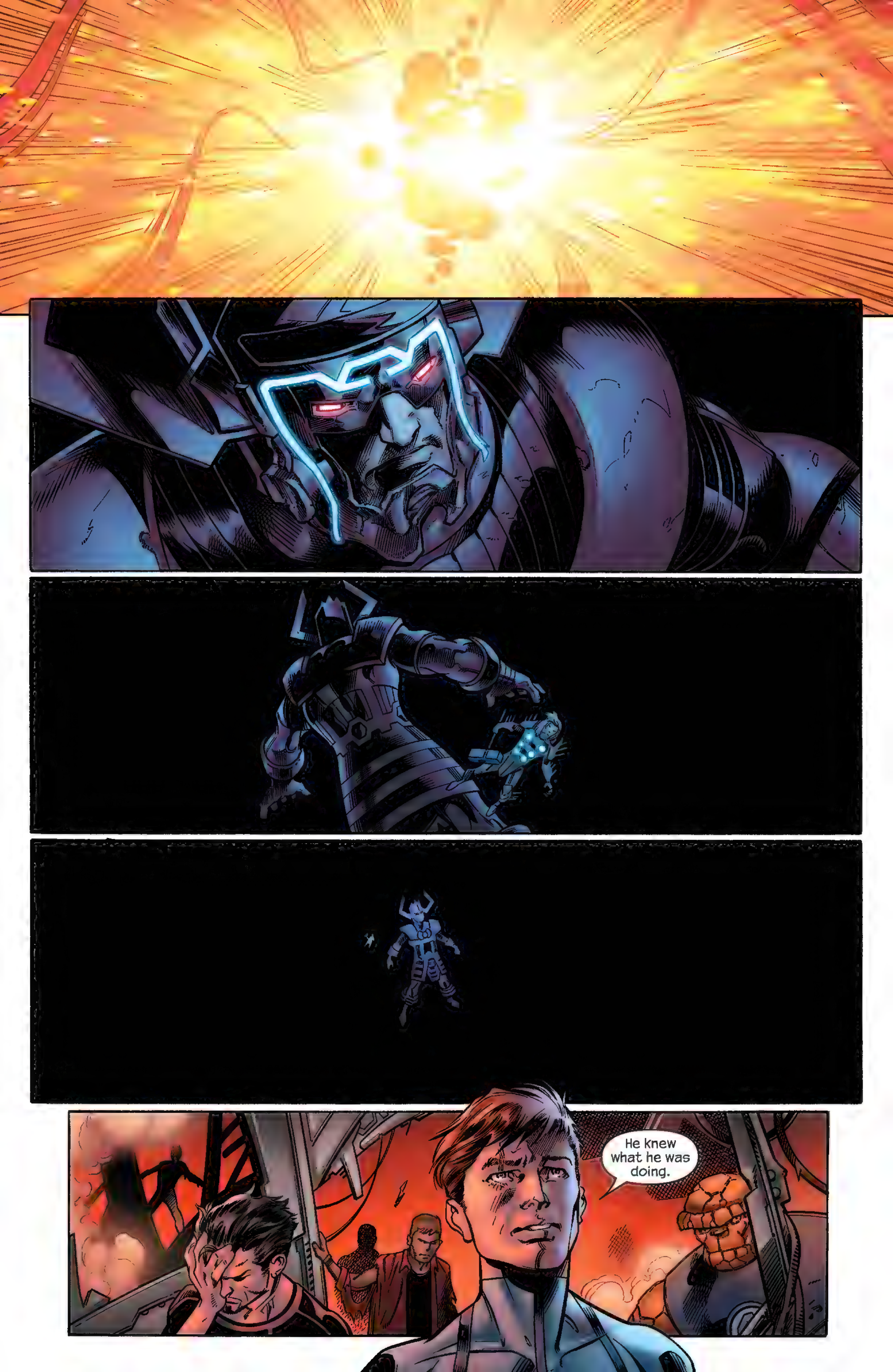

"Wh-what about Kitty?"
Ugh!
What is *happening?!*
**SOMEBODY!**

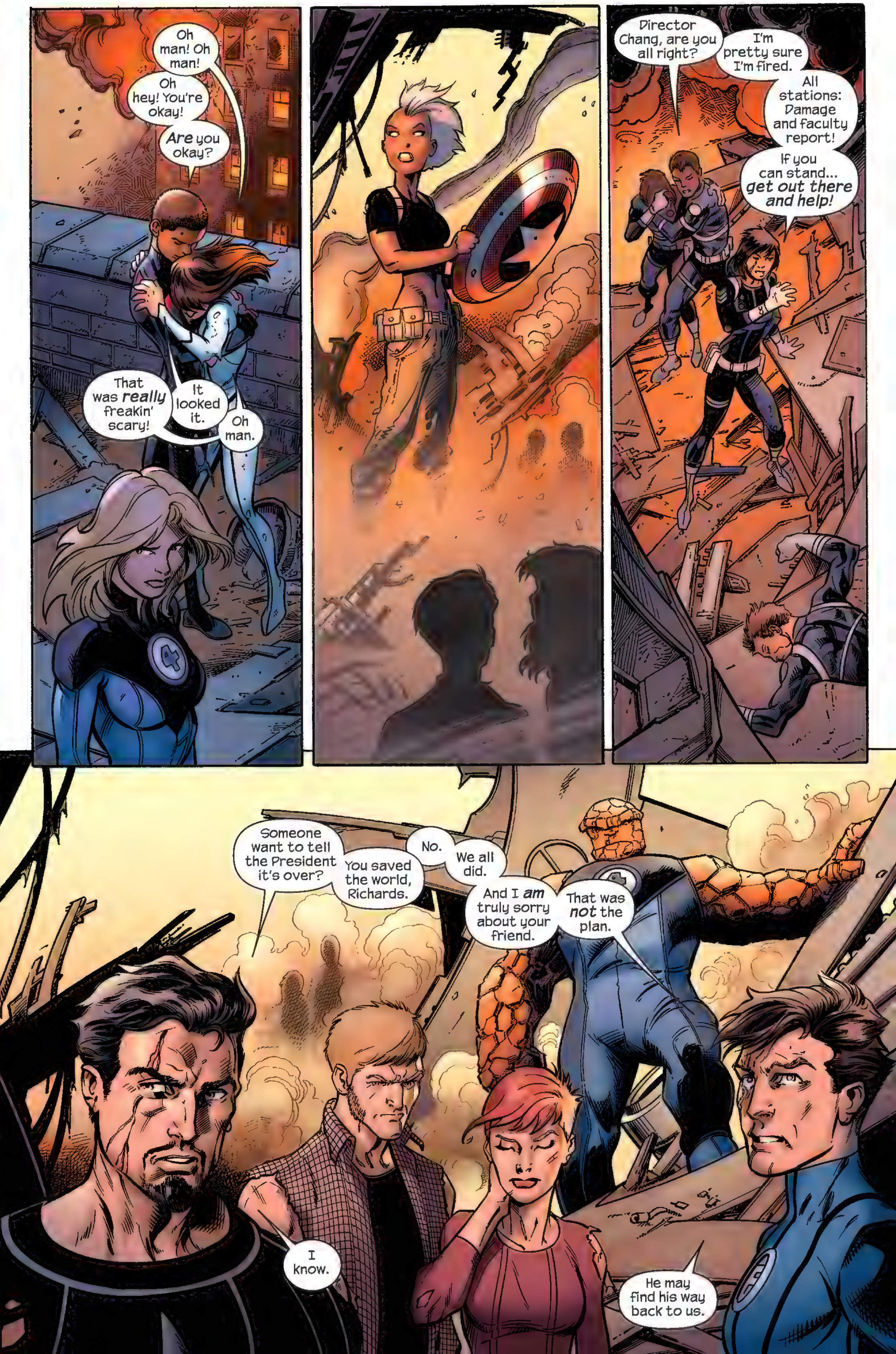

We explained her chances of survival.
She *accepted* her fate.
I'm trying to save an entire world, boy.
You didn't explain that you were going to *toss her out of the universe!*
Kitty!
Wait up, kid!
You can't keep the untempered portal open that long, Richards!
You're going to pull us inside out!
He's not through yet.
WE'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE IT!!!
Kitty Pryde! Can you hear me?! This is Sue Storm!
Wait!
You see *that?*
What is that?
That's my boy!

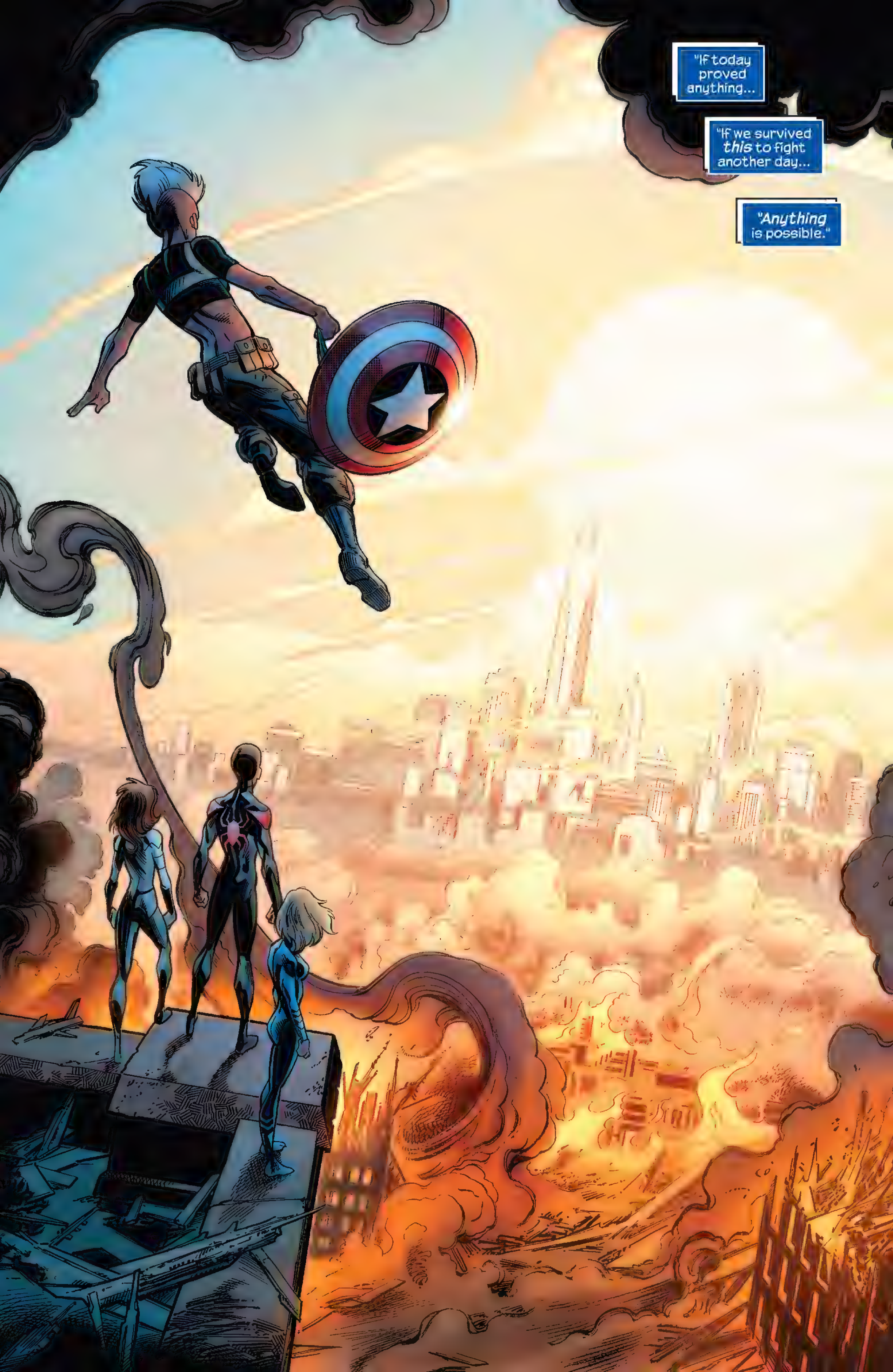

"Thor is back.
"Good and pissed.
"Asgardian pissed."
MONSTER!!!
Kitty!!!
Shrink down!
Now!
Shrink *down?!*
I don't even know how to--
HAVE AT THEE!!
GO!

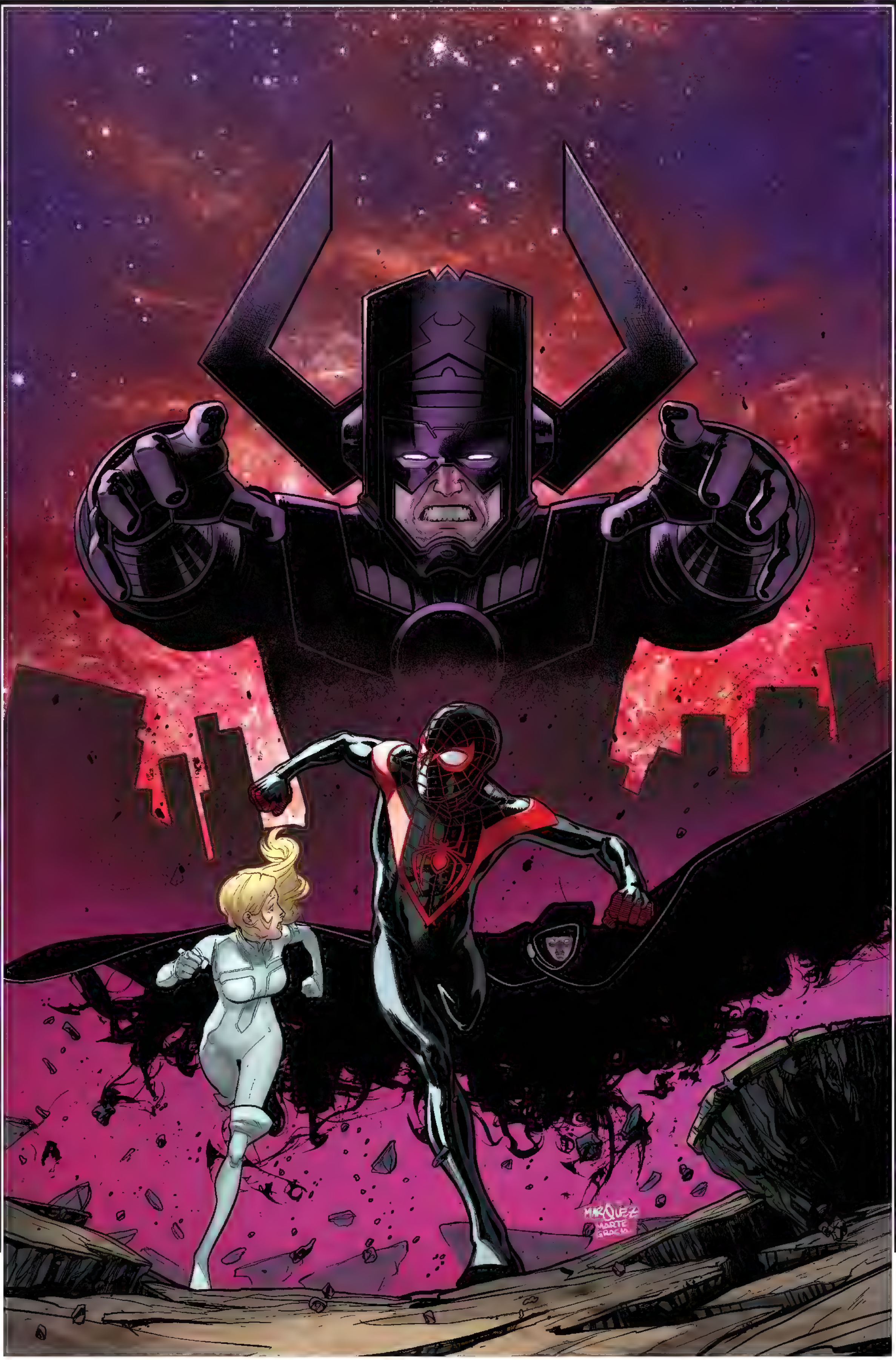

Gotcha!
Don't phase!
(Or whatever it is you do...)
BOOM
He's in!
He's in!


Let Thor get out of there!
Stark, stop it!
Give Thor a chance!
YOU ARE ENDANGERING THE ENTIRE PLANET!!!
CLOSE IT!!!
Close the portal!
He's one of us!
He knew what he was doing!
We can never open the portal again!
We can never risk it!
We have to close it now!!!


He knew what he was doing.


Oh man! Oh man!
Oh hey! You're okay!
*Are* you okay?
That was ***really*** freakin' scary!
It looked it.
Oh man.
Director Chang, are you all right?
I'm pretty sure I'm fired.
All stations: Damage and faculty report!
If you can stand... ***get out there and help!***
Someone want to tell the President it's over?
You saved the world, Richards.
No.
We all did.
And I *am* truly sorry about your friend.
That was *not* the plan.
I know.
He may find his way back to us.

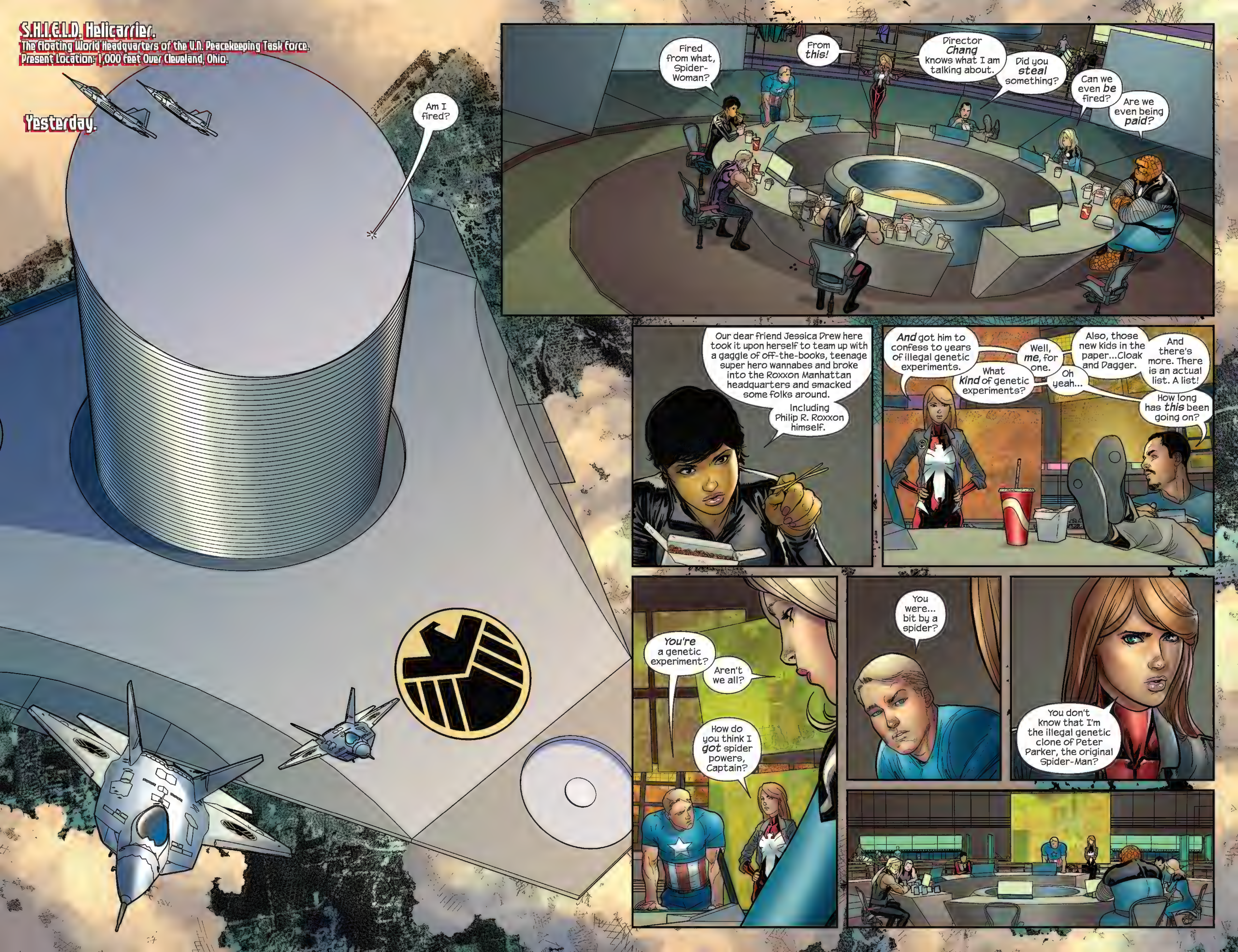

"If today proved anything...
"If we survived *this* to fight another day...
"*Anything* is possible."

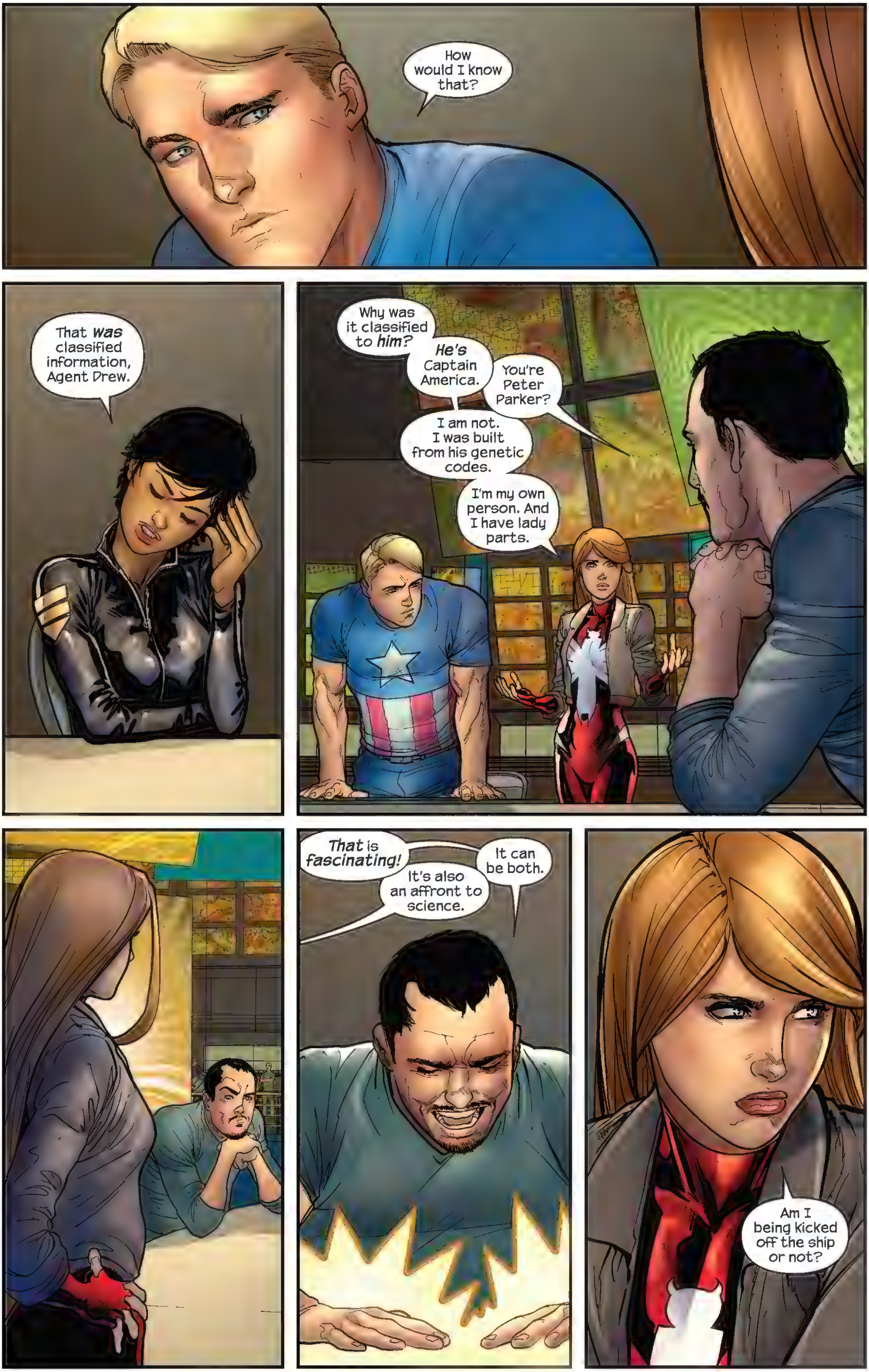

MARQUEZ
MARTE
GRACIA

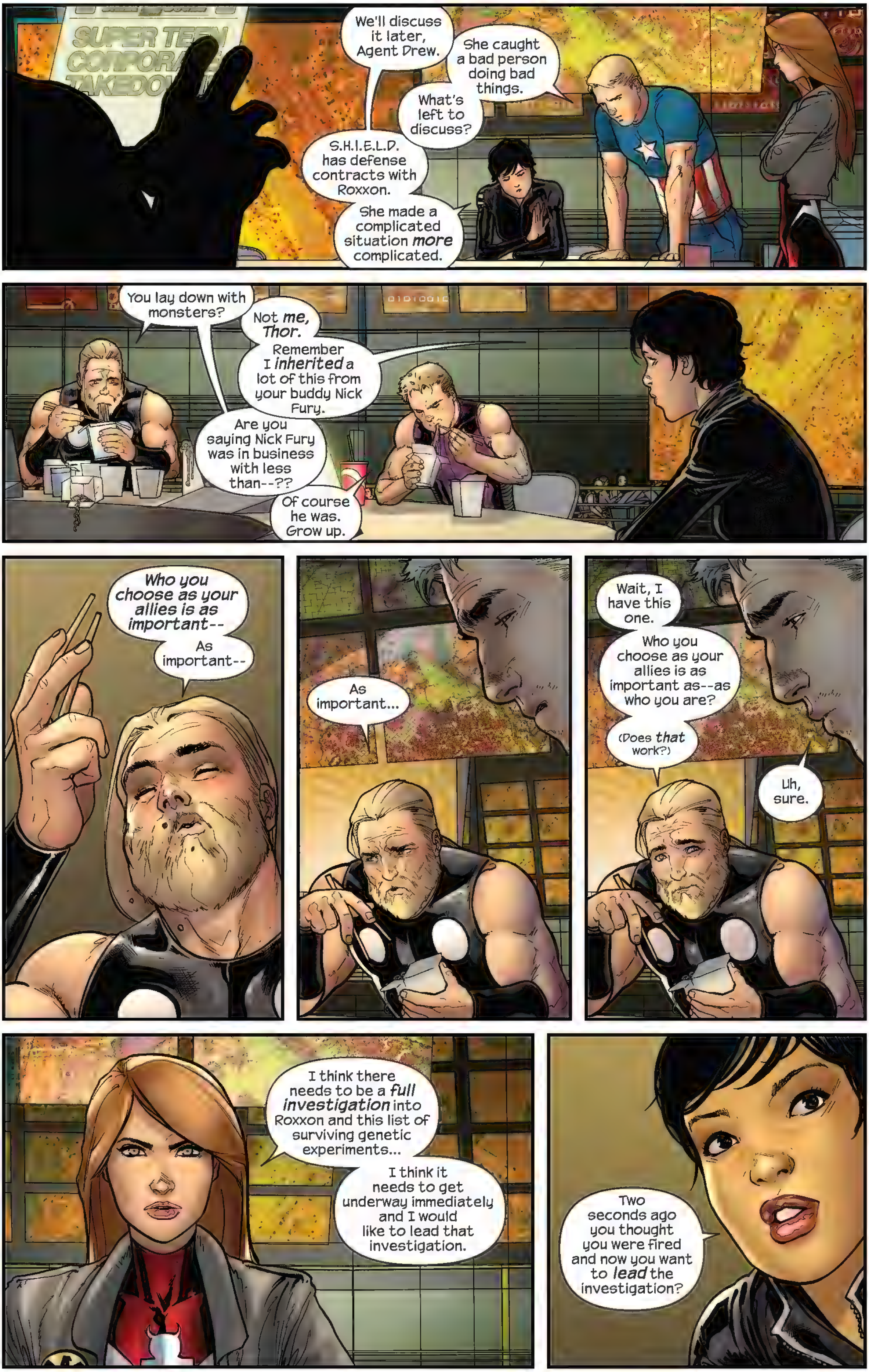
CATACLYSM: ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN #1

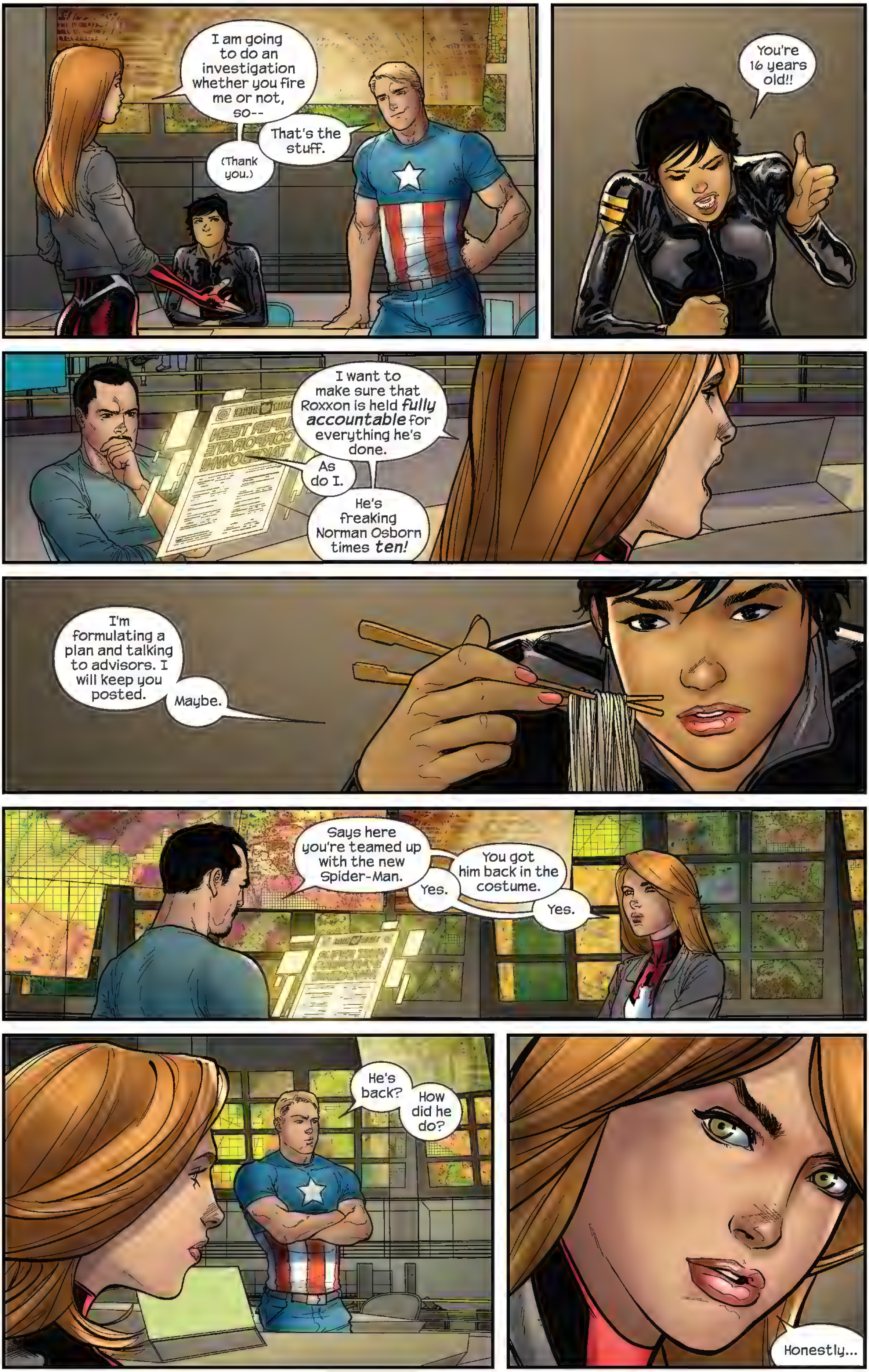
**Previously in Ultimate Spider-Man...**

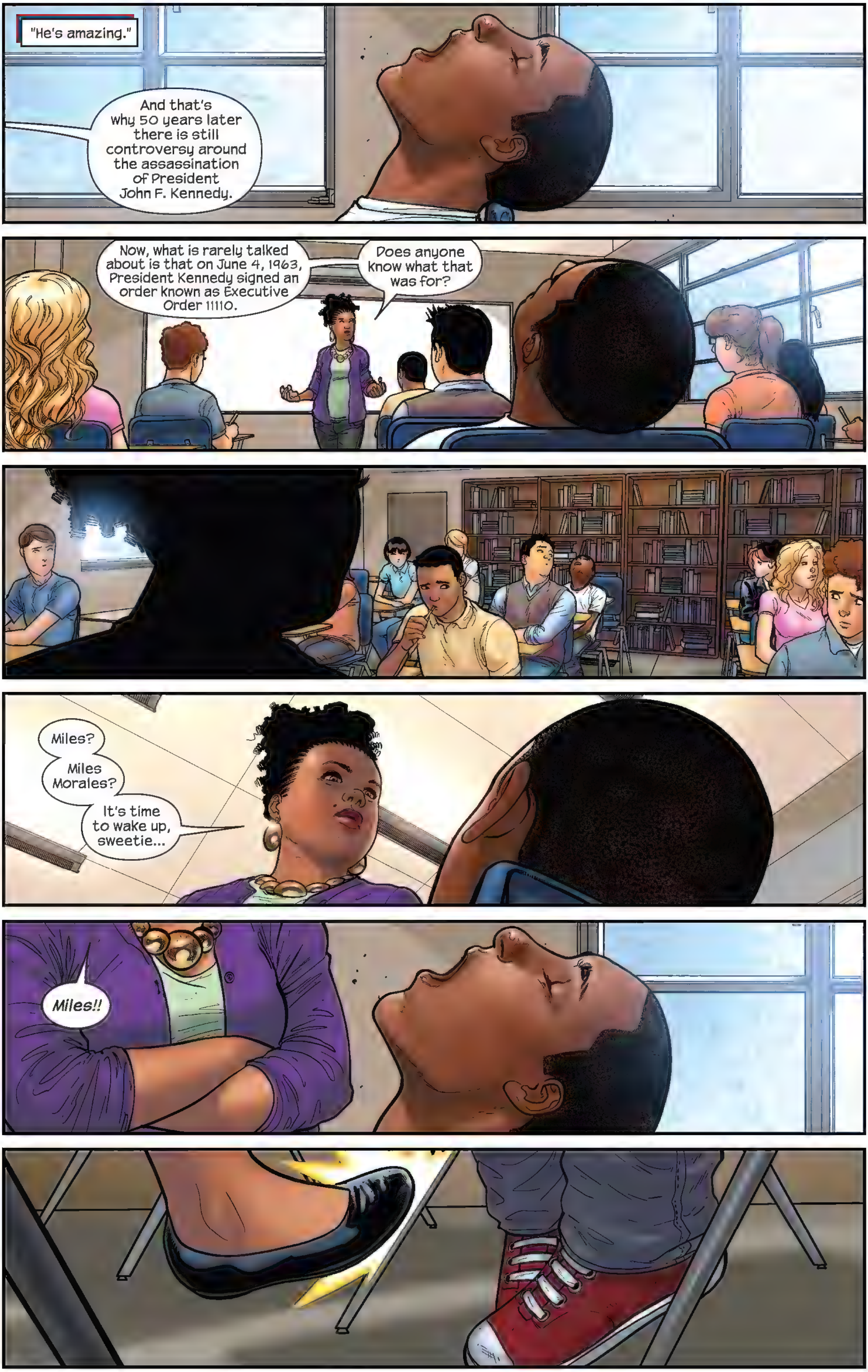
**After taking a year off to mourn the death of his mother, Spider-Man found himself teamed up with the Ultimates' Spider-Woman and new heroes Cloak, Dagger and Bombshell to shut down the evil Roxxon Corporation.**

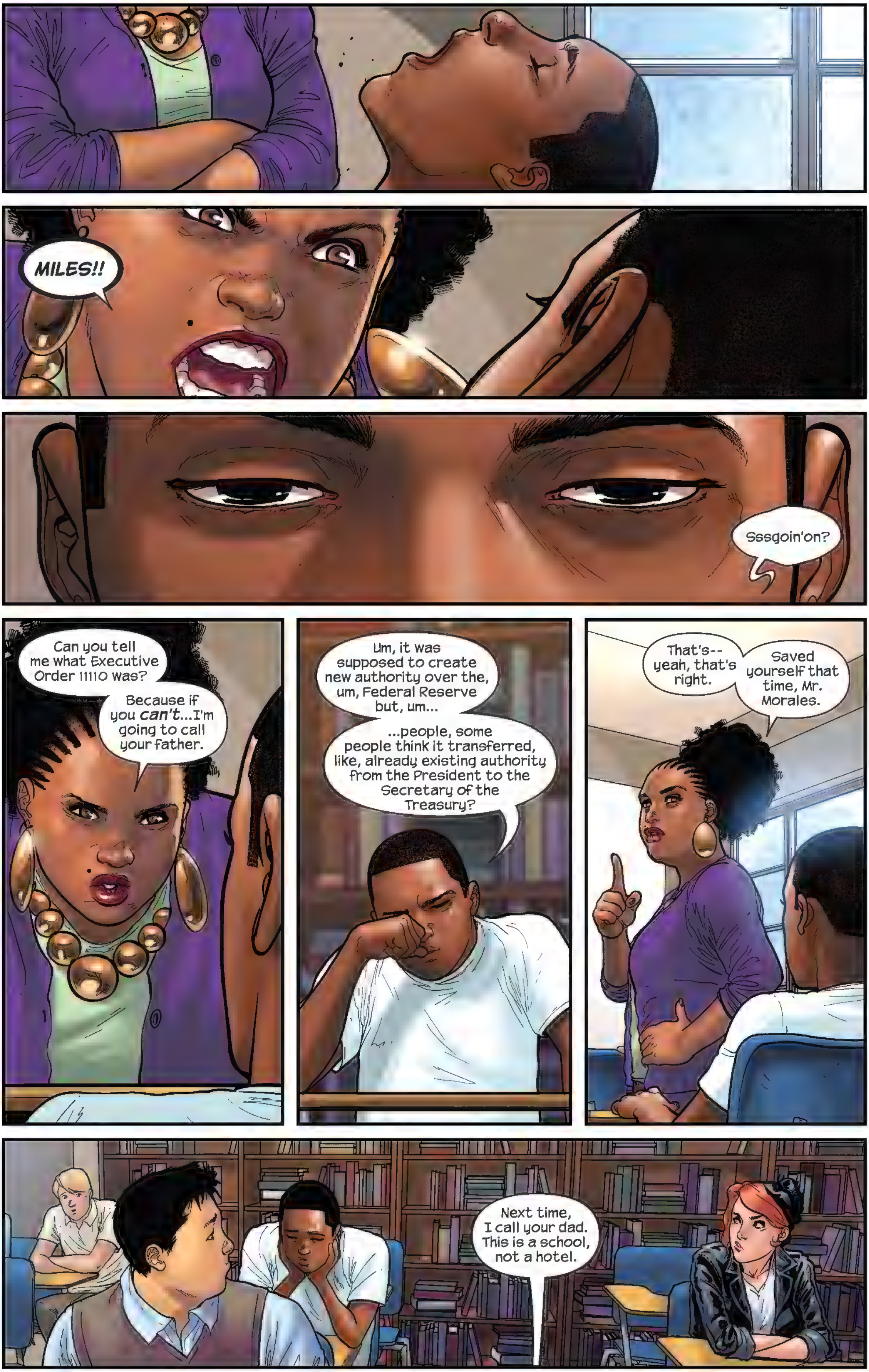

S.H.I.E.L.D. Helicarrier.
The Floating World Headquarters of the U.N. Peacekeeping Task Force.
Present Location: 1,000 feet Over Cleveland, Ohio.
Yesterday.
Am I fired?
Fired from what, Spider-Woman?
From *this!*
Director *Chang* knows what I am talking about.
Did you *steal* something?
Can we even *be* fired?
Are we even being *paid?*
Our dear friend Jessica Drew here took it upon herself to team up with a gaggle of off-the-books, teenage super hero wannabes and broke into the Roxxon Manhattan headquarters and smacked some folks around.
Including Philip R. Roxxon himself.
*And* got him to confess to years of illegal genetic experiments.
What *kind* of genetic experiments?
Well, *me,* for one.
Oh yeah...
Also, those new kids in the paper...Cloak and Dagger.
And there's more. There is an actual list. A list!
How long has *this* been going on?
*You're* a genetic experiment?
Aren't we all?
How do you think I *got* spider powers, Captain?
You were... bit by a spider?
You don't know that I'm the illegal genetic clone of Peter Parker, the original Spider-Man?

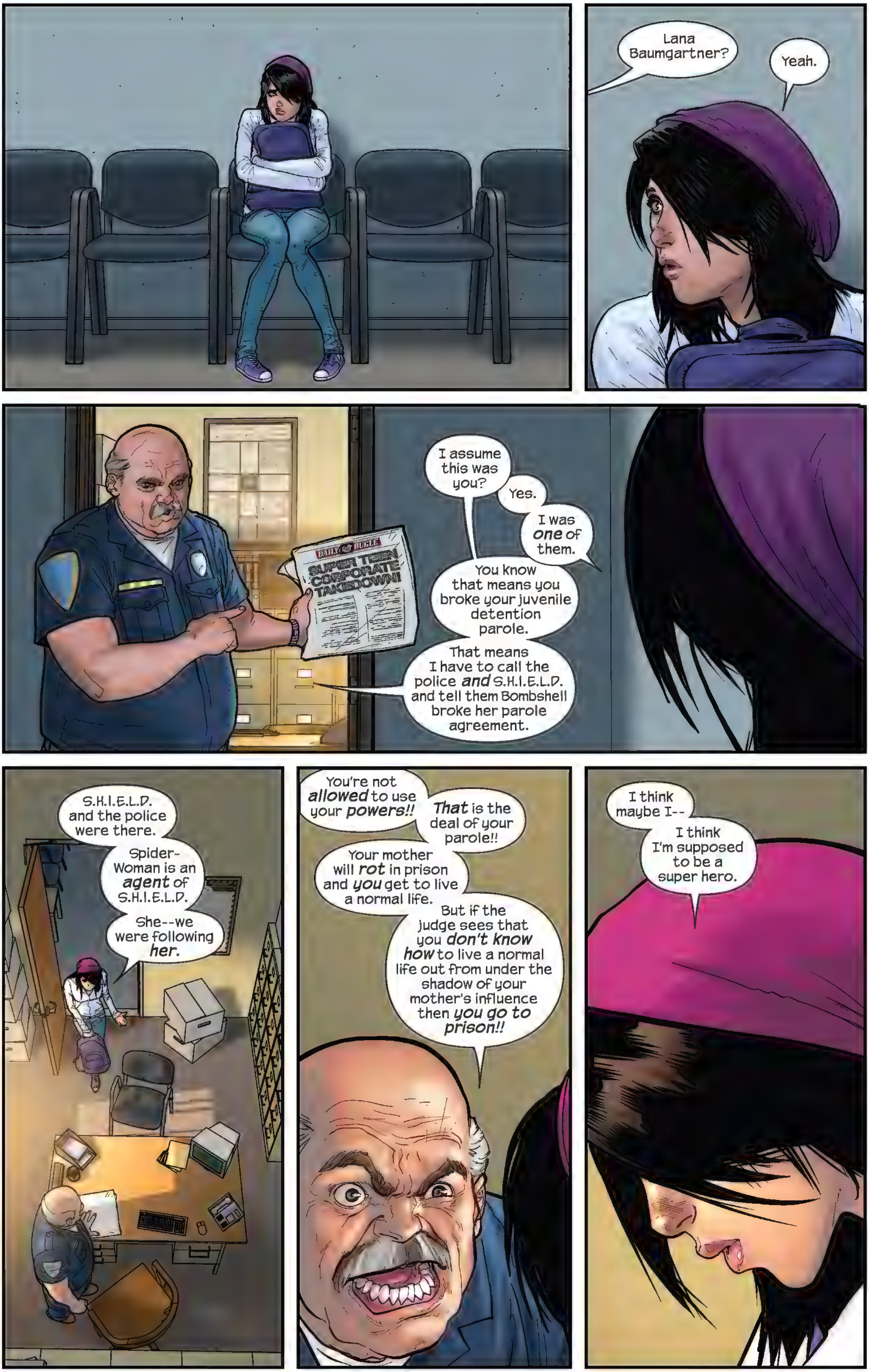

How would I know that?
That *was* classified information, Agent Drew.
Why was it classified to *him?*
*He's* Captain America.
You're Peter Parker?
I am not. I was built from his genetic codes.
I'm my own person. And I have lady parts.
*That* is *fascinating!*
It's also an affront to science.
It can be both.
Am I being kicked off the ship or not?

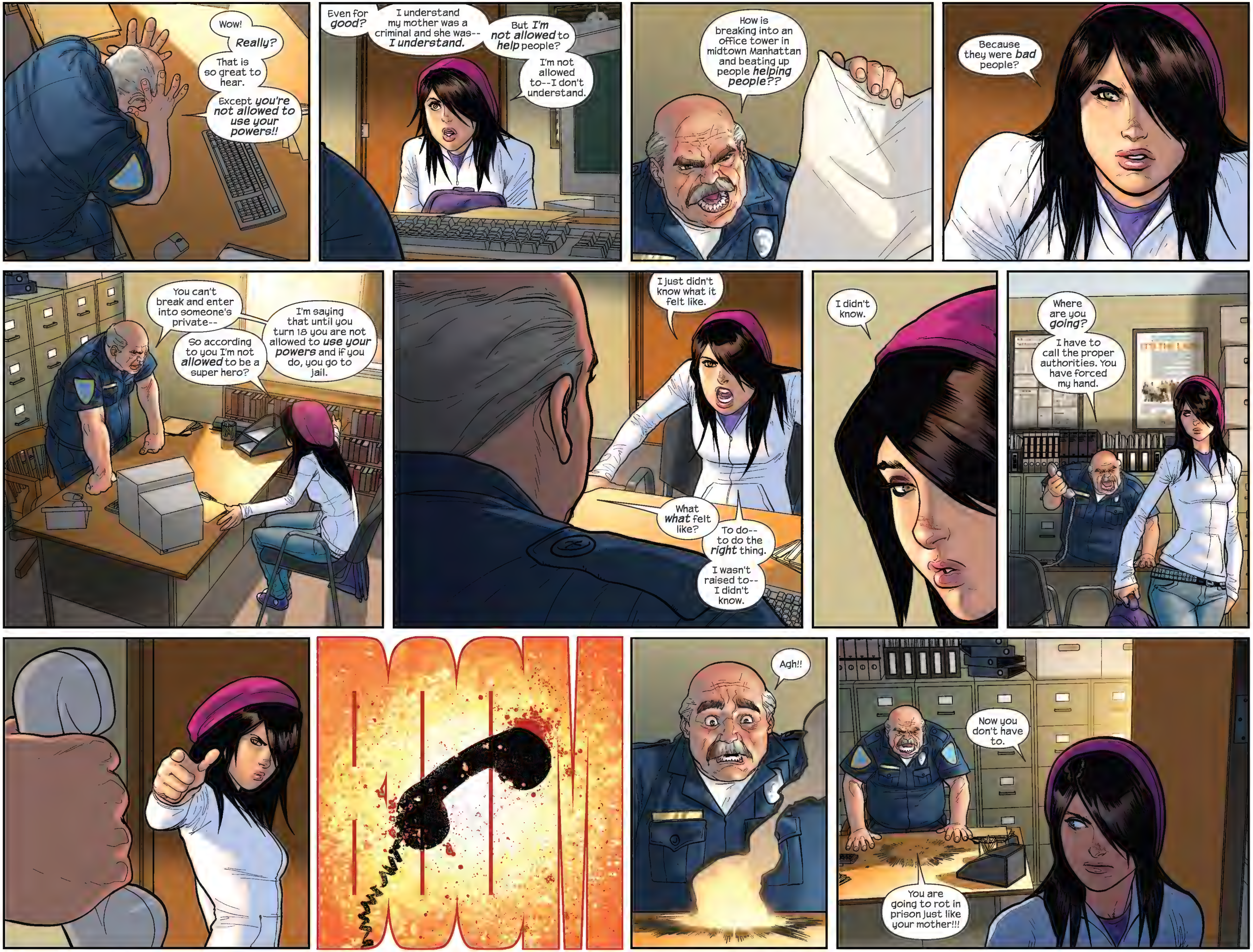

We'll discuss it later, Agent Drew.
She caught a bad person doing bad things.
What's left to discuss?
S.H.I.E.L.D. has defense contracts with Roxxon.
She made a complicated situation *more* complicated.
You lay down with monsters?
Not *me,* Thor.
Remember I *inherited* a lot of this from your buddy Nick Fury.
Are you saying Nick Fury was in business with less than--??
Of course he was. Grow up.
*Who you choose as your allies is as important--*
As important--
As important...
Wait, I have this one.
Who you choose as your allies is as important as--as who you are?
(Does *that* work?)
Uh, sure.
I think there needs to be a *full investigation* into Roxxon and this list of surviving genetic experiments...
I think it needs to get underway immediately and I would like to lead that investigation.
Two seconds ago you thought you were fired and now you want to *lead* the investigation?

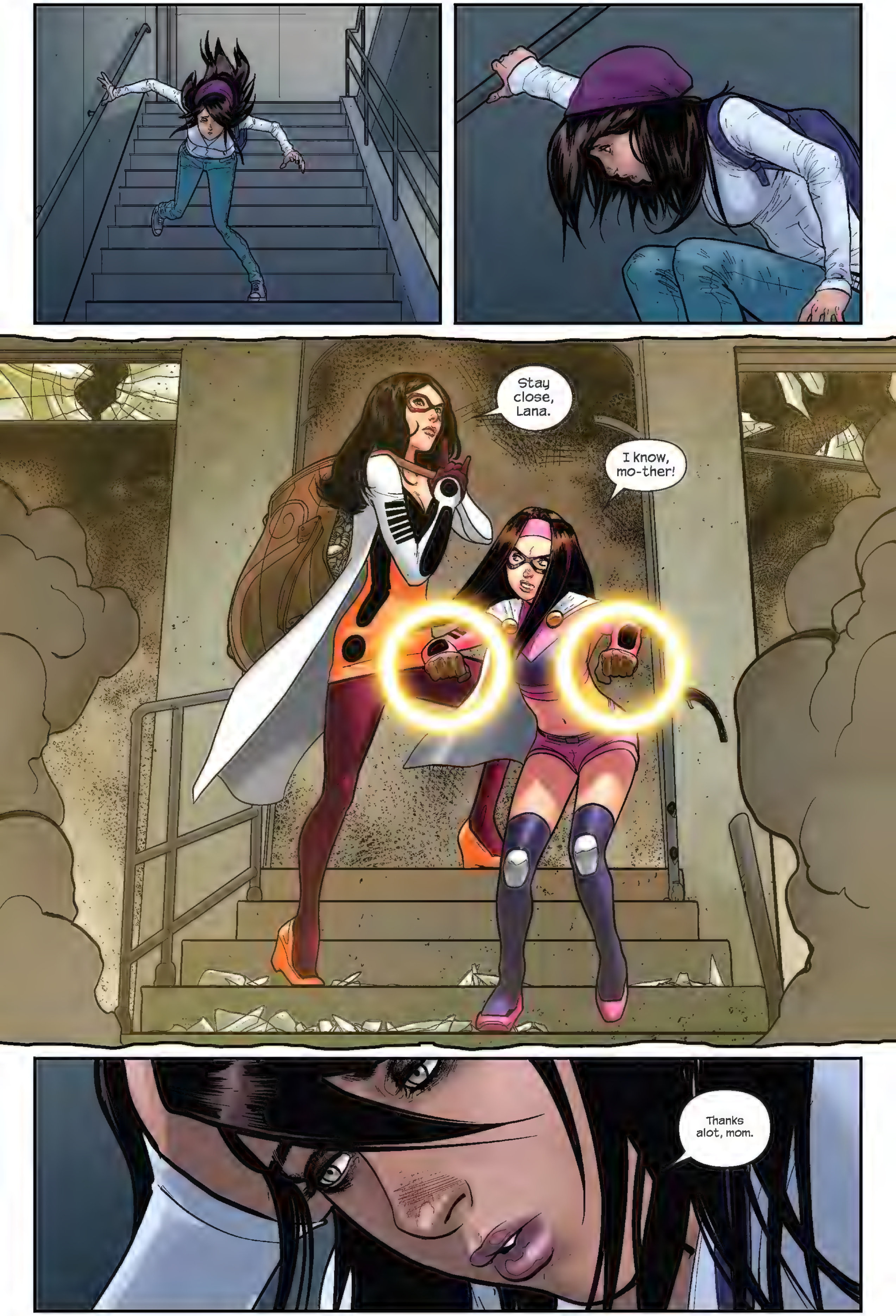

I am going to do an investigation whether you fire me or not, so--
(Thank you.)
That's the stuff.
You're 16 years old!!
I want to make sure that Roxxon is held *fully accountable* for everything he's done.
As do I.
He's freaking Norman Osborn times *ten!*
I'm formulating a plan and talking to advisors. I will keep you posted.
Maybe.
Says here you're teamed up with the new Spider-Man.
Yes.
You got him back in the costume.
Yes.
He's back?
How did he do?
Honestly...

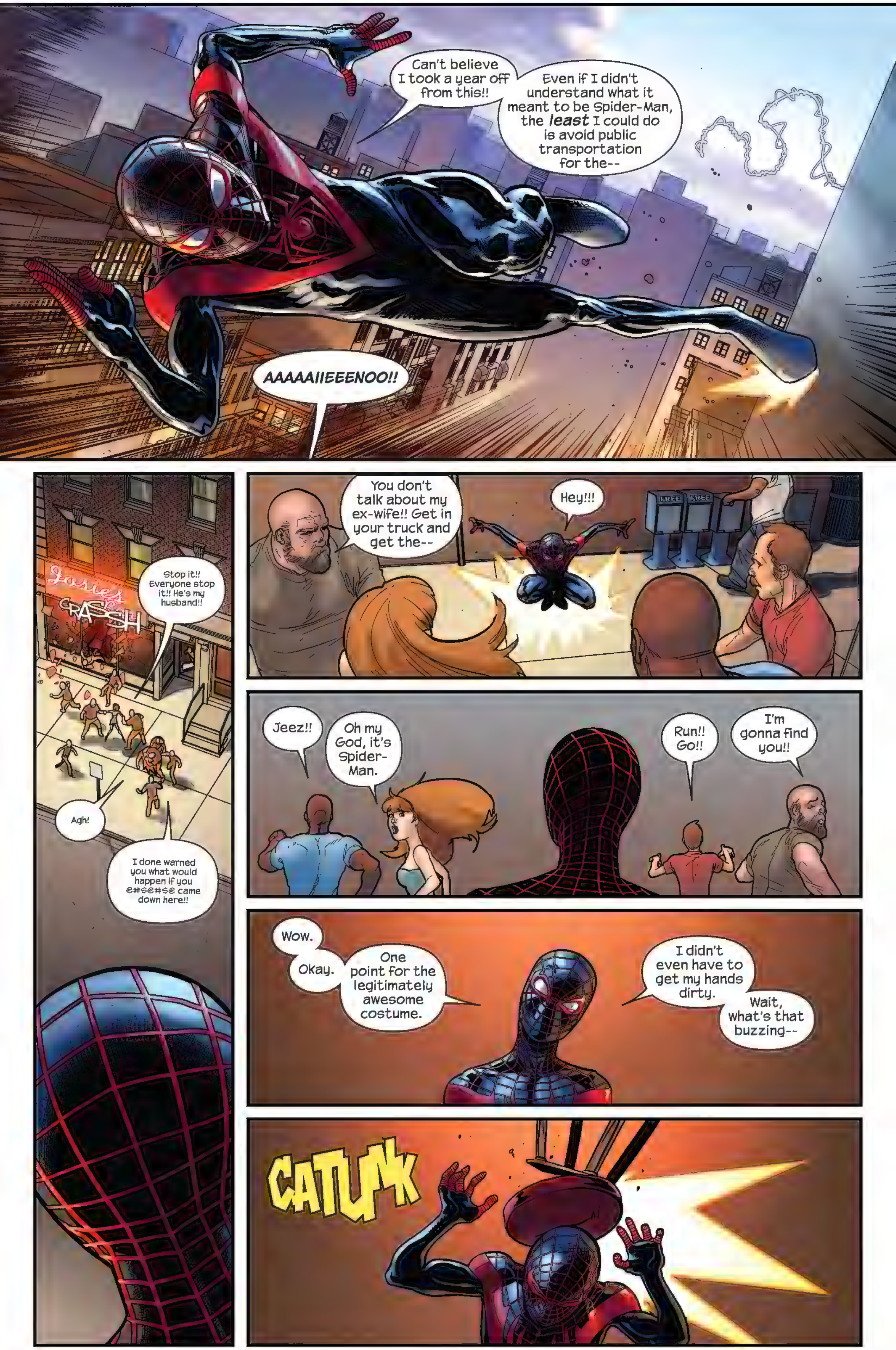

"He's amazing."
And that's why 50 years later there is still controversy around the assassination of President John F. Kennedy.
Now, what is rarely talked about is that on June 4, 1963, President Kennedy signed an order known as Executive Order 11110.
Does anyone know what that was for?
Miles?
Miles Morales?
It's time to wake up, sweetie...
Miles!!

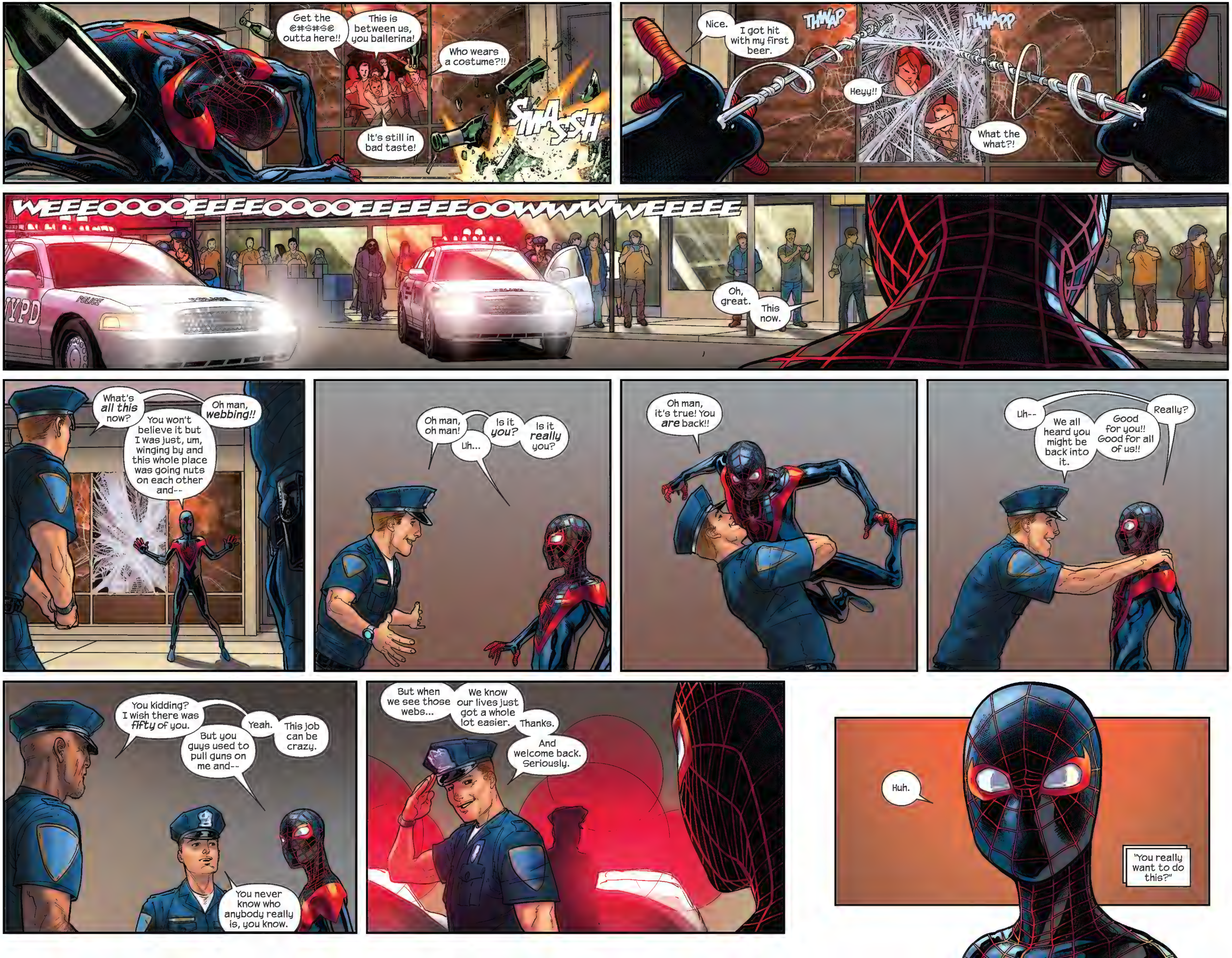

MILES!!
Sssgoin'on?
Can you tell me what Executive Order 11110 was?
Because if you *can't*...I'm going to call your father.
Um, it was supposed to create new authority over the, um, Federal Reserve but, um...
...people, some people think it transferred, like, already existing authority from the President to the Secretary of the Treasury?
That's-- yeah, that's right.
Saved yourself that time, Mr. Morales.
Next time, I call your dad. This is a school, not a hotel.

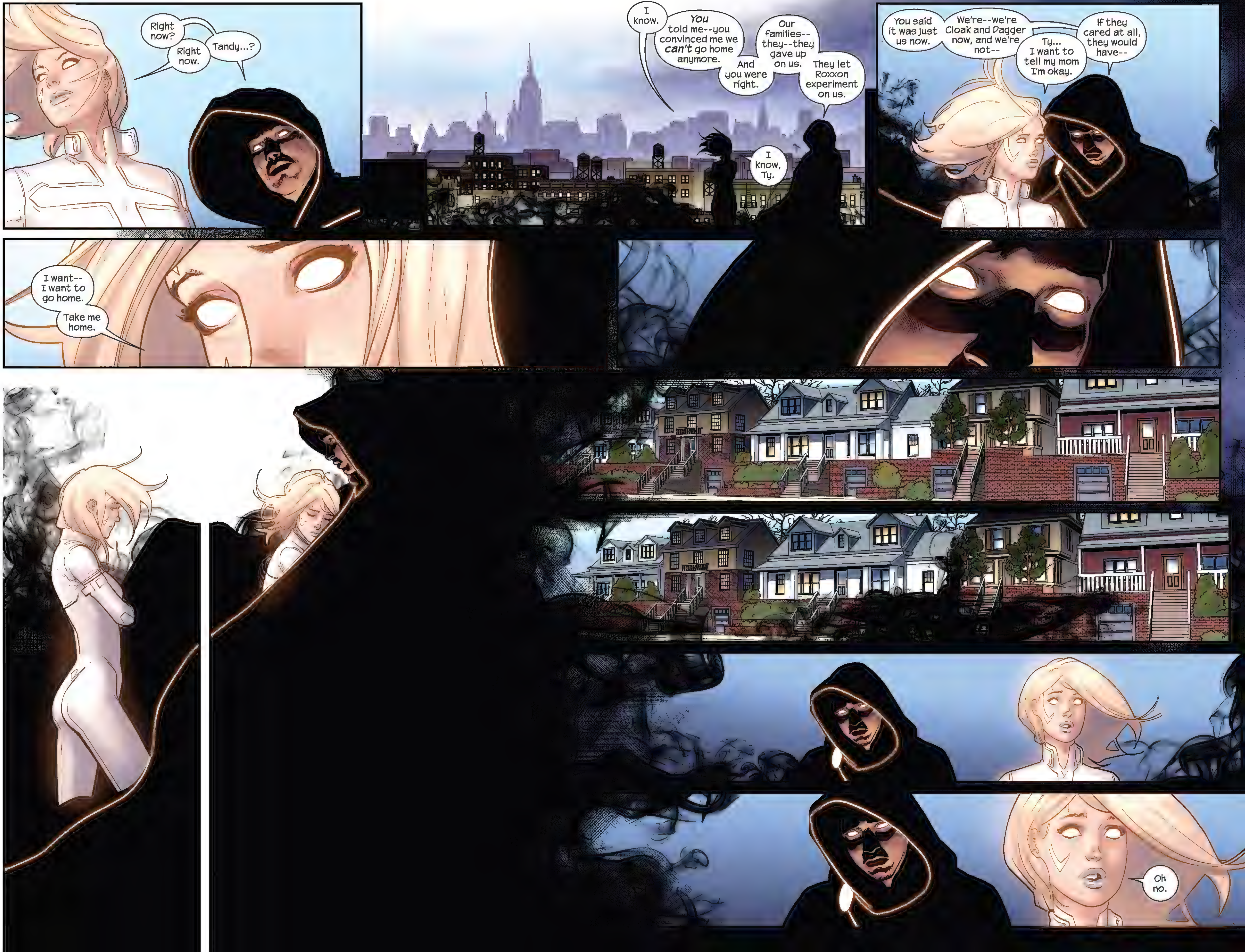

Lana Baumgartner?
Yeah.
I assume this was you?
Yes.
I was *one* of them.
DAILY BUGLE
SUPER TEEN CORPORATE TAKEDOWN!
You know that means you broke your juvenile detention parole.
That means I have to call the police *and* S.H.I.E.L.D. and tell them Bombshell broke her parole agreement.
S.H.I.E.L.D. and the police were there.
Spider-Woman is an *agent* of S.H.I.E.L.D.
She--we were following *her*.
You're not *allowed* to use your *powers!!*
*That* is the deal of your parole!!
Your mother will *rot* in prison and *you* get to live a normal life.
But if the judge sees that you *don't know how* to live a normal life out from under the shadow of your mother's influence then *you go to prison!!*
I think maybe I--
I think I'm supposed to be a super hero.

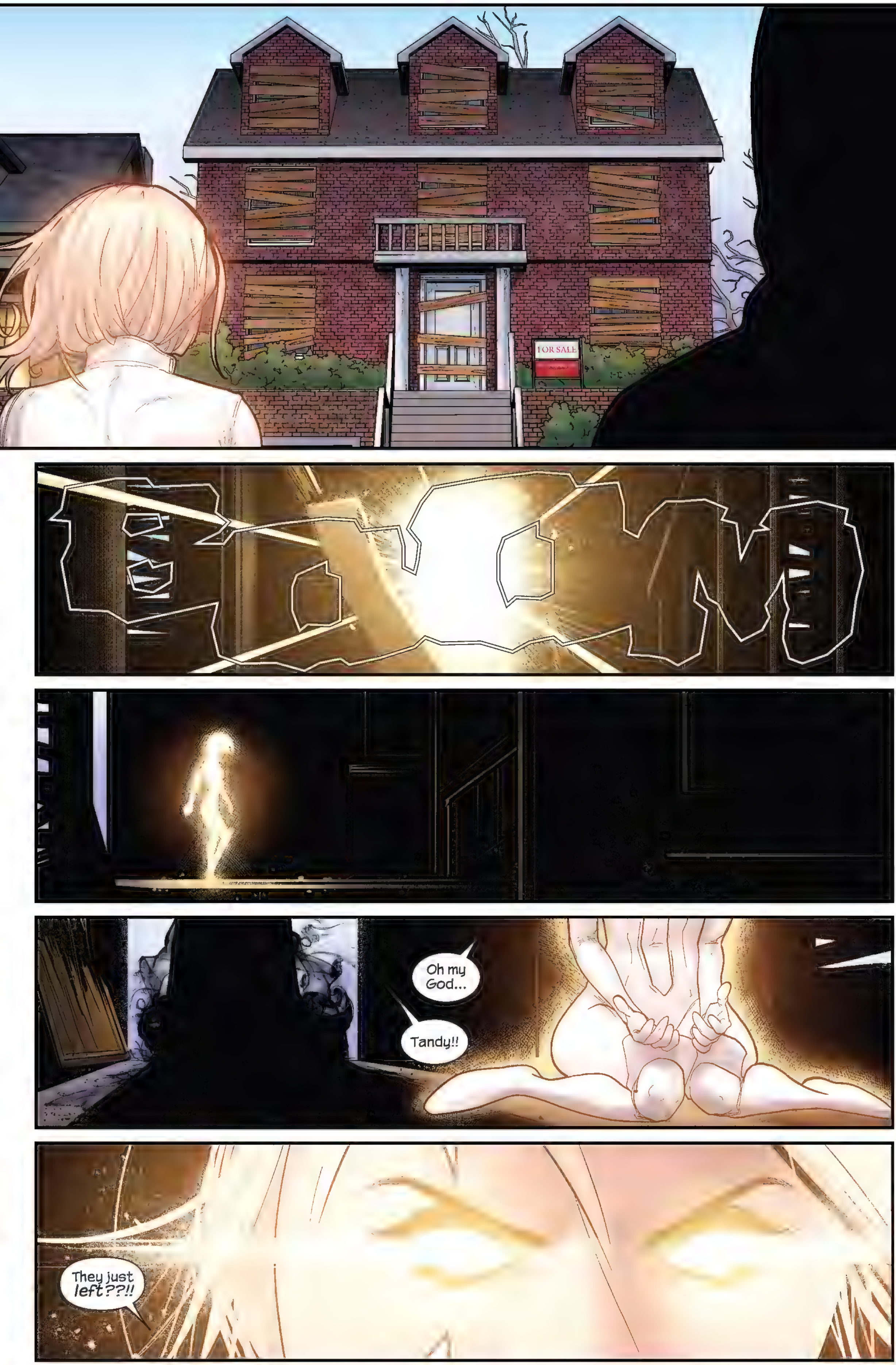

Wow!
*Really?*
That is so great to hear.
Except *you're not allowed to use your powers!!*
Even for *good?*
I understand my mother was a criminal and she was-- *I understand.*
But *I'm not allowed* to *help* people?
I'm not allowed to--I don't understand.
How is breaking into an office tower in midtown Manhattan and beating up people *helping people??*
Because they were *bad* people?
You can't break and enter into someone's private--
So according to you I'm not *allowed* to be a super hero?
I'm saying that until you turn 18 you are not allowed to *use your powers* and if you do, you go to jail.
I just didn't know what it felt like.
What *what* felt like?
To do-- to do the *right* thing.
I wasn't raised to-- I didn't know.
I didn't know.
Where are you *going?*
I have to call the proper authorities. You have forced my hand.
BOOM
Agh!!
Now you don't have to.
You are going to rot in prison just like your mother!!!

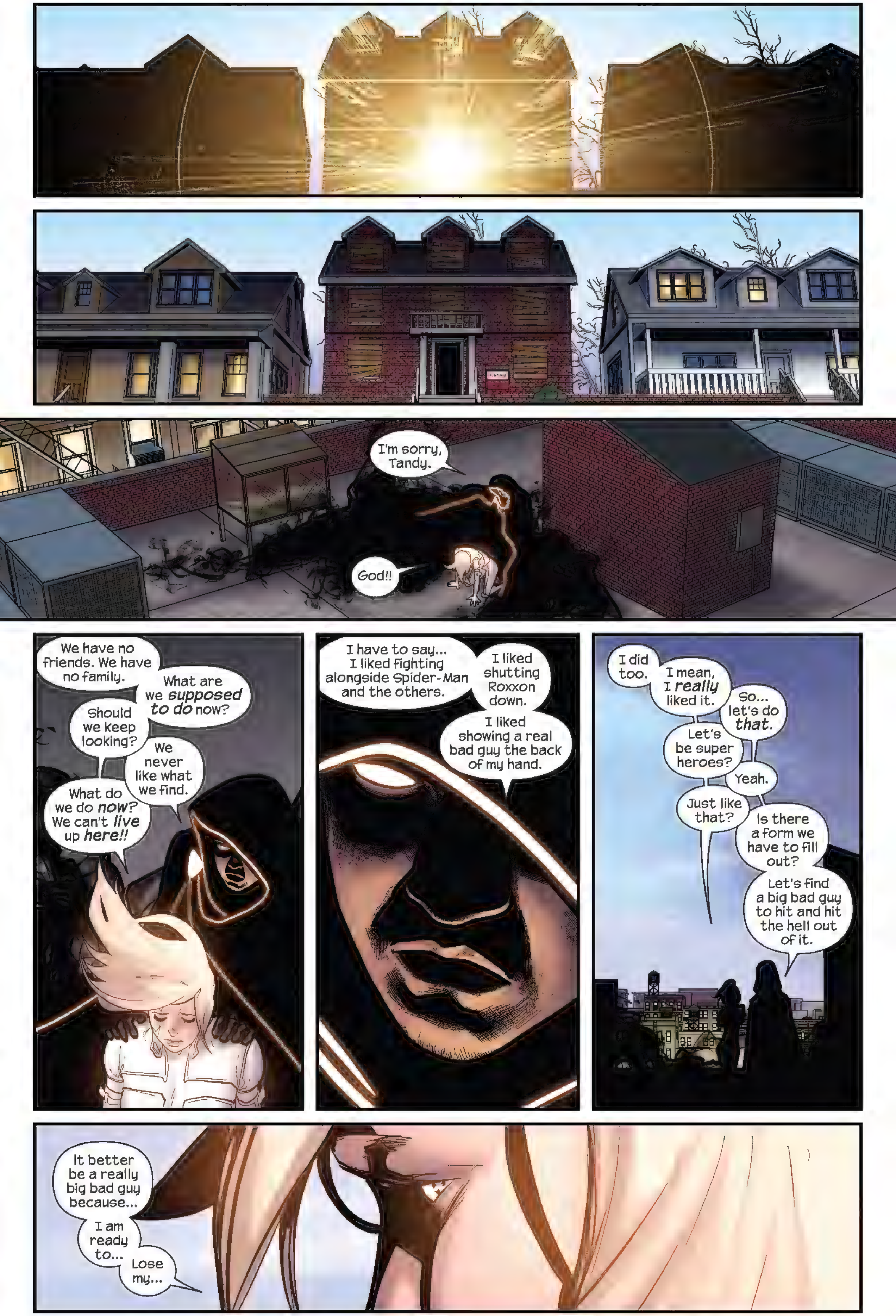

Stay close, Lana.
I know, mo-ther!
Thanks alot, mom.

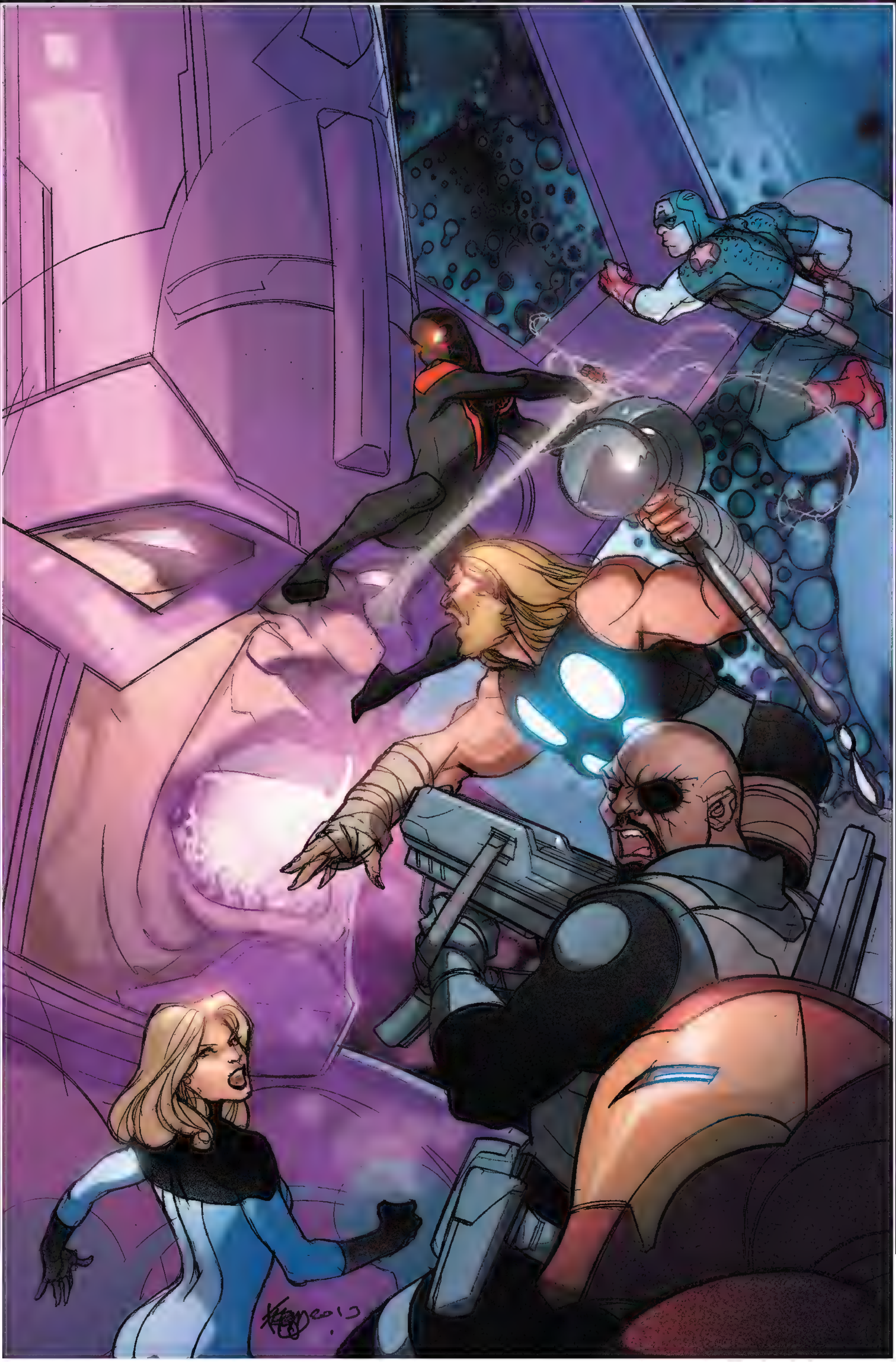

Can't believe I took a year off from this!!
Even if I didn't understand what it meant to be Spider-Man, the *least* I could do is avoid public transportation for the--
AAAAAIIEEENOO!!
Josie's
CRASSH
Stop it!! Everyone stop it!! He's my husband!!
Agh!
I done warned you what would happen if you @#$@#$@ came down here!!
You don't talk about my ex-wife!! Get in your truck and get the--
Hey!!!
FREE
FREE
Jeez!!
Oh my God, it's Spider-Man.
Run!! Go!!
I'm gonna find you!!
Wow.
Okay.
One point for the legitimately awesome costume.
I didn't even have to get my hands dirty.
Wait, what's that buzzing--
CATUNK


Get the @#$#$@ outta here!!
This is between us, you ballerina!
Who wears a costume?!!
It's still in bad taste!
SMASH
Nice.
I got hit with my first beer.
THWAP
THWAPP
Heyy!!
What the what?!
WEEEOOOOEEEEOOOOEEEEEEOOWWWWWEEEEEE
NYPD
POLICE
Oh, great.
This now.
What's *all this* now?
Oh man, *webbing!!*
You won't believe it but I was just, um, winging by and this whole place was going nuts on each other and--
Oh man, oh man!
Uh...
Is it *you?*
Is it *really* you?
Oh man, it's true! You *are* back!!
Uh--
We all heard you might be back into it.
Good for you!! Good for all of us!!
Really?
You kidding? I wish there was *fifty* of you.
Yeah.
This job can be crazy.
But you guys used to pull guns on me and--
You never know who anybody really is, you know.
But when we see those webs...
We know our lives just got a whole lot easier.
Thanks.
And welcome back. Seriously.
Huh.
"You really want to do this?"


Right now?
Right now.
Tandy...?
I know.
*You* told me--you convinced me we *can't* go home anymore.
And you were right.
Our families--they--they gave up on us.
They let Roxxon experiment on us.
I know, Ty.
You said it was just us now.
We're--we're Cloak and Dagger now, and we're not--
If they cared at all, they would have--
Ty... I want to tell my mom I'm okay.
I want-- I want to go home.
Take me home.
Oh no.

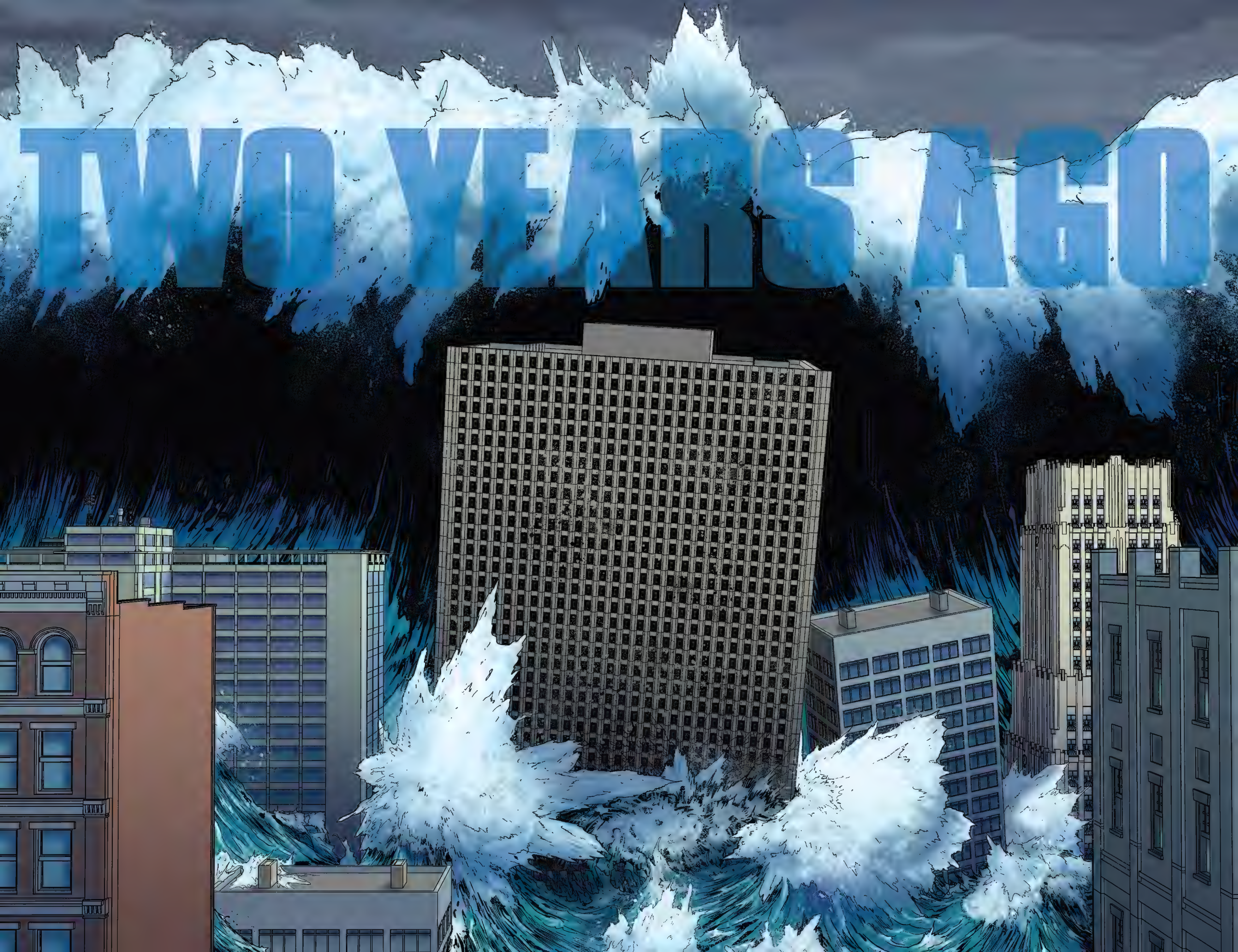

FOR SALE
BOOM
Oh my God...
Tandy!!
They just *left*??!!

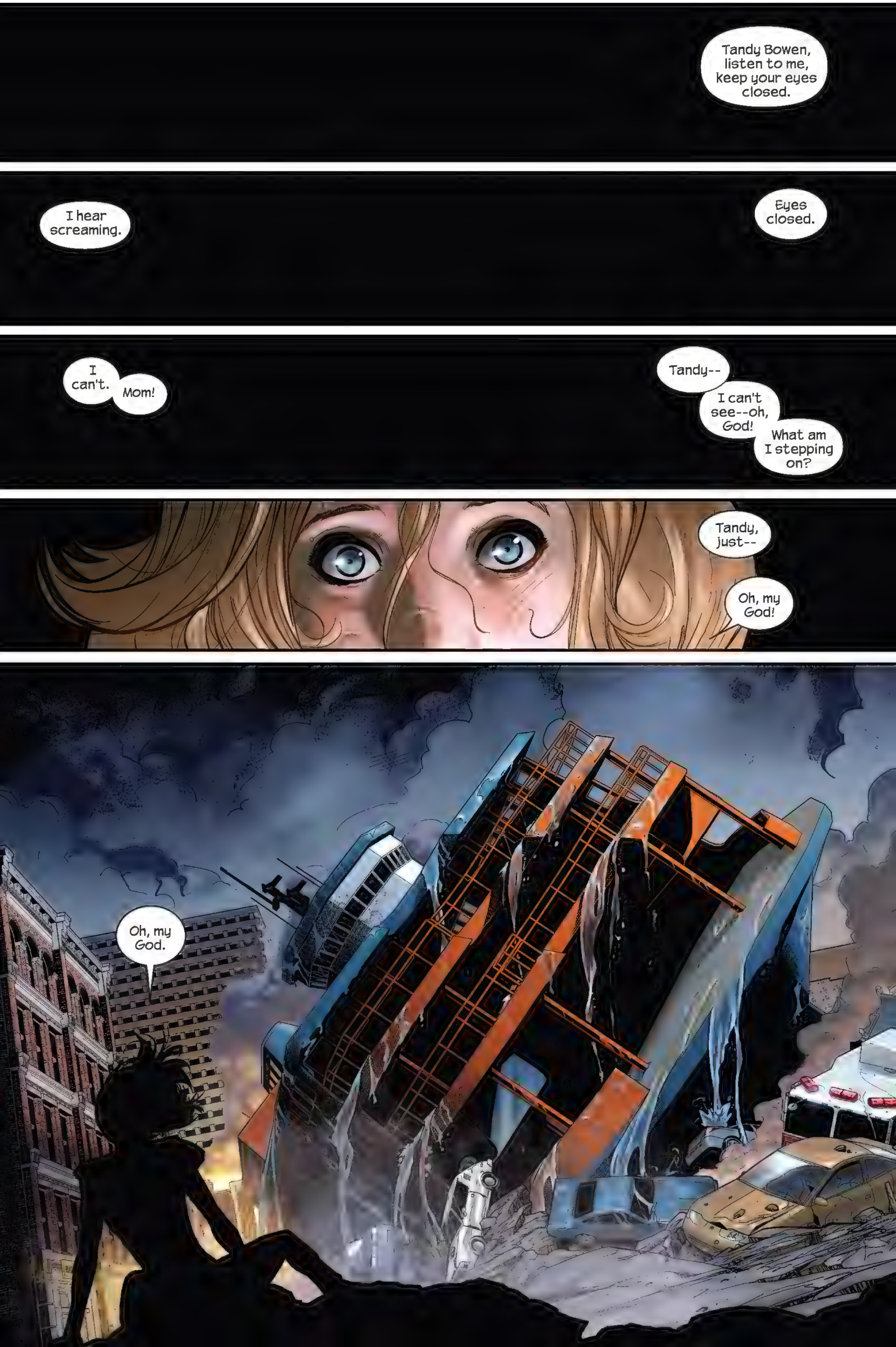

I'm sorry, Tandy.
God!!
We have no friends. We have no family.
What are we *supposed to do* now?
Should we keep looking?
We never like what we find.
What do we do *now?* We can't *live* up *here!!*
I have to say... I liked fighting alongside Spider-Man and the others.
I liked shutting Roxxon down.
I liked showing a real bad guy the back of my hand.
I did too.
I mean, I *really* liked it.
So... let's do *that.*
Let's be super heroes?
Yeah.
Just like that?
Is there a form we have to fill out?
Let's find a big bad guy to hit and hit the hell out of it.
It better be a really big bad guy because...
I am ready to...
Lose my...

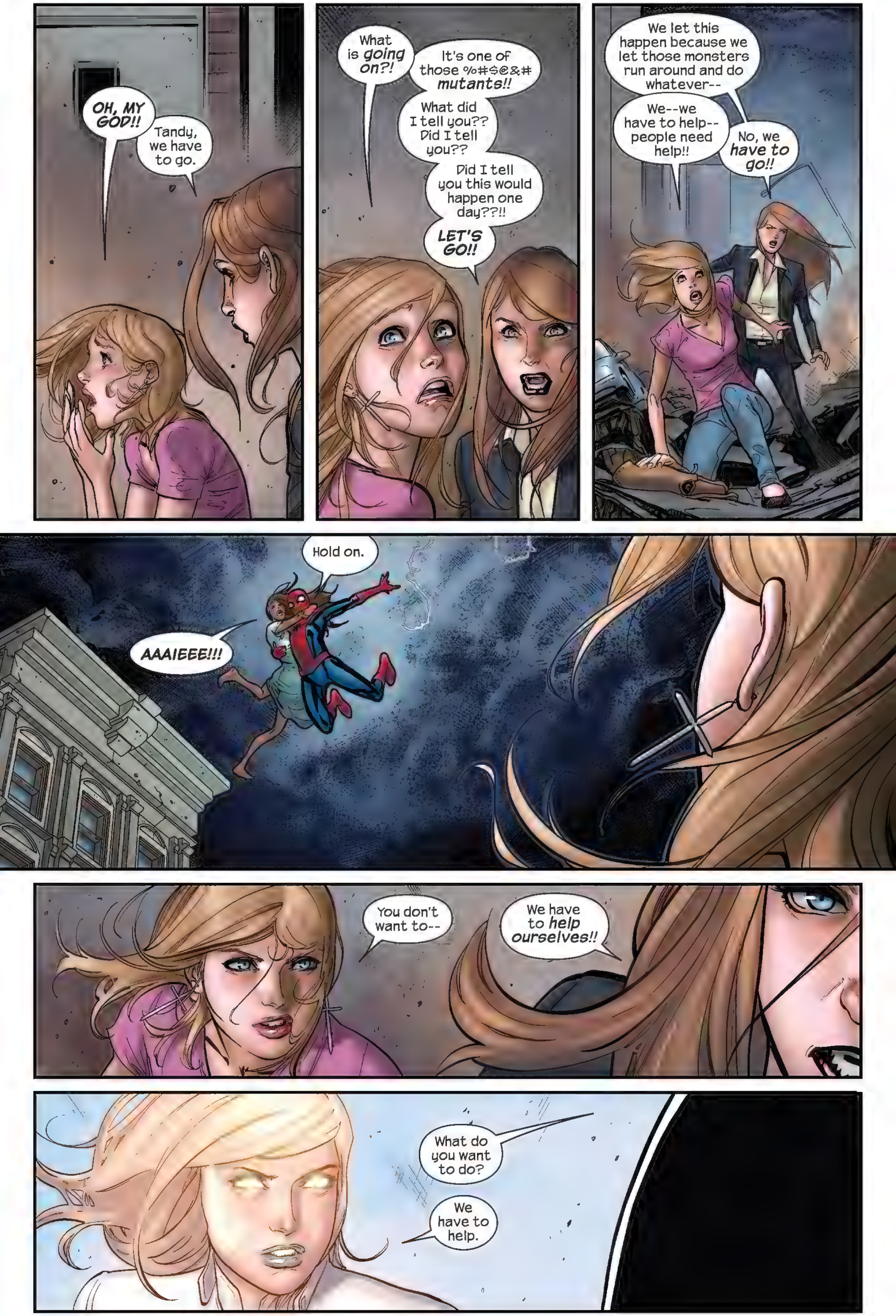


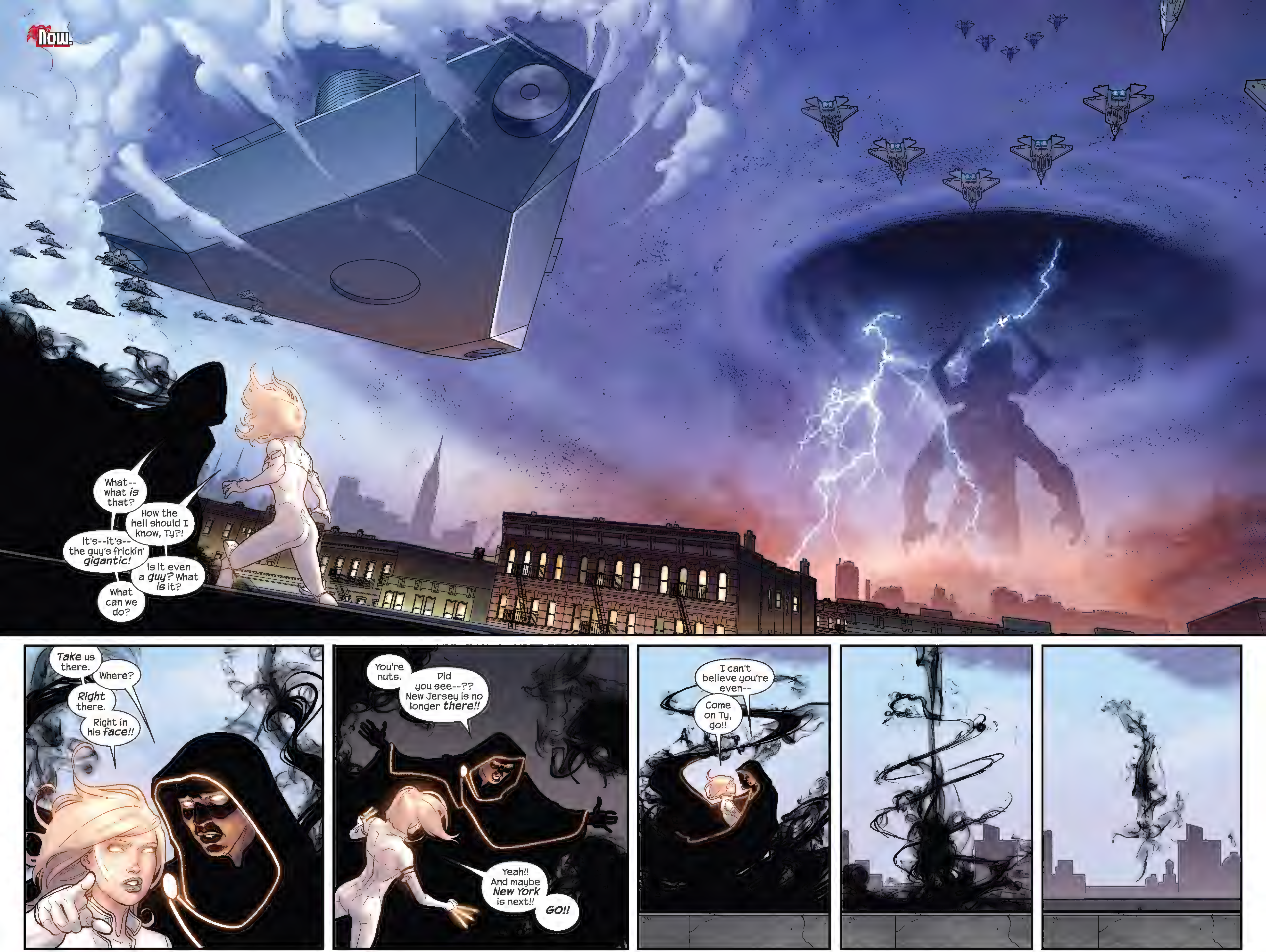
CATACLYSM: THE ULTIMATES' LAST STAND #2 VARIANT BY PASQUAL FERRY & WIL QUINTANA

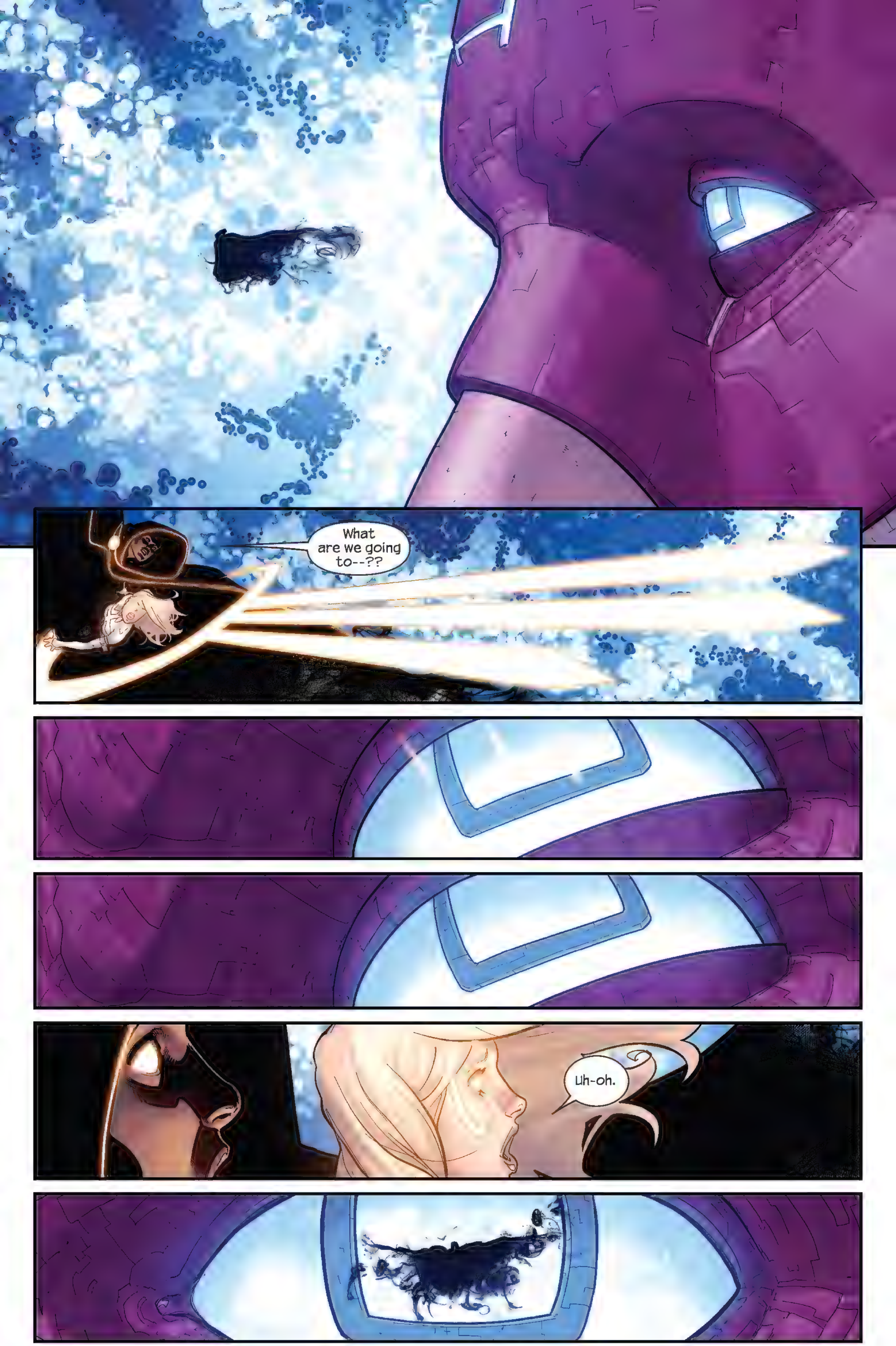
CATACLYSM: ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN #2

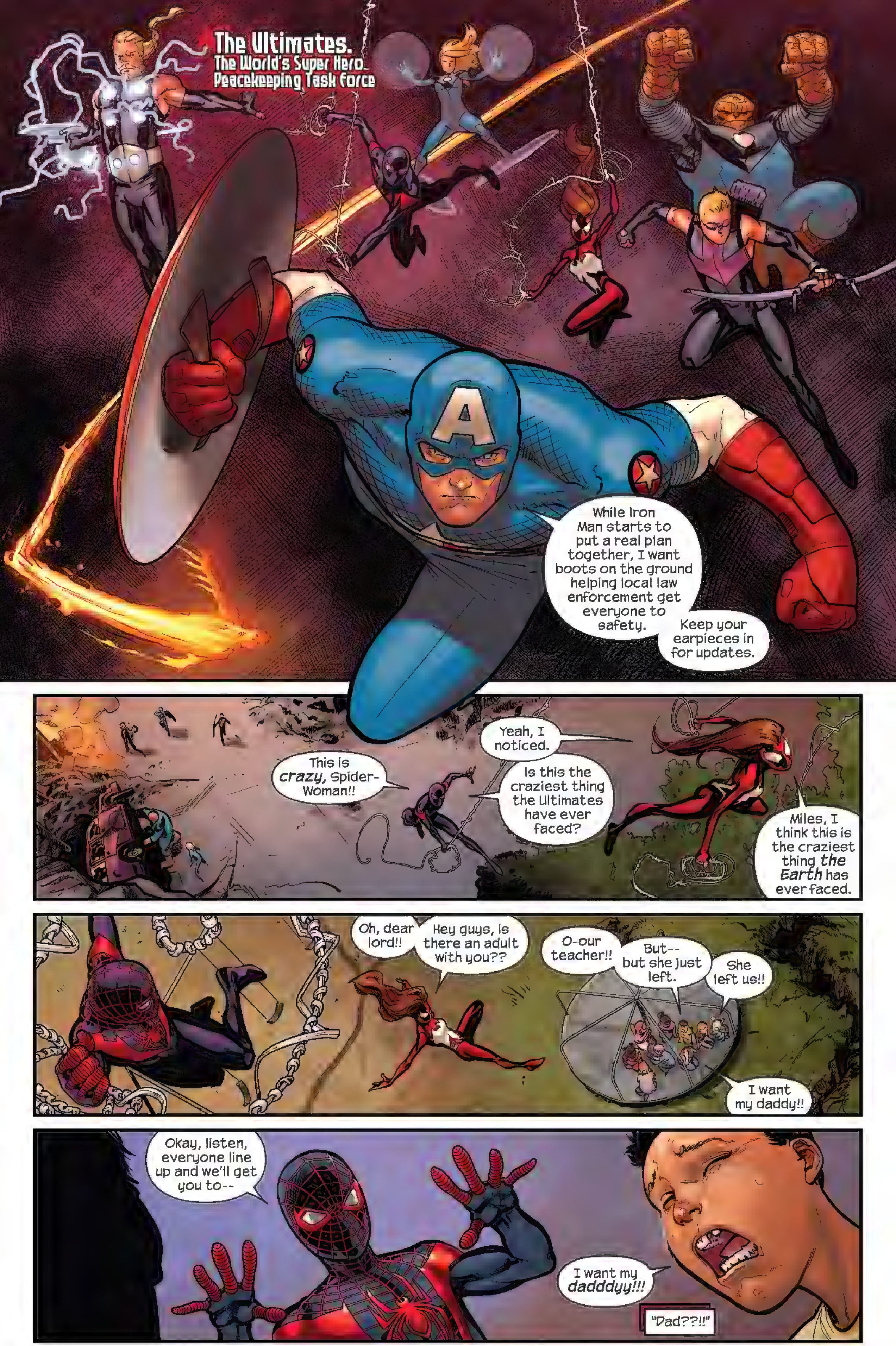

TWO YEARS AGO

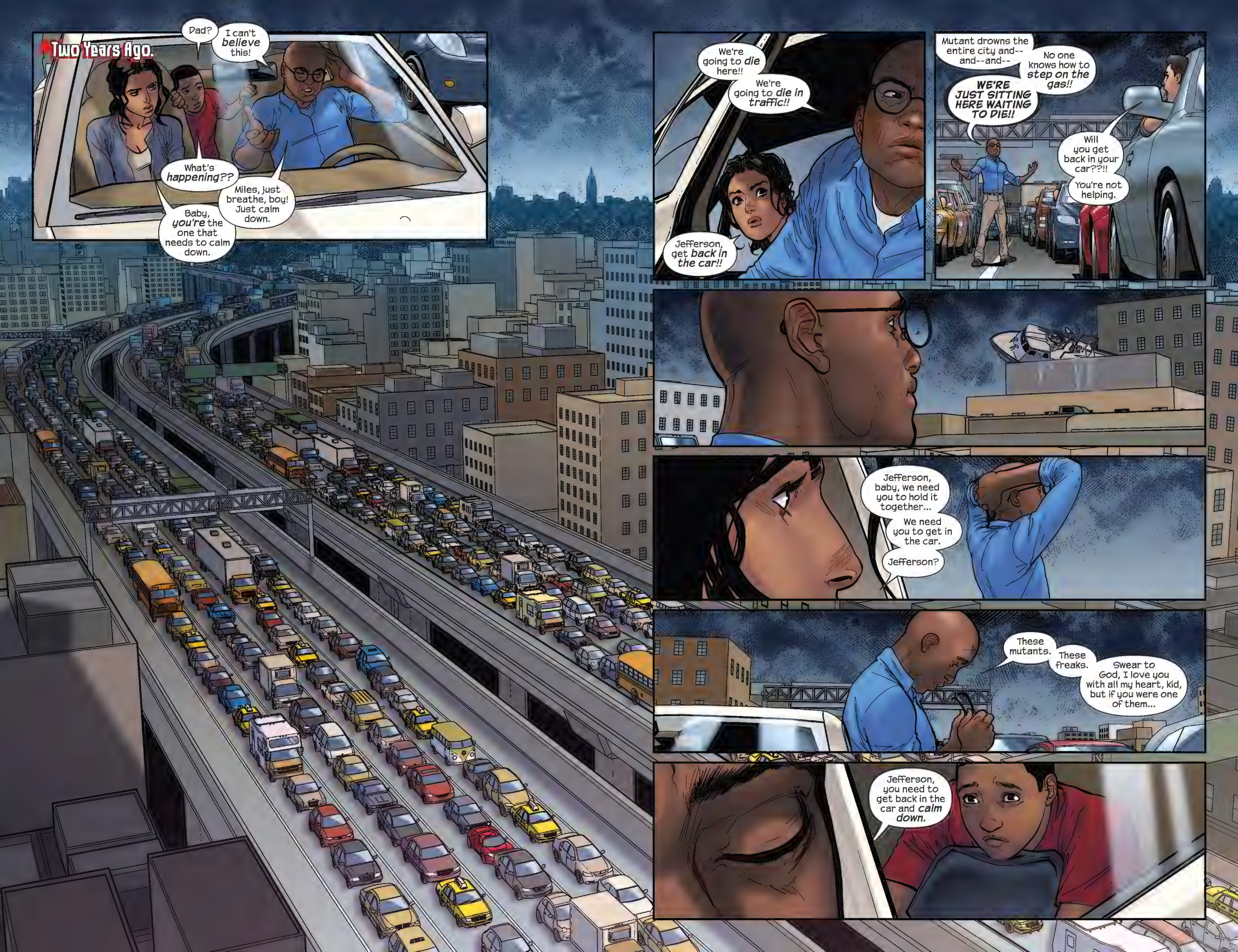

Tandy Bowen, listen to me, keep your eyes closed.
I hear screaming.
Eyes closed.
I can't.
Mom!
Tandy--
I can't see--oh, God!
What am I stepping on?
Tandy, just--
Oh, my God!
Oh, my God.

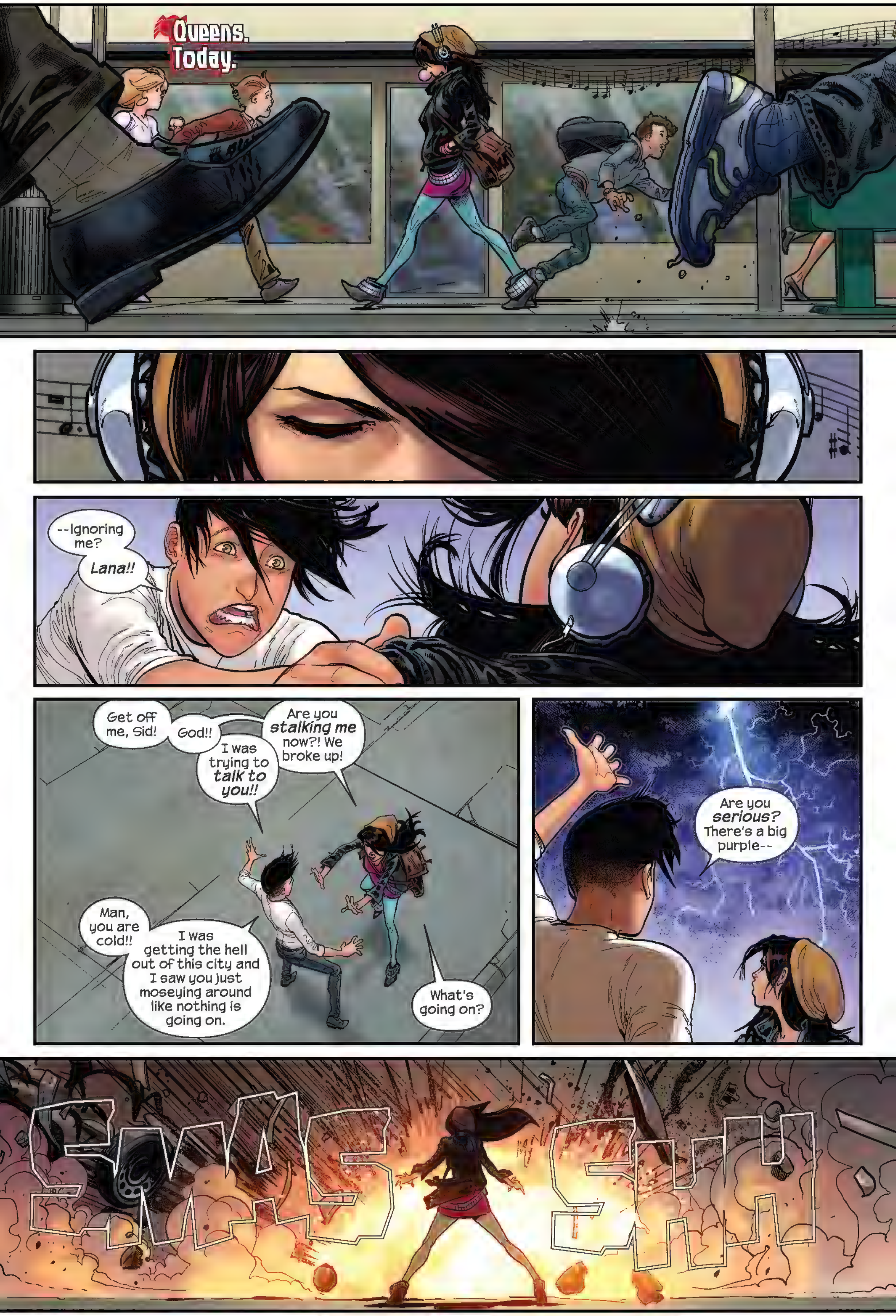

OH, MY GOD!!
Tandy, we have to go.
What is *going on?!*
It's one of those %#$@&# *mutants!!*
What did I tell you?? Did I tell you??
Did I tell you this would happen one day??!!
LET'S GO!!
We let this happen because we let those monsters run around and do whatever--
We--we have to help-- people need help!!
No, we *have to go!!*
Hold on.
AAAIEEE!!!
You don't want to--
We have to *help ourselves!!*
What do you want to do?
We have to help.

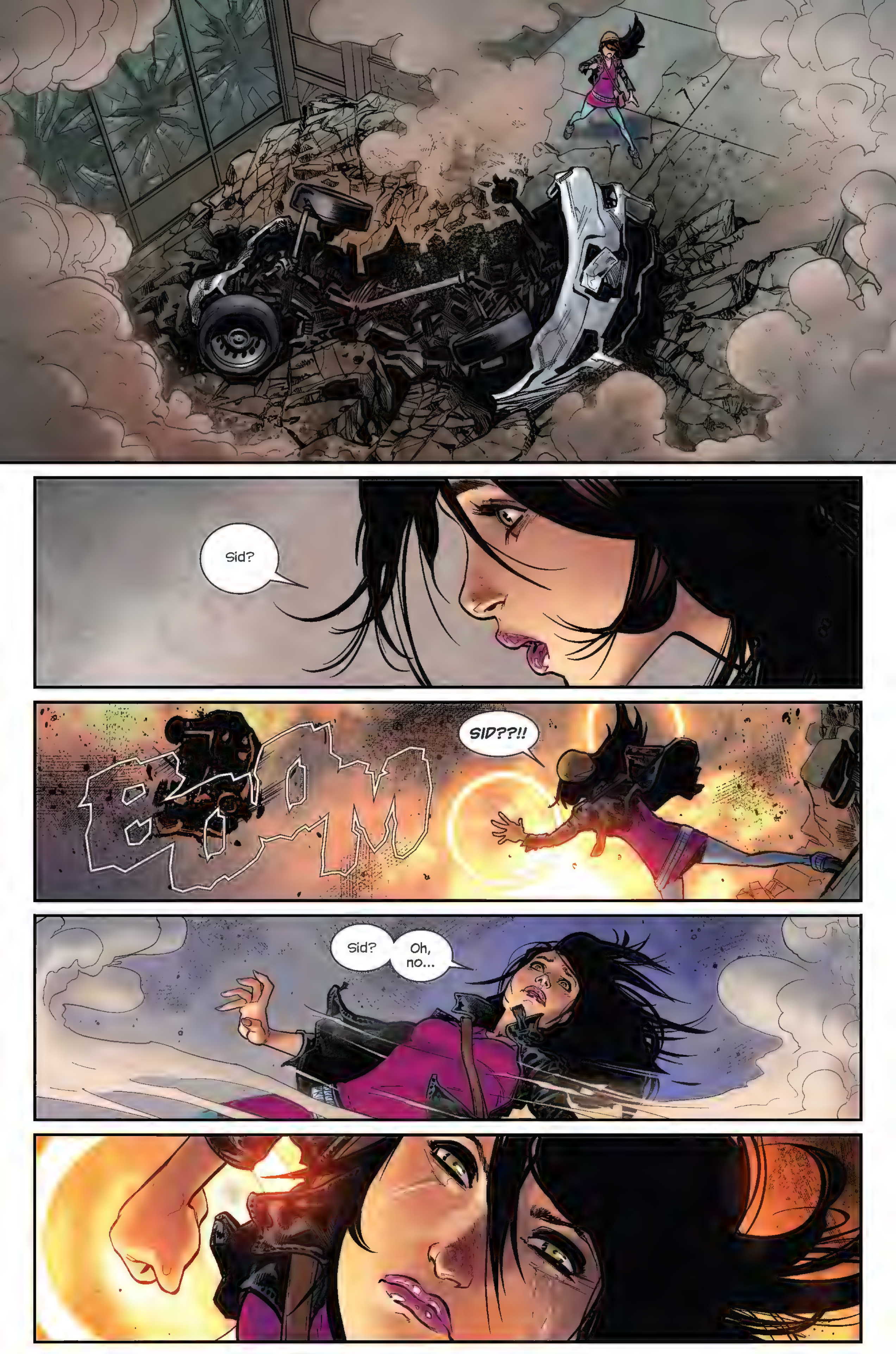

Now.
What-- what *is* that?
How the hell should I know, Ty?!
It's--it's-- the guy's frickin' *gigantic!*
Is it even a *guy?* What *is* it?
What can we do?
*Take* us there.
Where?
*Right* there.
Right in his *face!!*
You're nuts.
Did you see--?? New Jersey is no longer *there!!*
Yeah!! And maybe *New York* is next!!
*GO!!*
I can't believe you're even--
Come on Ty, go!!

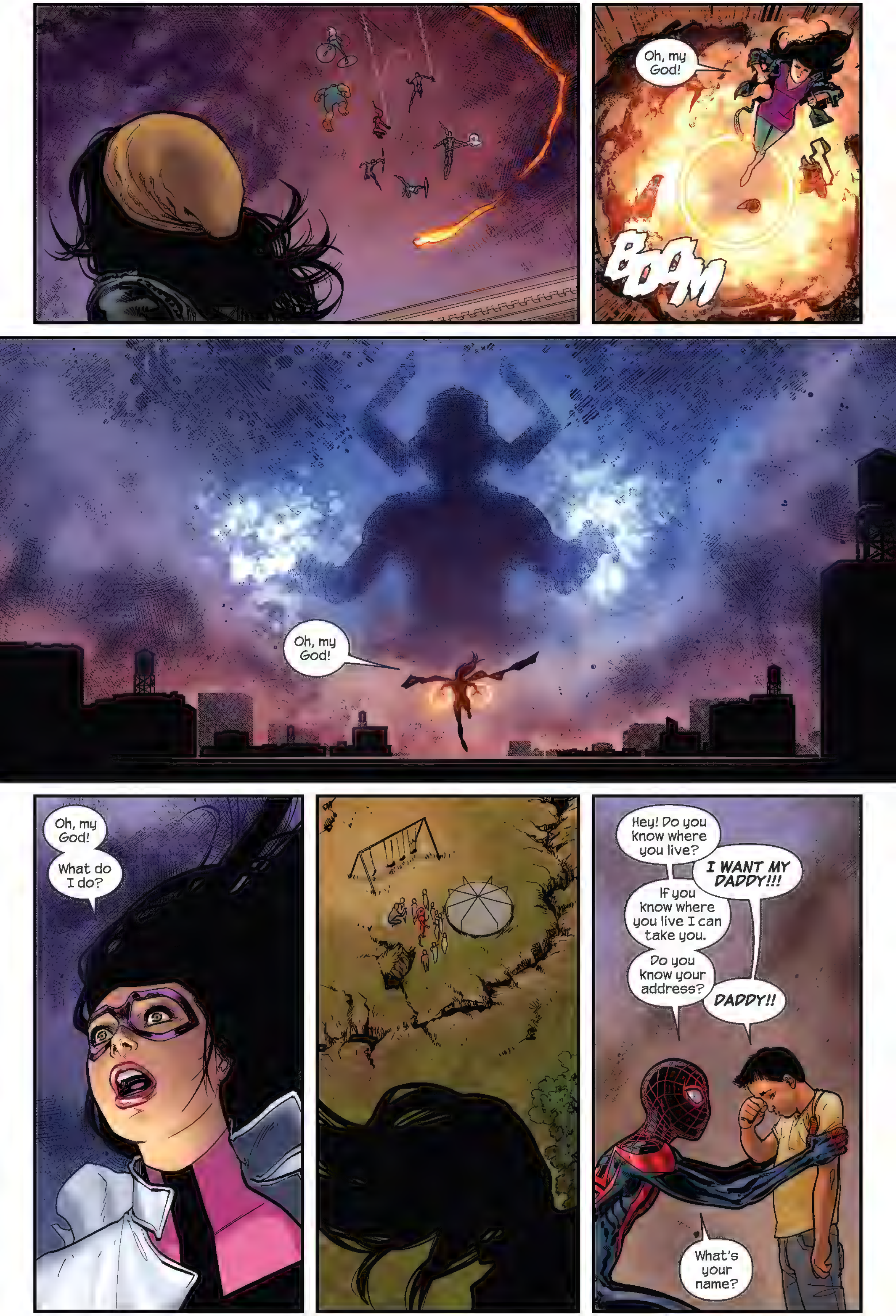

What are we going to--??
Uh-oh.

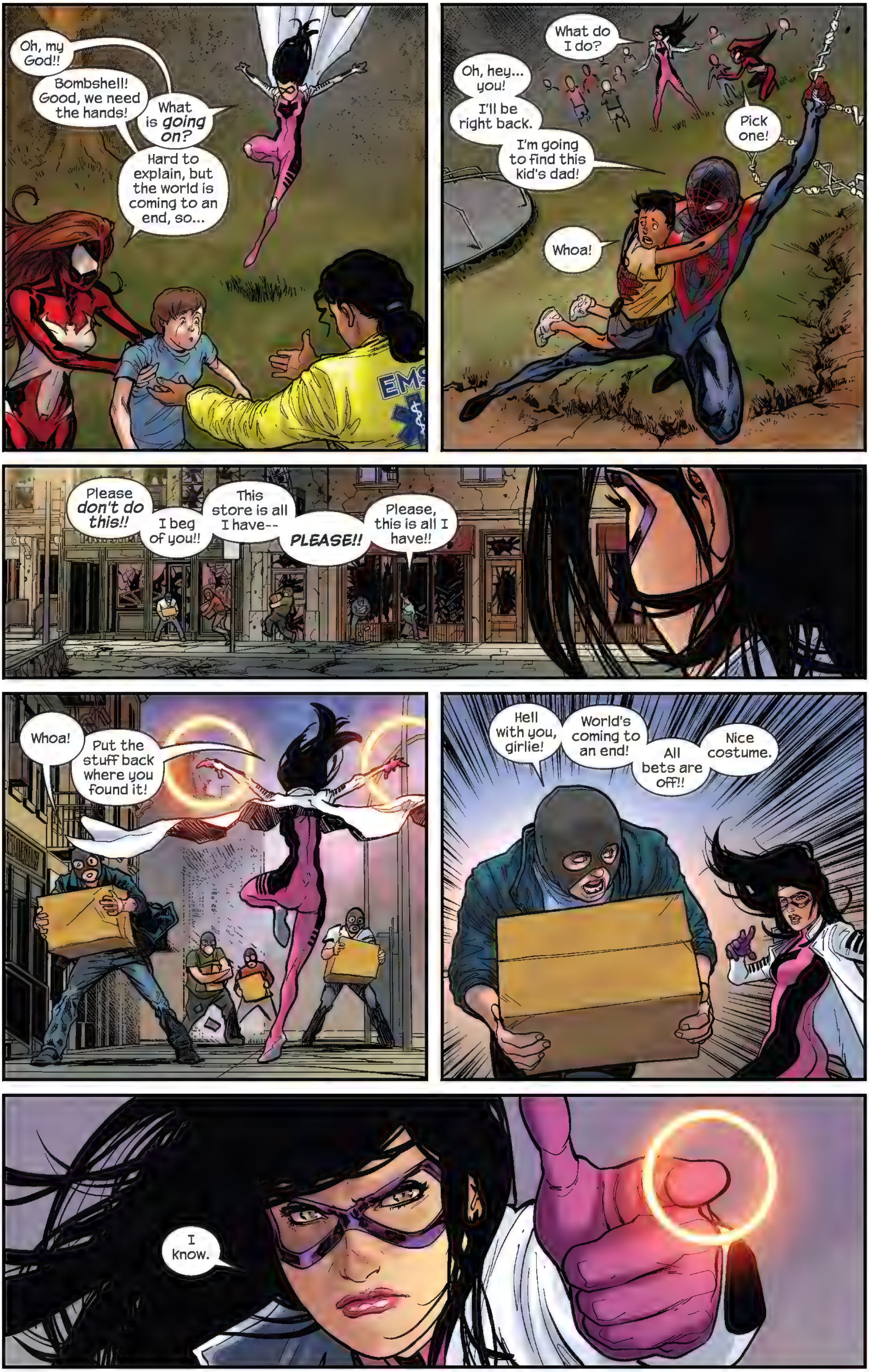

The Ultimates.
The World's Super Hero Peacekeeping Task Force
While Iron Man starts to put a real plan together, I want boots on the ground helping local law enforcement get everyone to safety.
Keep your earpieces in for updates.
This is *crazy*, Spider-Woman!!
Yeah, I noticed.
Is this the craziest thing the Ultimates have ever faced?
Miles, I think this is the craziest thing *the Earth* has ever faced.
Oh, dear lord!!
Hey guys, is there an adult with you??
O-our teacher!!
But--but she just left.
She left us!!
I want my daddy!!
Okay, listen, everyone line up and we'll get you to--
I want my *dadddyy!!!*
"Dad??!!"

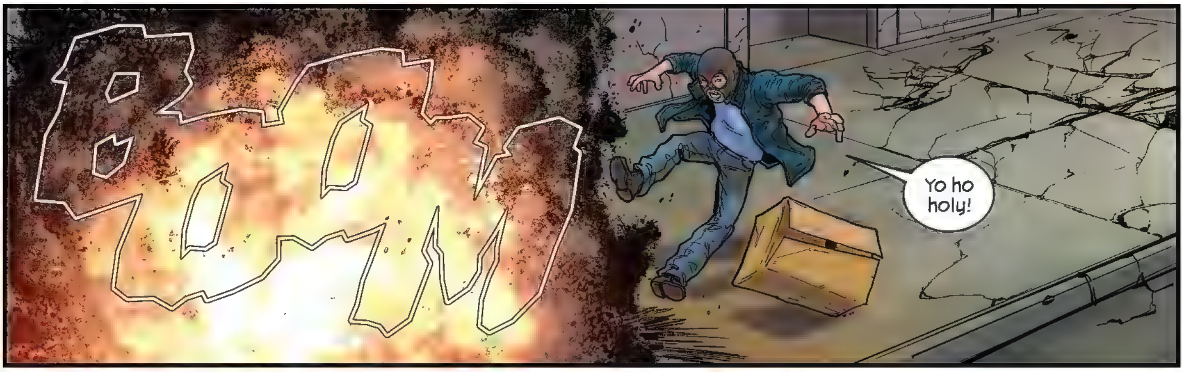

Two Years Ago.
Dad?
I can't *believe* this!
What's *happening??*
Miles, just breathe, boy! Just calm down.
Baby, *you're* the one that needs to calm down.
We're going to *die* here!!
We're going to *die in traffic!!*
Jefferson, get *back in the car!!*
Mutant drowns the entire city and-- and--and--
No one knows how to *step on the gas!!*
WE'RE JUST SITTING HERE WAITING TO DIE!!
Will you get back in your car??!!
You're not helping.
Jefferson, baby, we need you to hold it together...
We need you to get in the car.
Jefferson?
These mutants.
These freaks.
Swear to God, I love you with all my heart, kid, but if you were one of them...
Jefferson, you need to get back in the car and *calm down.*

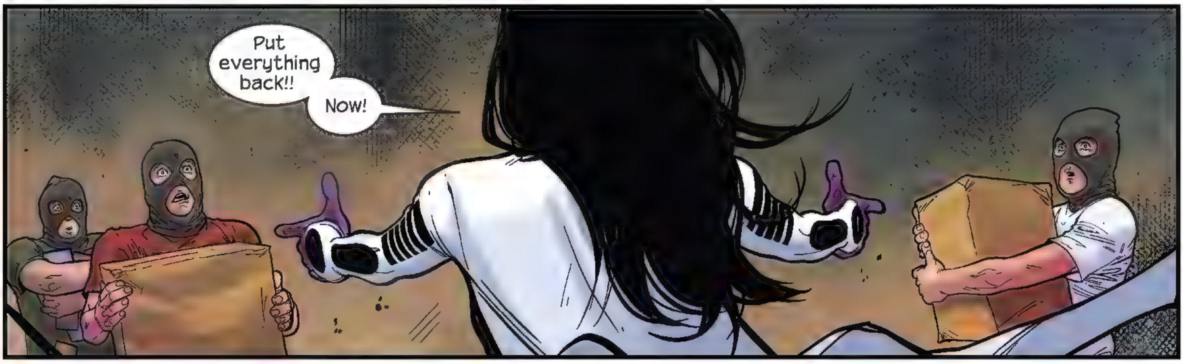

Queens. Today.
--Ignoring me?
Lana!!
Get off me, Sid!
God!!
Are you *stalking me* now?! We broke up!
I was trying to *talk to you!!*
Man, you are cold!!
I was getting the hell out of this city and I saw you just moseying around like nothing is going on.
What's going on?
Are you *serious?* There's a big purple--
SMASSHH

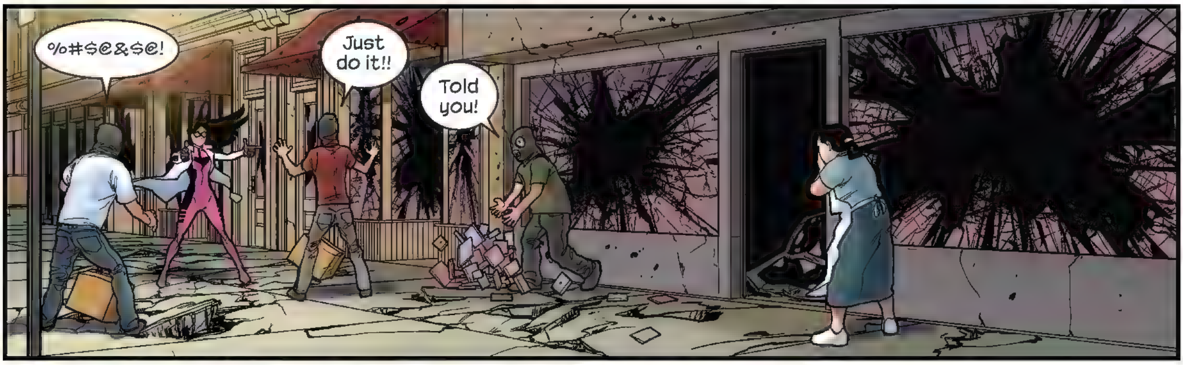

Sid?
BOOM
SID??!!
Sid?
Oh, no...

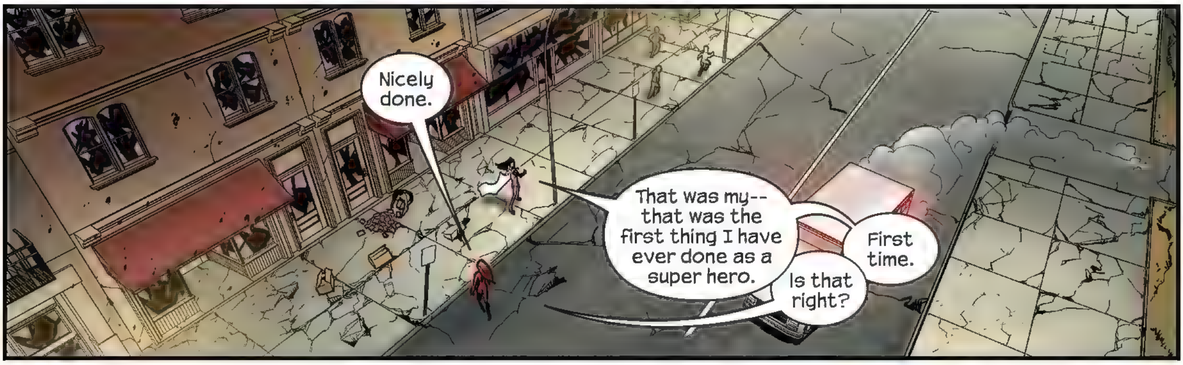

Oh, my God!
BOOM
Oh, my God!
Oh, my God!
What do I do?
Hey! Do you know where you live?
I WANT MY DADDY!!!
If you know where you live I can take you.
Do you know your address?
DADDY!!
What's your name?

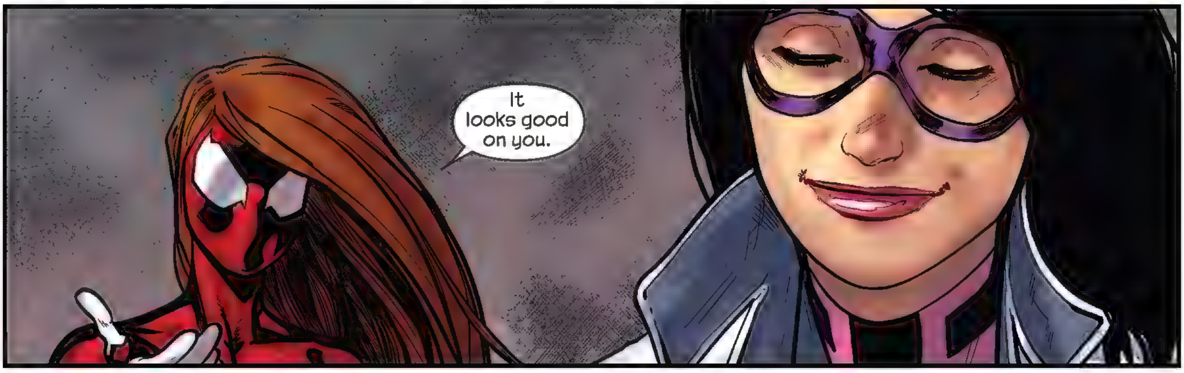

Oh, my God!!
Bombshell! Good, we need the hands!
What is *going on?*
Hard to explain, but the world is coming to an end, so...
Oh, hey... you!
I'll be right back.
What do I do?
I'm going to find this kid's dad!
Pick one!
Whoa!
Please *don't do this!!*
I beg of you!!
This store is all I have--
*PLEASE!!*
Please, this is all I have!!
Whoa!
Put the stuff back where you found it!
Hell with you, girlie!
World's coming to an end!
All bets are off!!
Nice costume.
I know.

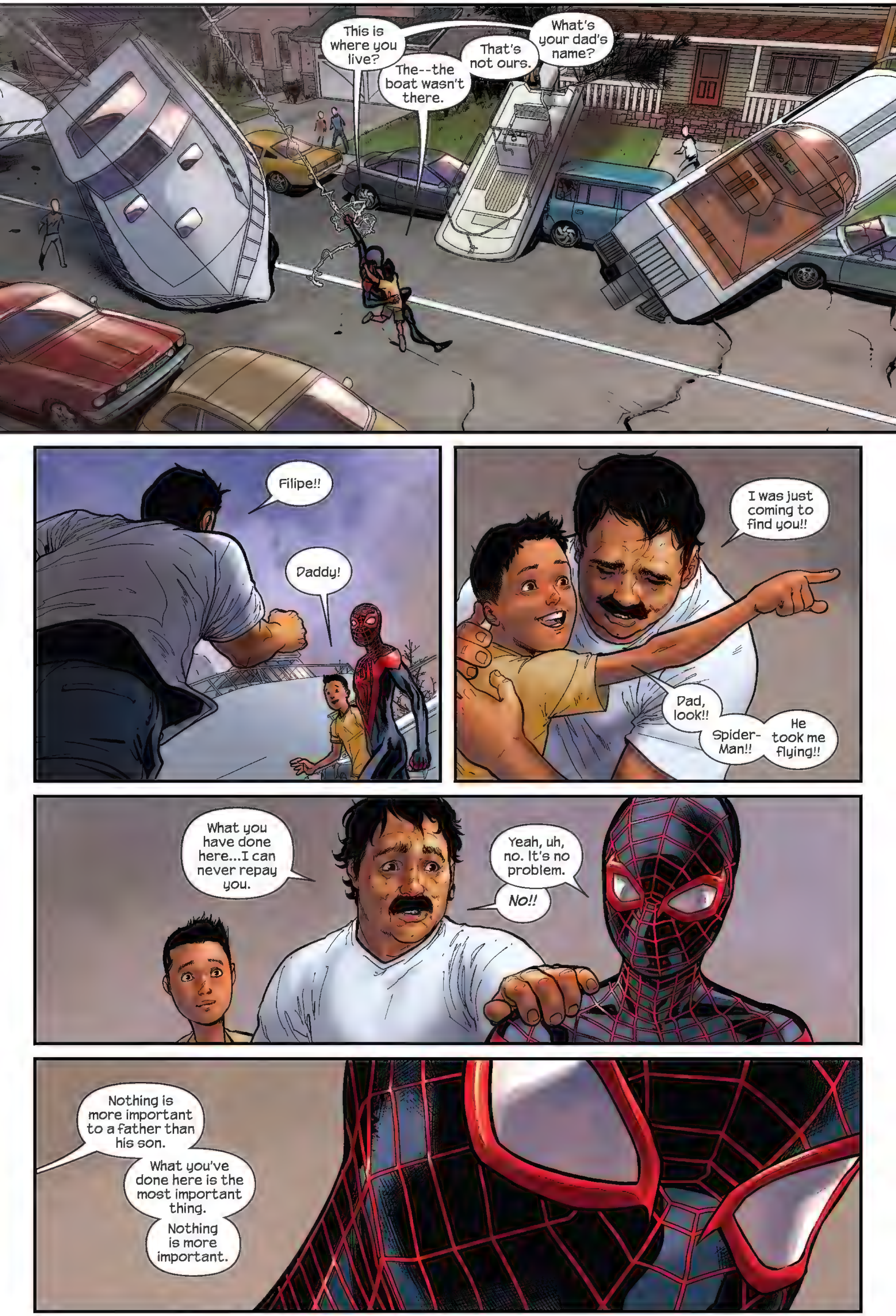

BOOM
Yo ho holy!

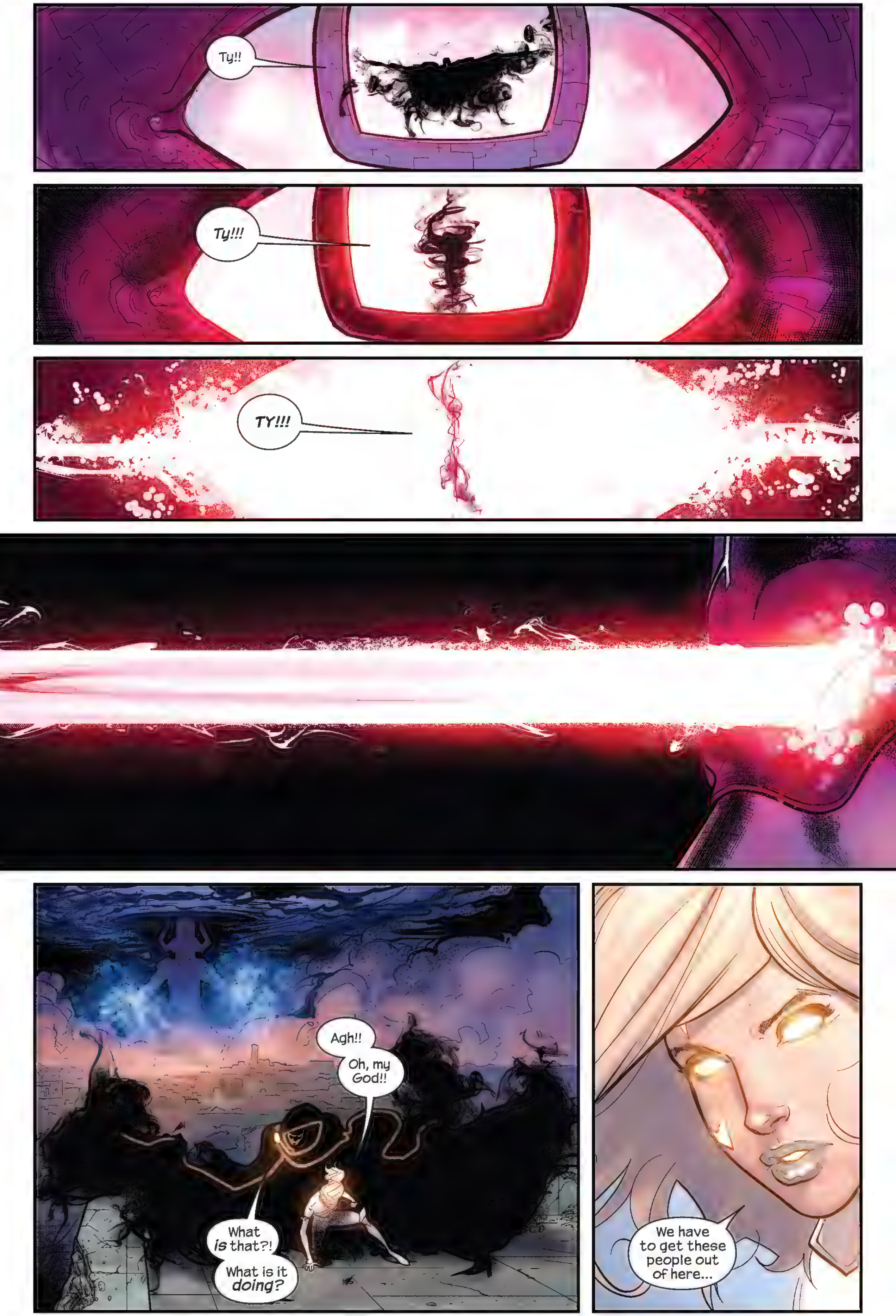

Put everything back!!
Now!

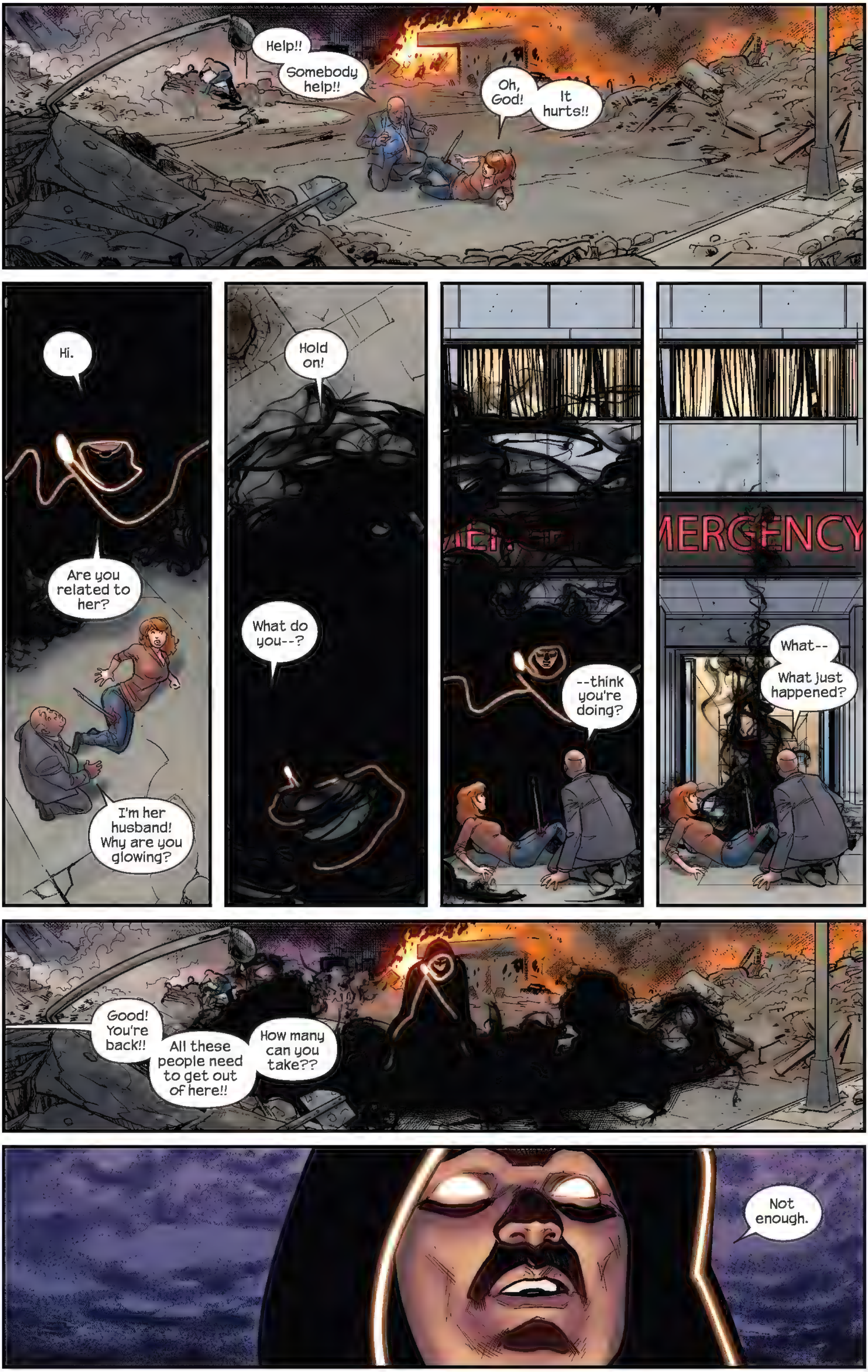

%#$@&$@!
Just do it!!
Told you!

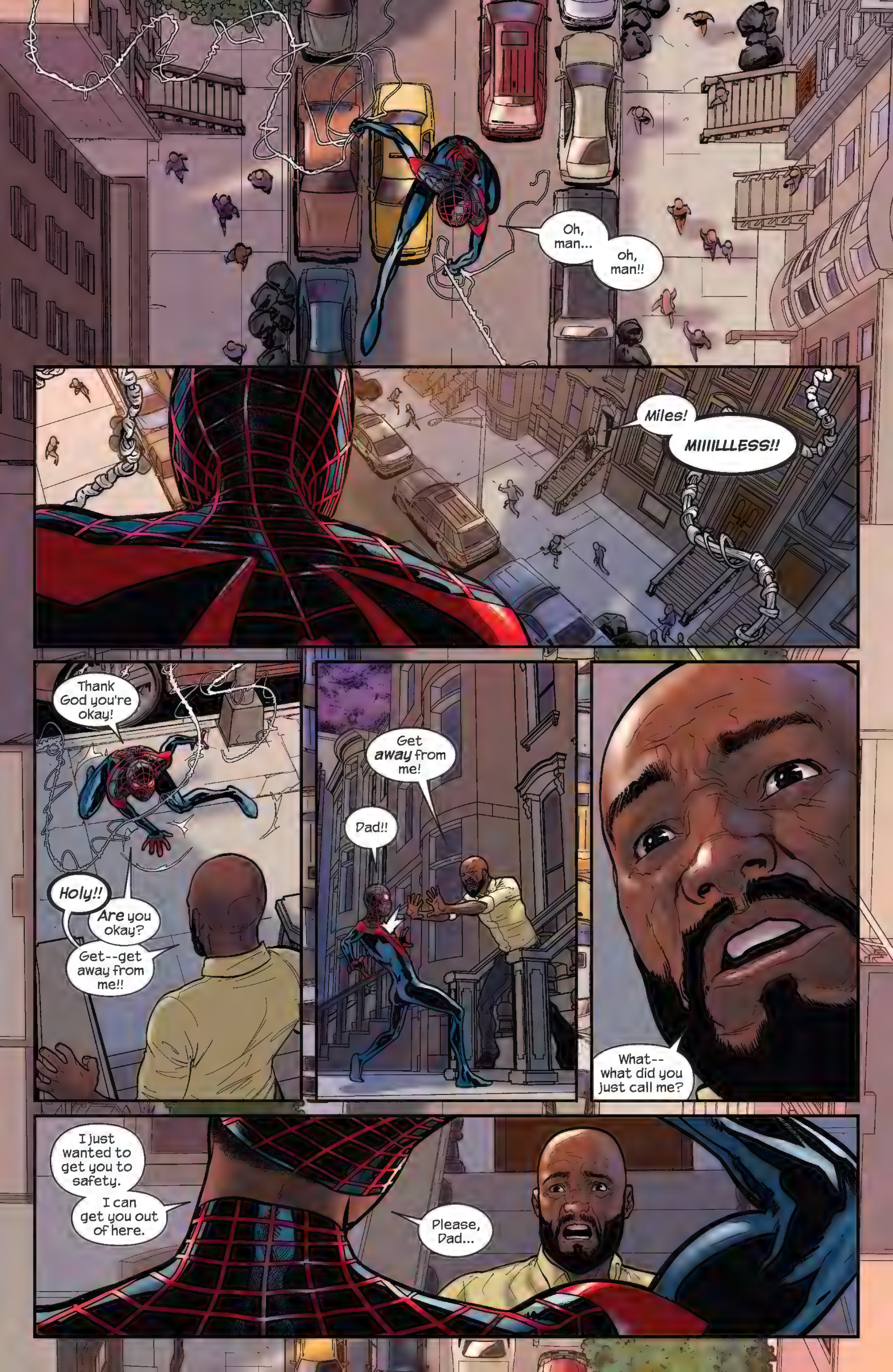

Nicely done.
That was my-- that was the first thing I have ever done as a super hero.
First time.
Is that right?

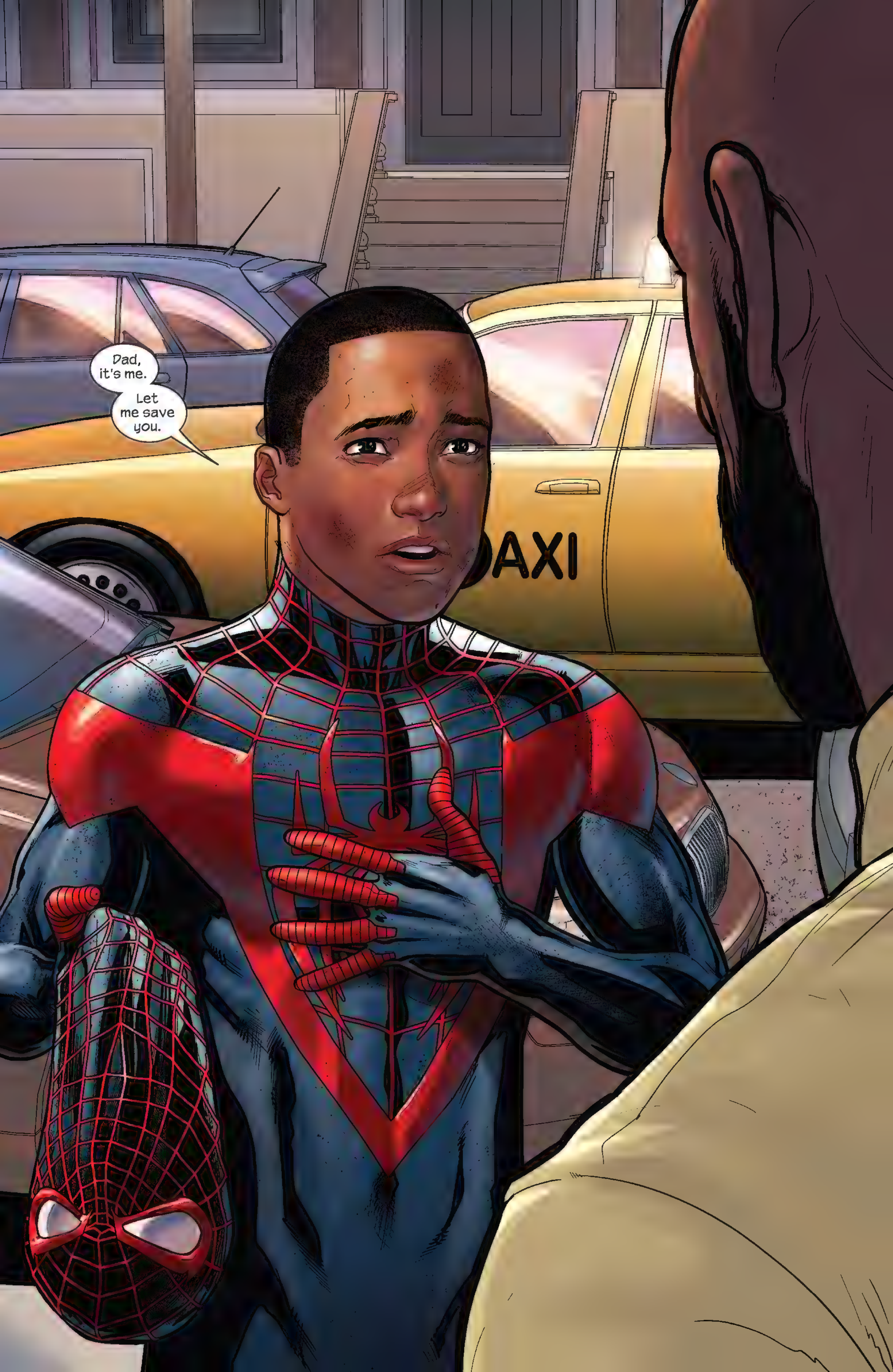

It looks good on you.


This is where you live?
The--the boat wasn't there.
That's not ours.
What's your dad's name?
Filipe!!
Daddy!
I was just coming to find you!!
Dad, look!!
Spider-Man!!
He took me flying!!
What you have done here...I can never repay you.
Yeah, uh, no. It's no problem.
*No!!*
Nothing is more important to a father than his son.
What you've done here is the most important thing.
Nothing is more important.

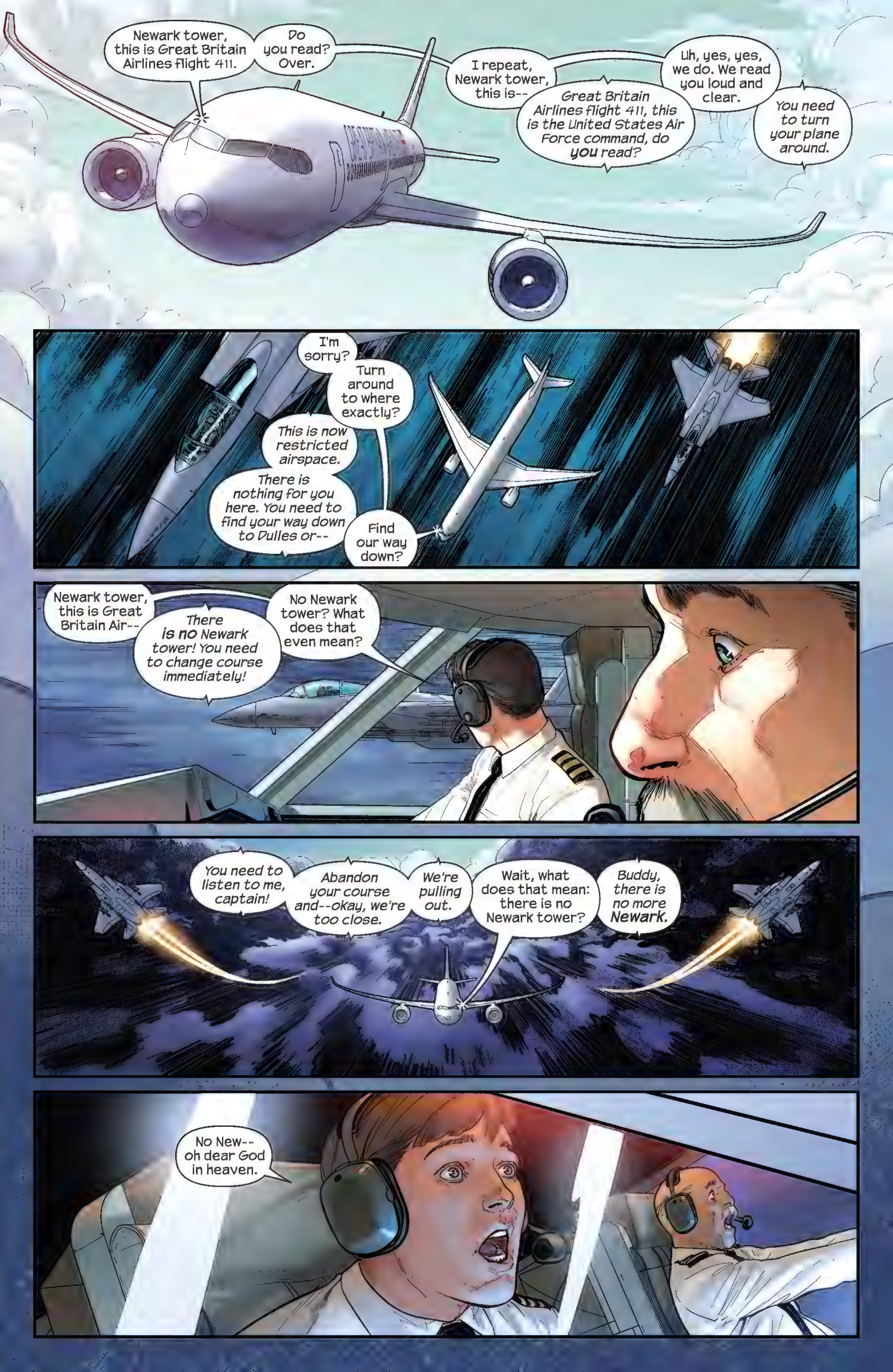

Ty!!
Ty!!!
TY!!!
Agh!!
Oh, my God!!
What *is* that?!
What is it *doing?*
We have to get these people out of here...

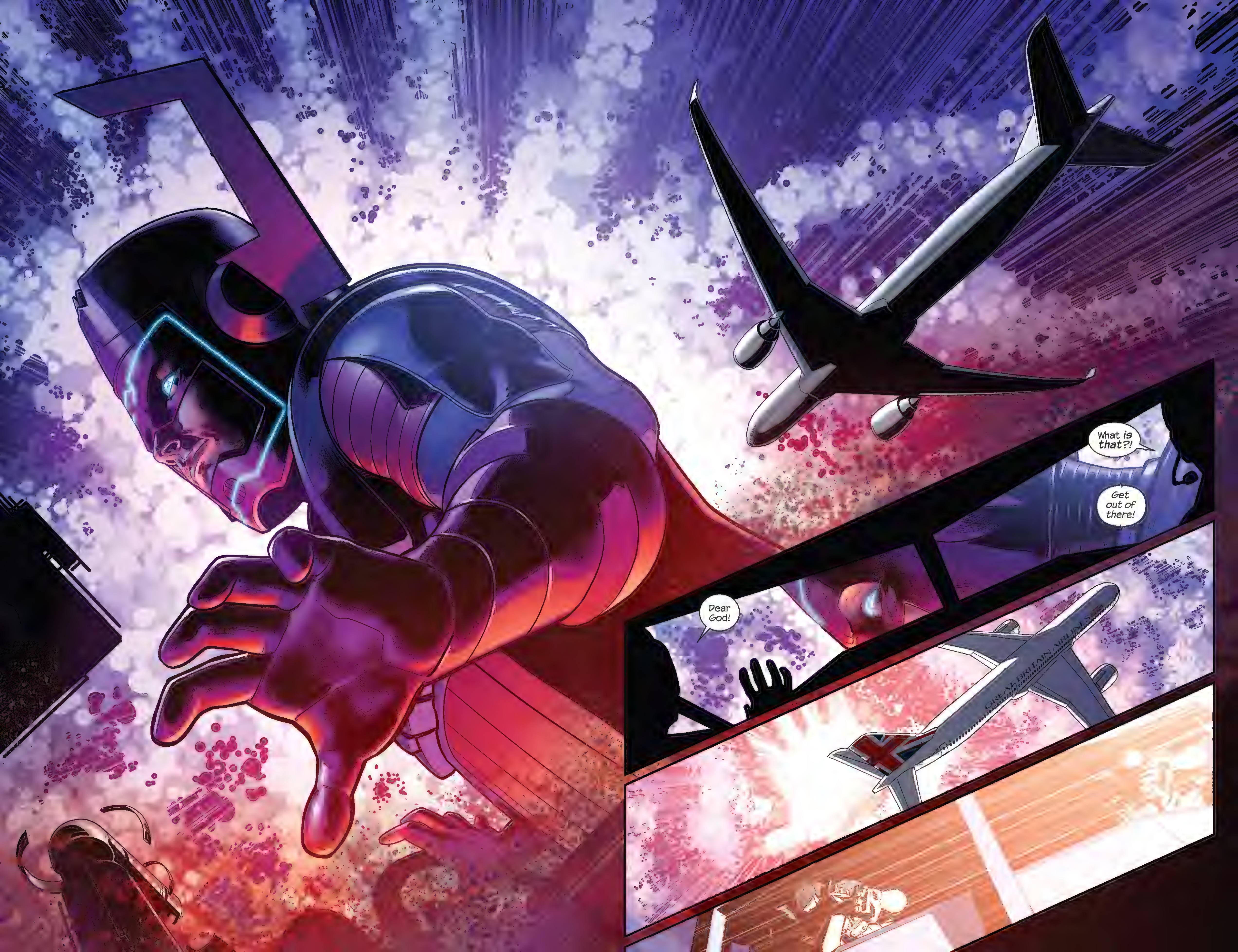

Help!!
Somebody help!!
Oh, God!
It hurts!!
Hi.
Are you related to her?
I'm her husband! Why are you glowing?
Hold on!
What do you--?
--think you're doing?
MERGENCY
What--
What just happened?
Good! You're back!!
All these people need to get out of here!!
How many can you take??
Not enough.

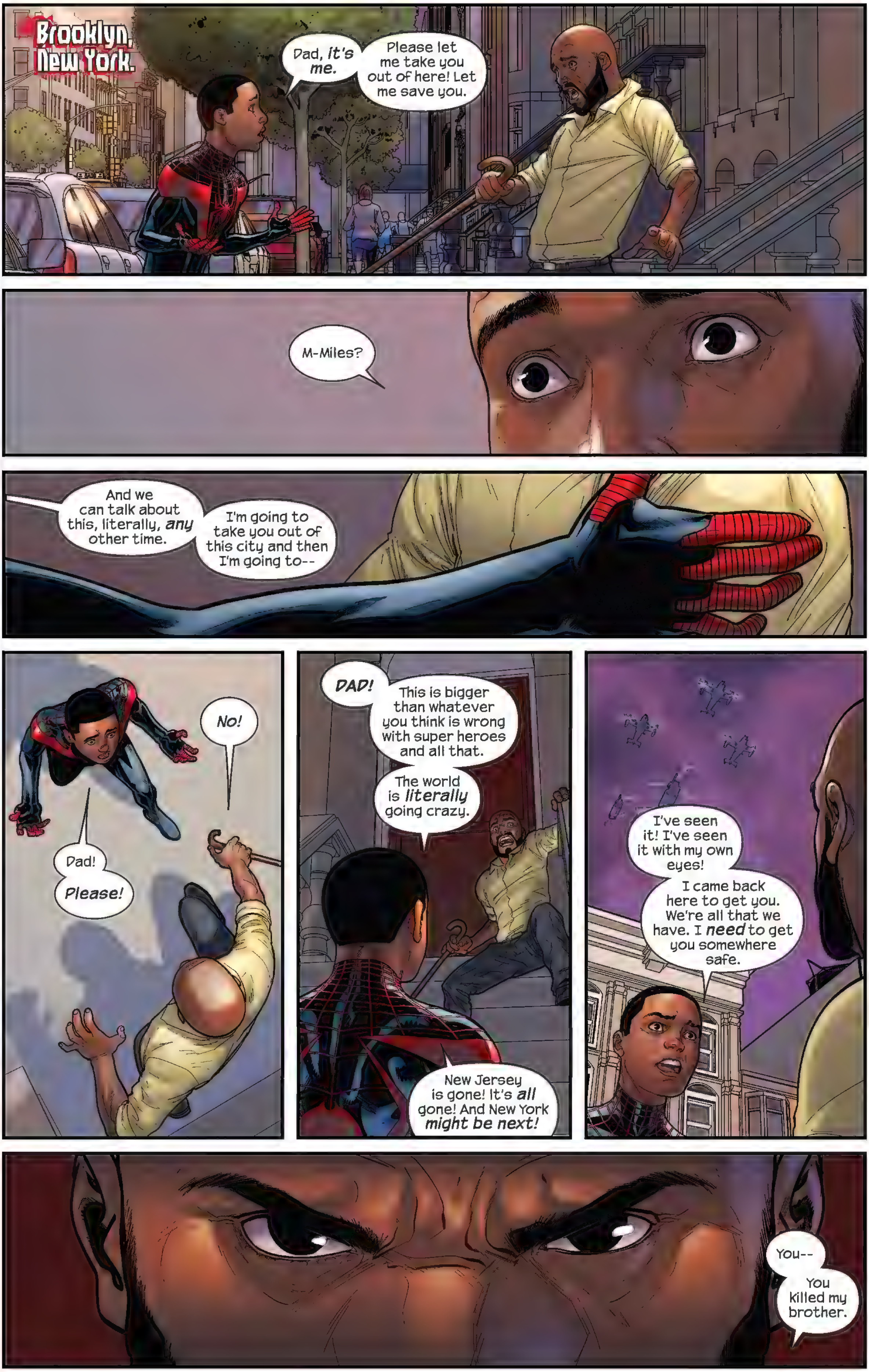

Oh, man...
oh, man!!
Miles!
MIIIILLLESS!!
Thank God you're okay!
Holy!!
Are you okay?
Get--get away from me!!
Get *away* from me!
Dad!!
What-- what did you just call me?
I just wanted to get you to safety.
I can get you out of here.
Please, Dad...

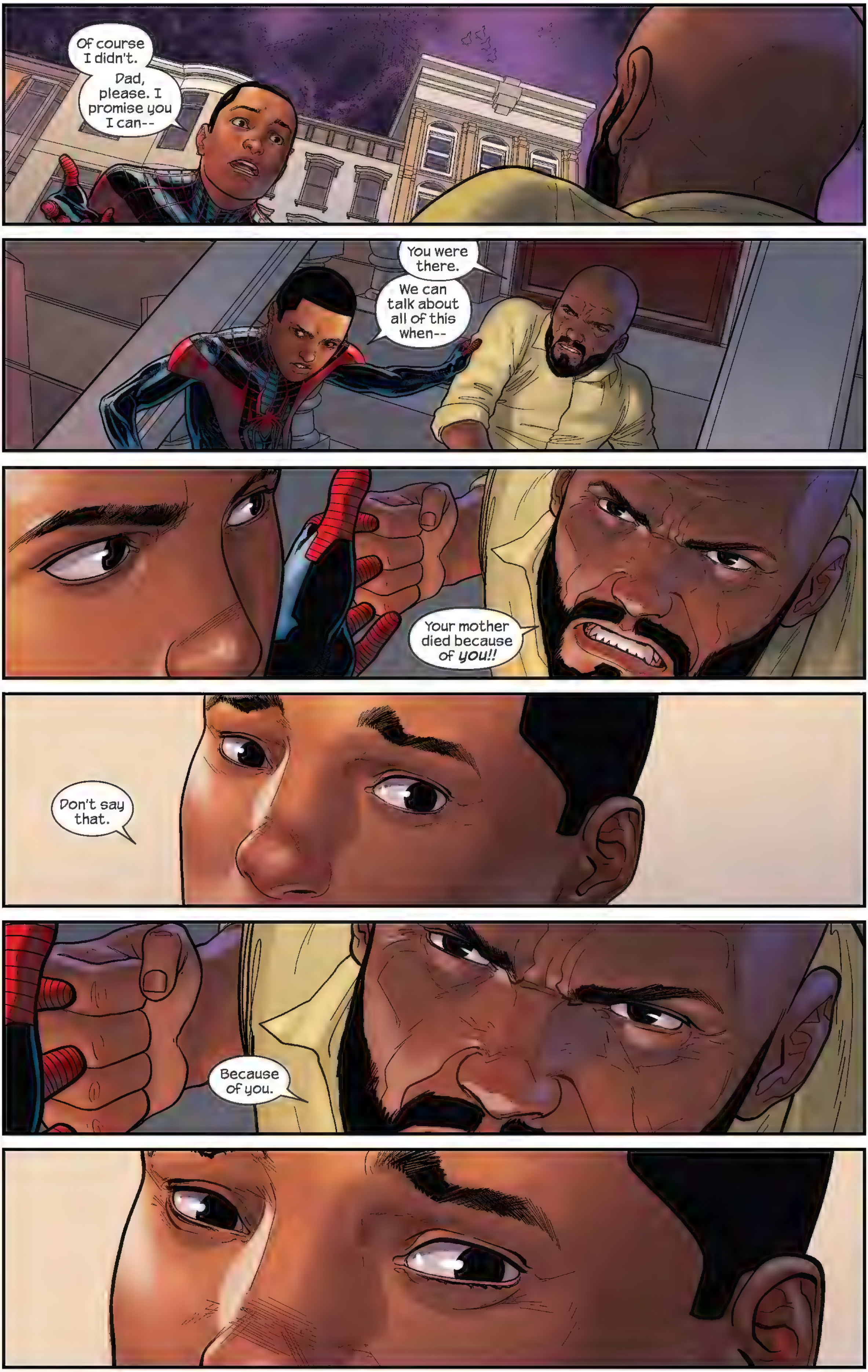

Dad, it's me.
Let me save you.
AXI

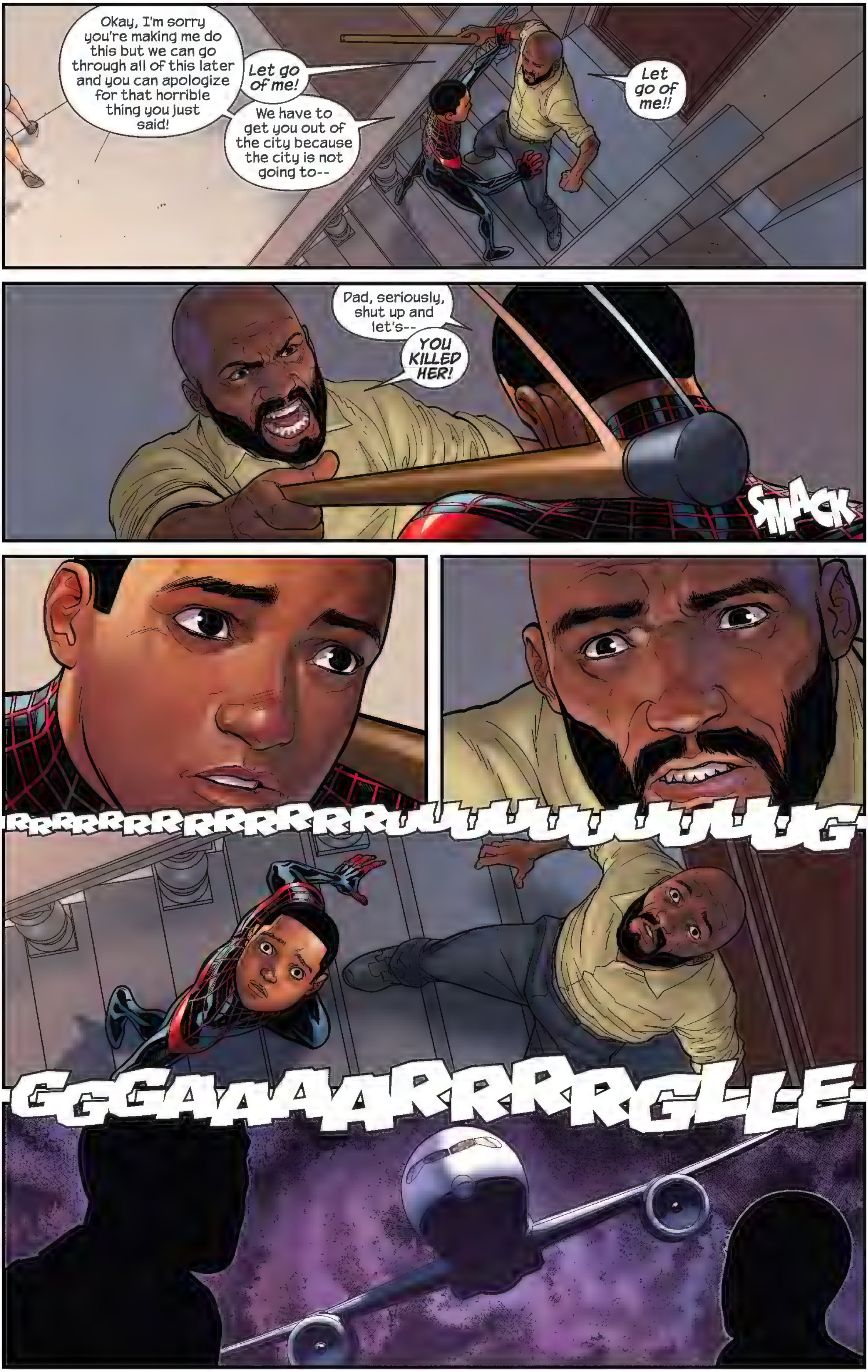
CATACLYSM: ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN #3

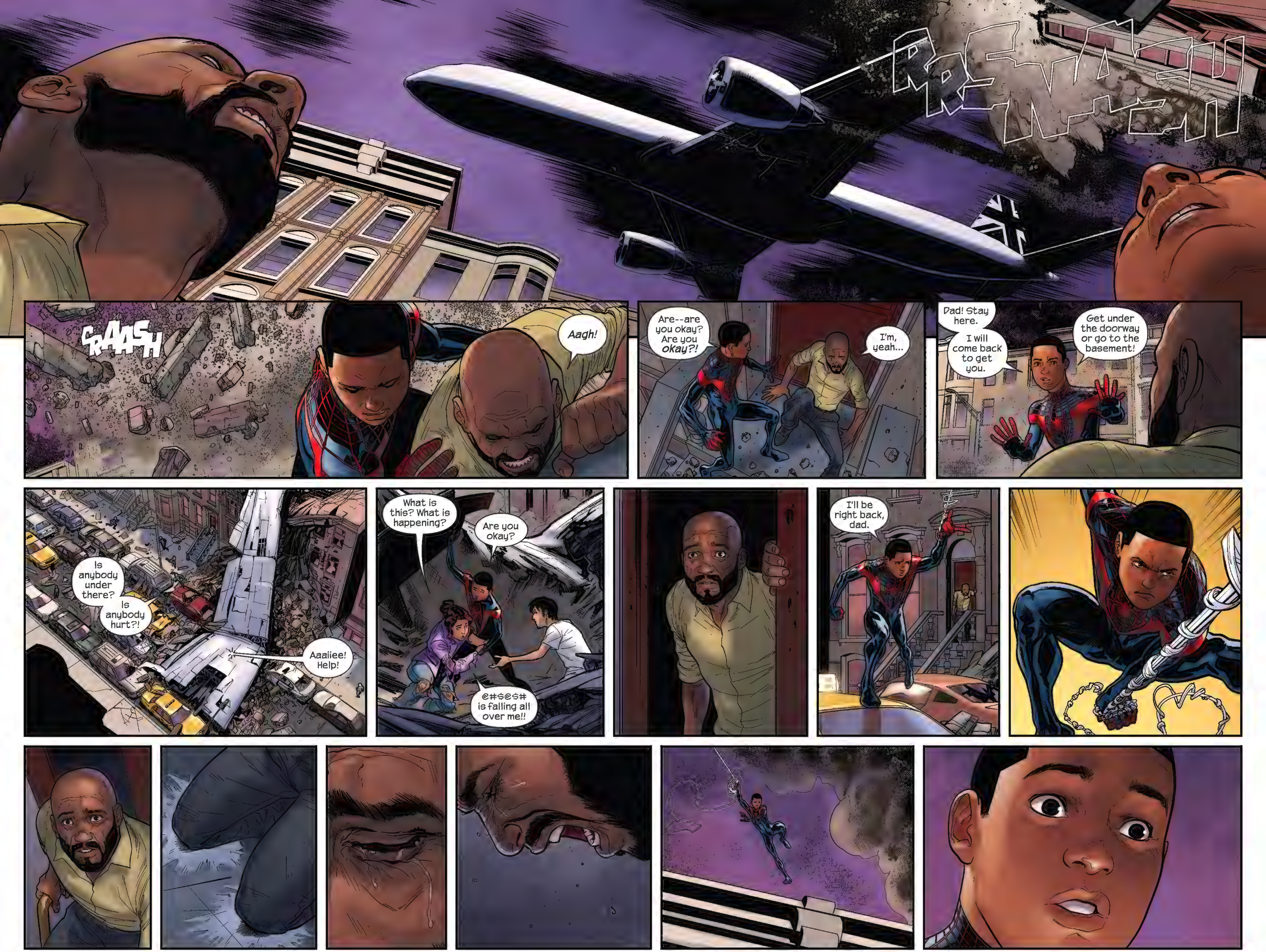

Newark tower, this is Great Britain Airlines flight 411.
Do you read? Over.
I repeat, Newark tower, this is--
Great Britain Airlines flight 411, this is the United States Air Force command, do *you* read?
Uh, yes, yes, we do. We read you loud and clear.
You need to turn your plane around.
I'm sorry?
Turn around to where exactly?
This is now restricted airspace.
There is nothing for you here. You need to find your way down to Dulles or--
Find our way down?
Newark tower, this is Great Britain Air--
There *is no* Newark tower! You need to change course immediately!
No Newark tower? What does that even mean?
You need to listen to me, captain!
Abandon your course and--okay, we're too close.
We're pulling out.
Wait, what does that mean: there is no Newark tower?
Buddy, there is no more **Newark.**
No New-- oh dear God in heaven.

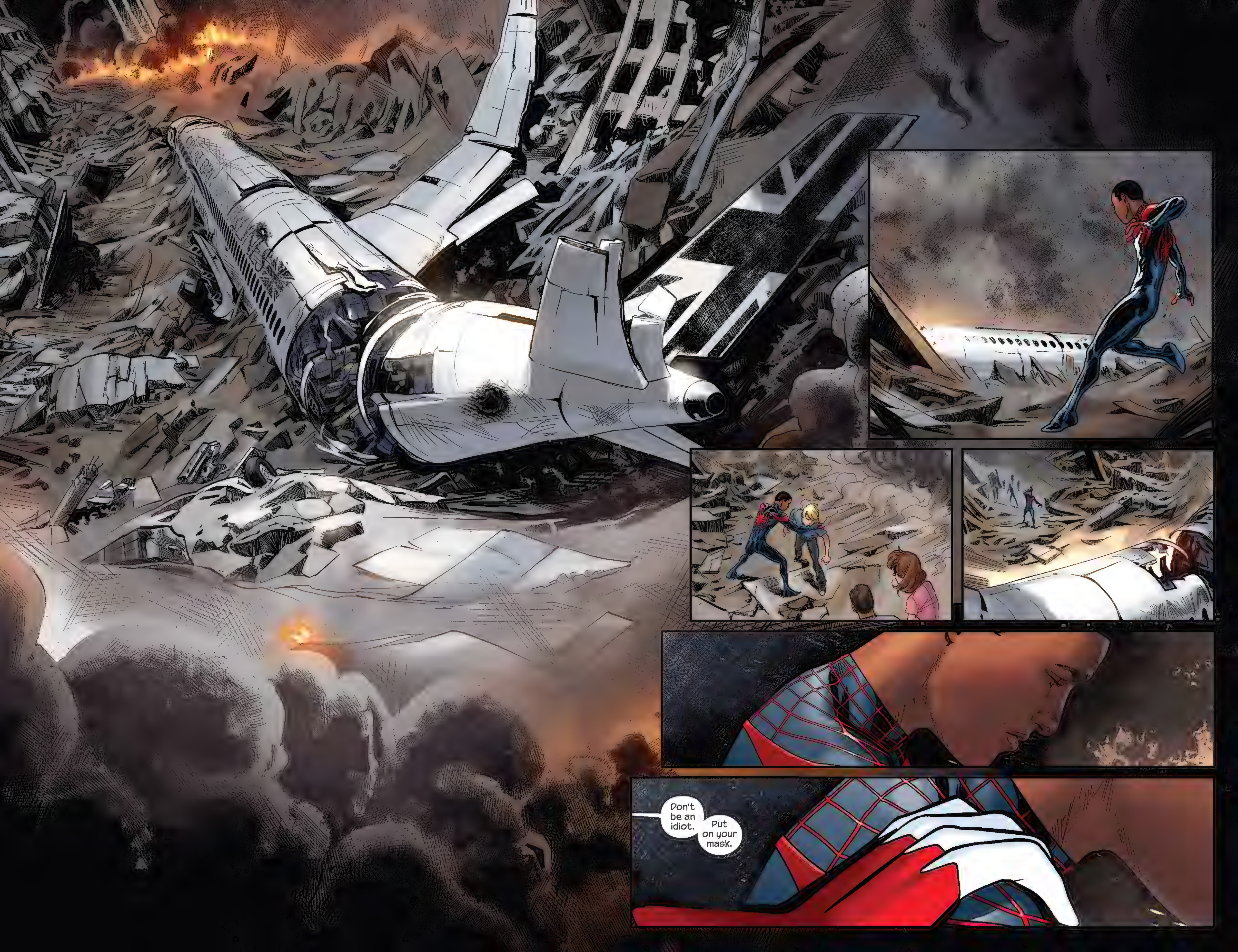

What is that?!
Get out of there!
Dear God!
GREAT BRITAIN AIRLINES

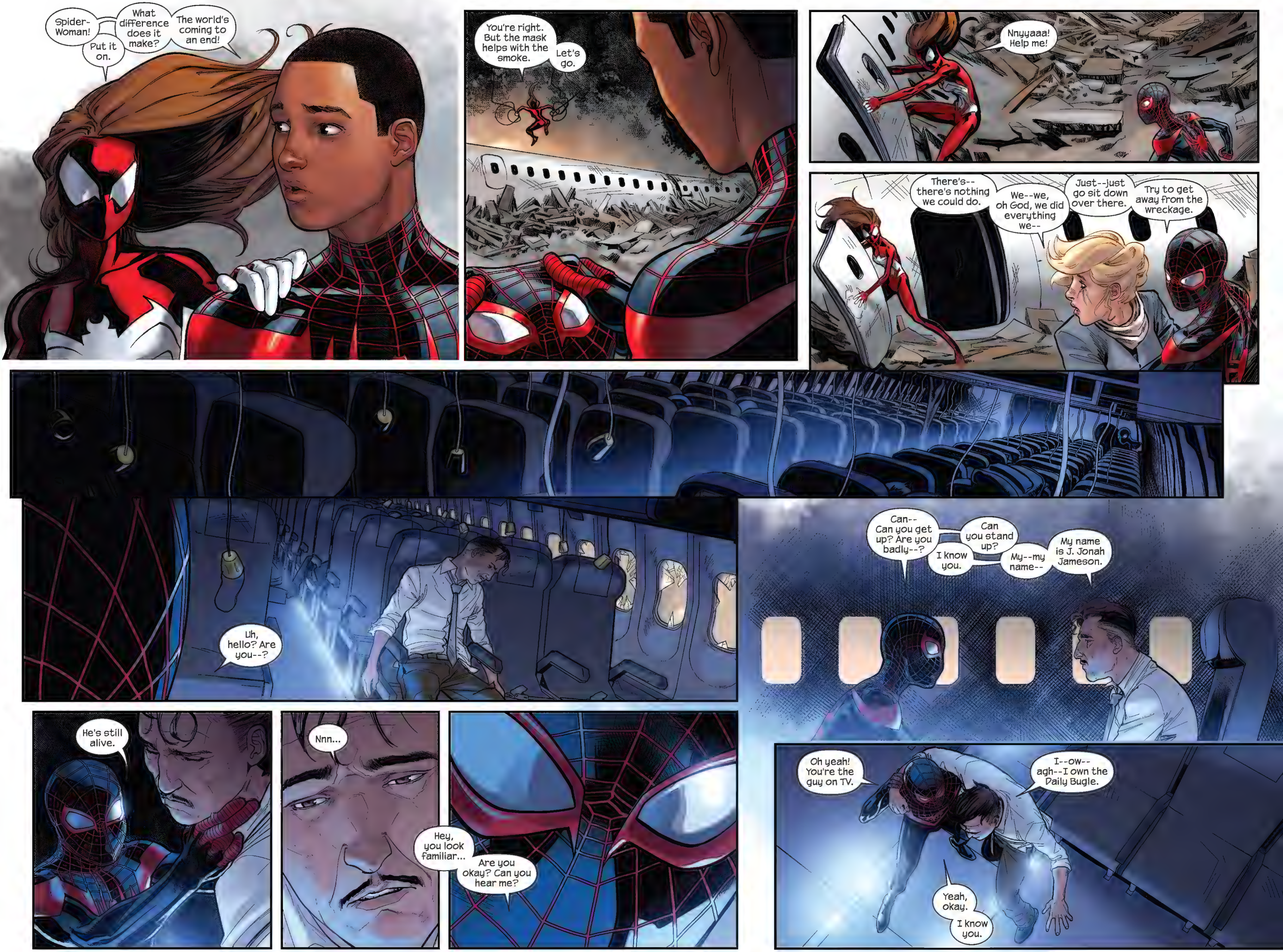

Brooklyn, New York.
Dad, *it's me.*
Please let me take you out of here! Let me save you.
M-Miles?
And we can talk about this, literally, *any* other time.
I'm going to take you out of this city and then I'm going to--
Dad!
*Please!*
*No!*
*DAD!*
This is bigger than whatever you think is wrong with super heroes and all that.
The world is *literally* going crazy.
New Jersey is gone! It's *all* gone! And New York *might be next!*
I've seen it! I've seen it with my own eyes!
I came back here to get you. We're all that we have. I *need* to get you somewhere safe.
You--
You killed my brother.

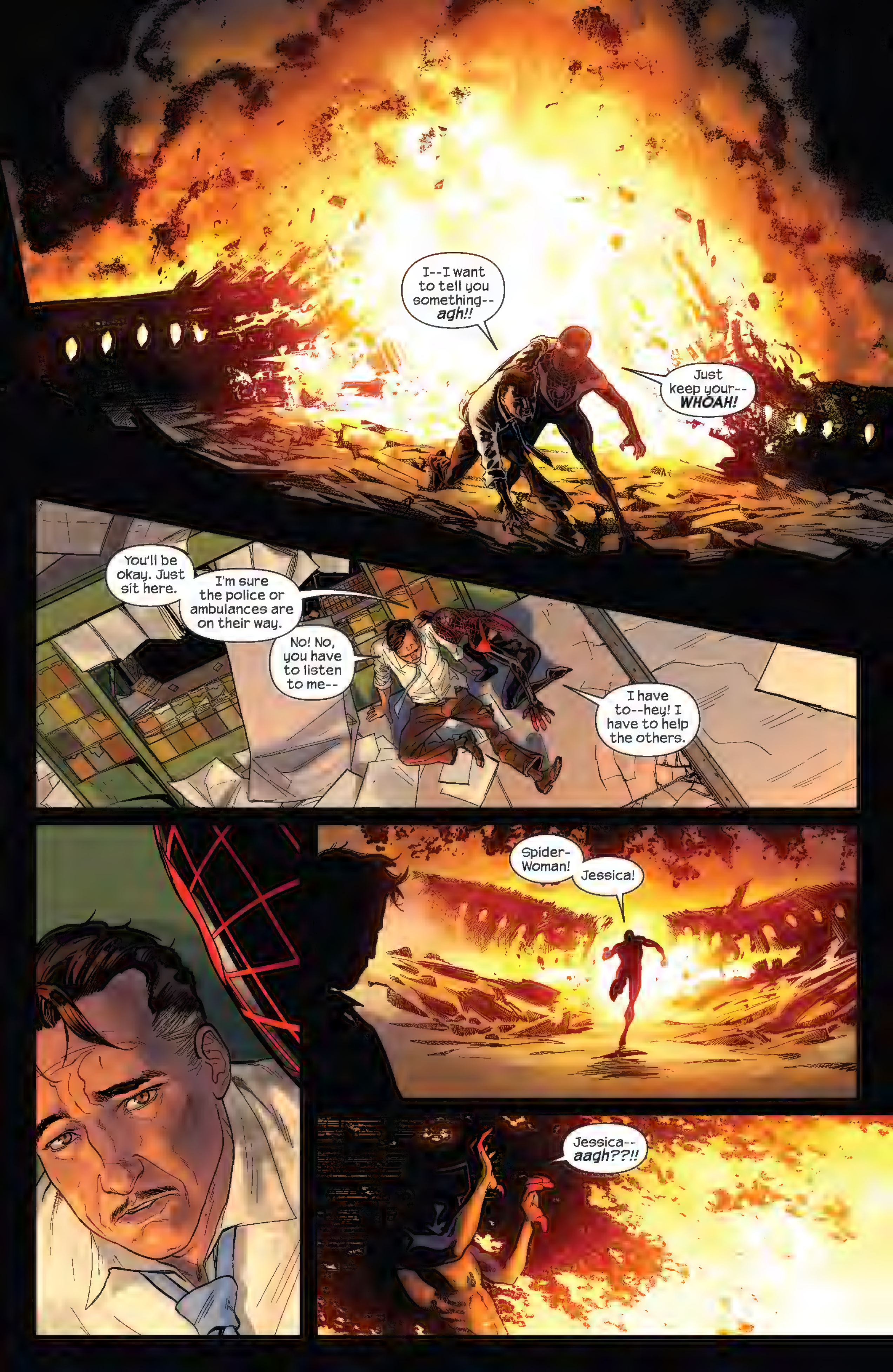

Of course I didn't.
Dad, please. I promise you I can--
You were there.
We can talk about all of this when--
Your mother died because of *you!!*
Don't say that.
Because of you.

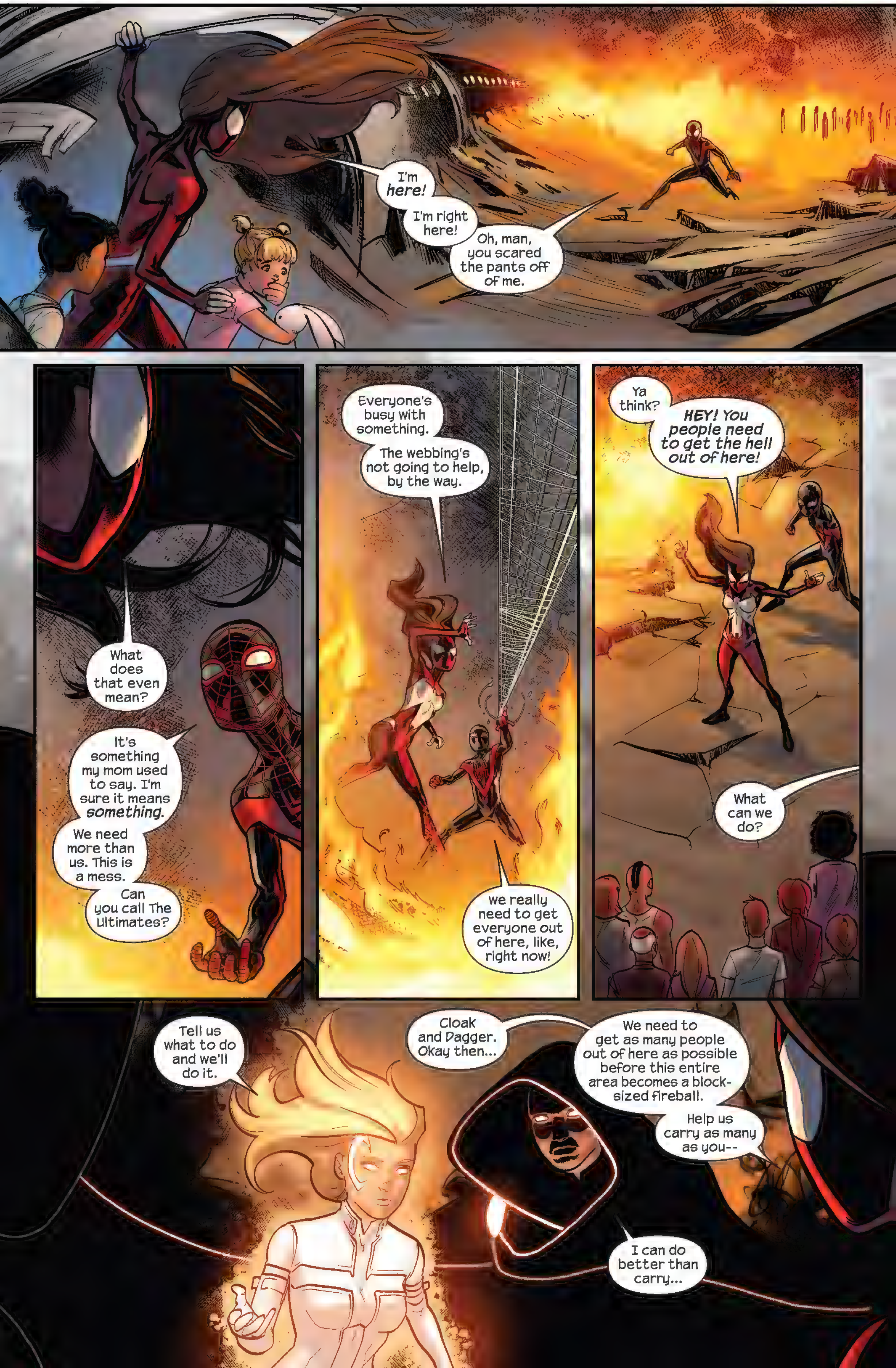

Okay, I'm sorry you're making me do this but we can go through all of this later and you can apologize for that horrible thing you just said!
Let go of me!
We have to get you out of the city because the city is not going to--
Let go of me!!
Dad, seriously, shut up and let's--
YOU KILLED HER!
SMACK
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUUUG
GGAAAARRRRGLLE

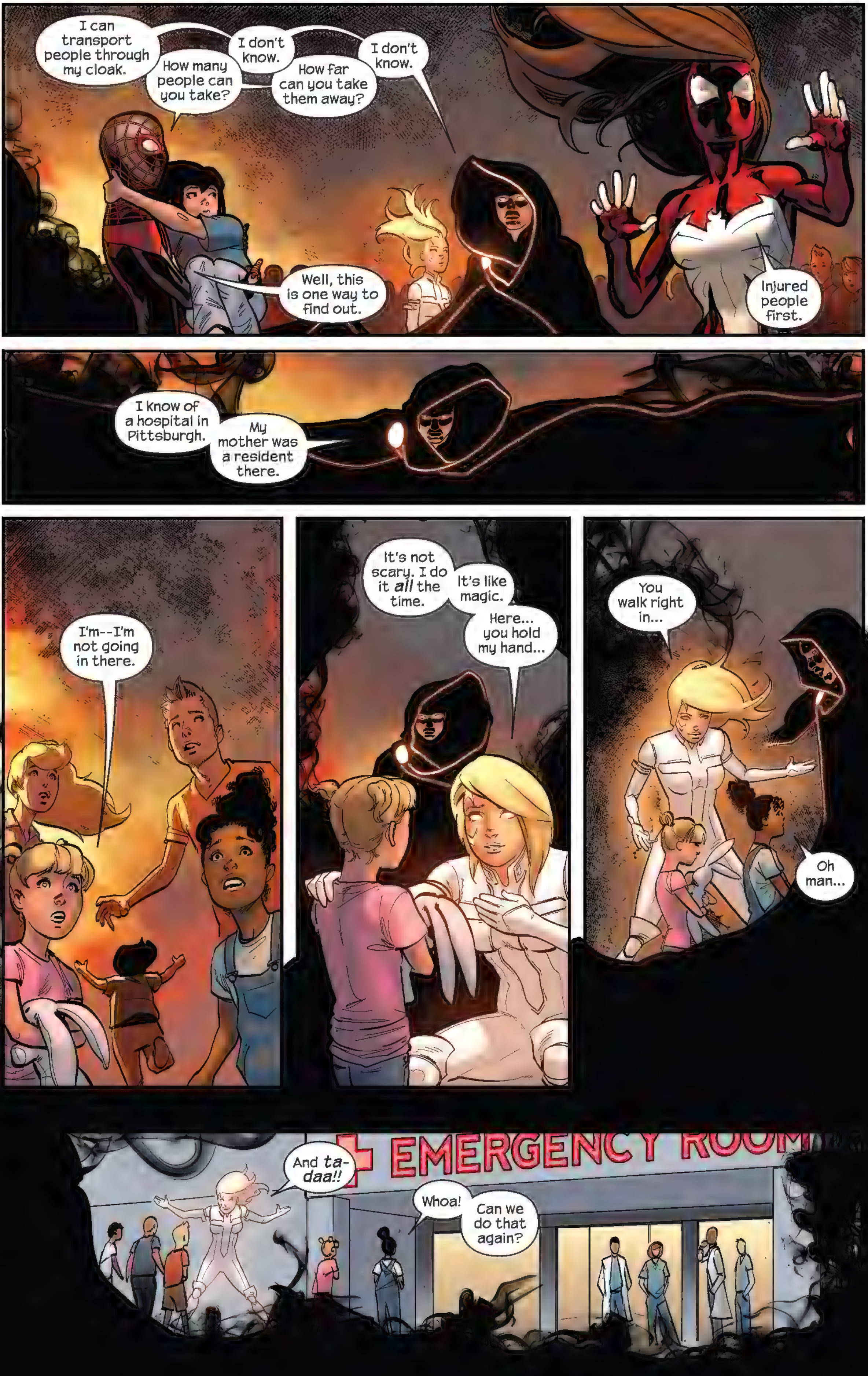

CRAASH
Aagh!
Are--are you okay? Are you *okay?!*
I'm, yeah...
Dad! Stay here.
I will come back to get you.
Get under the doorway or go to the basement!
Is anybody under there?
Is anybody hurt?!
Aaaiiee! Help!
What is this? What is happening?
Are you okay?
@#$@$# is falling all over me!!
I'll be right back, dad.

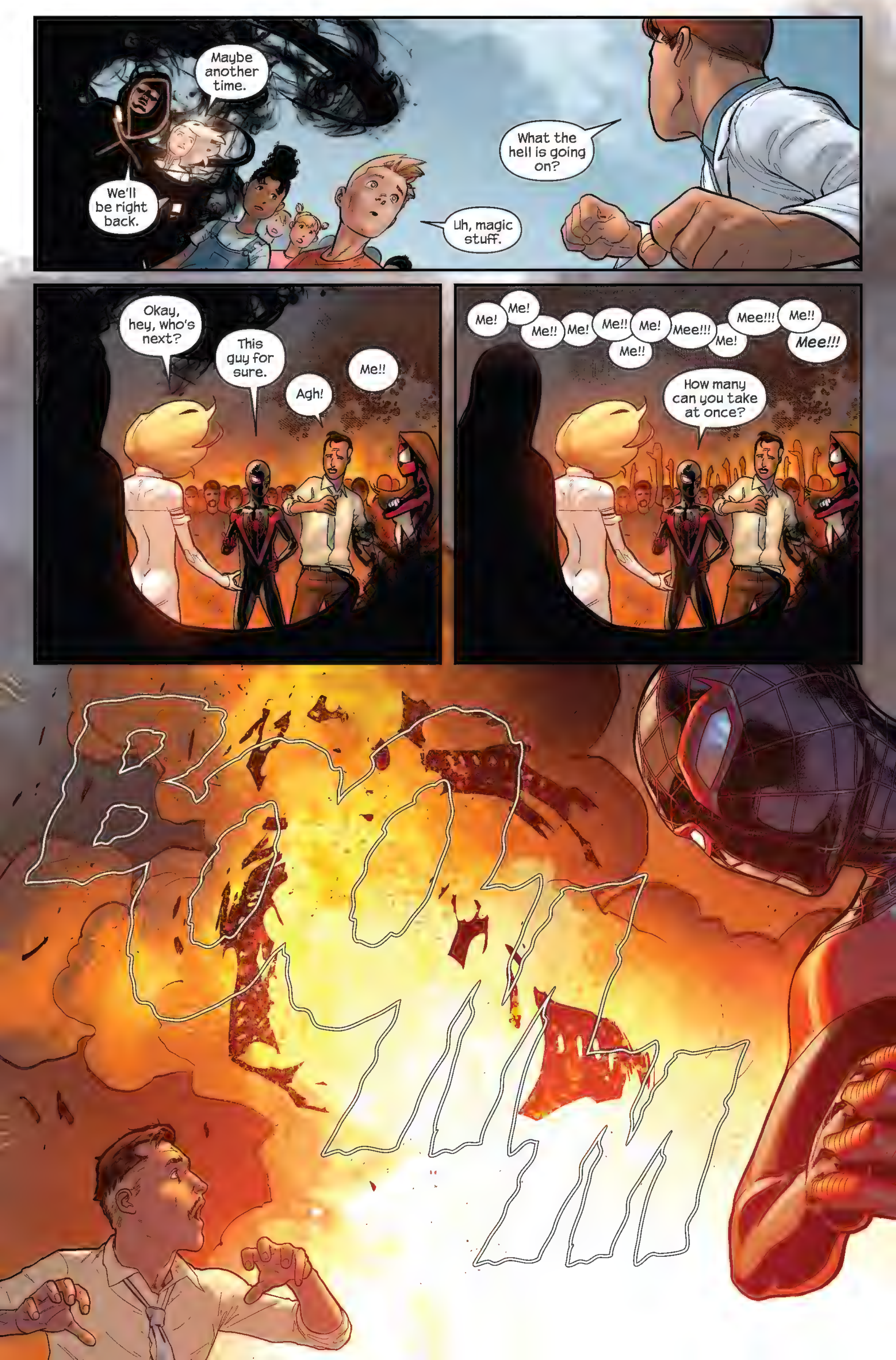

Don't be an idiot.
Put on your mask.

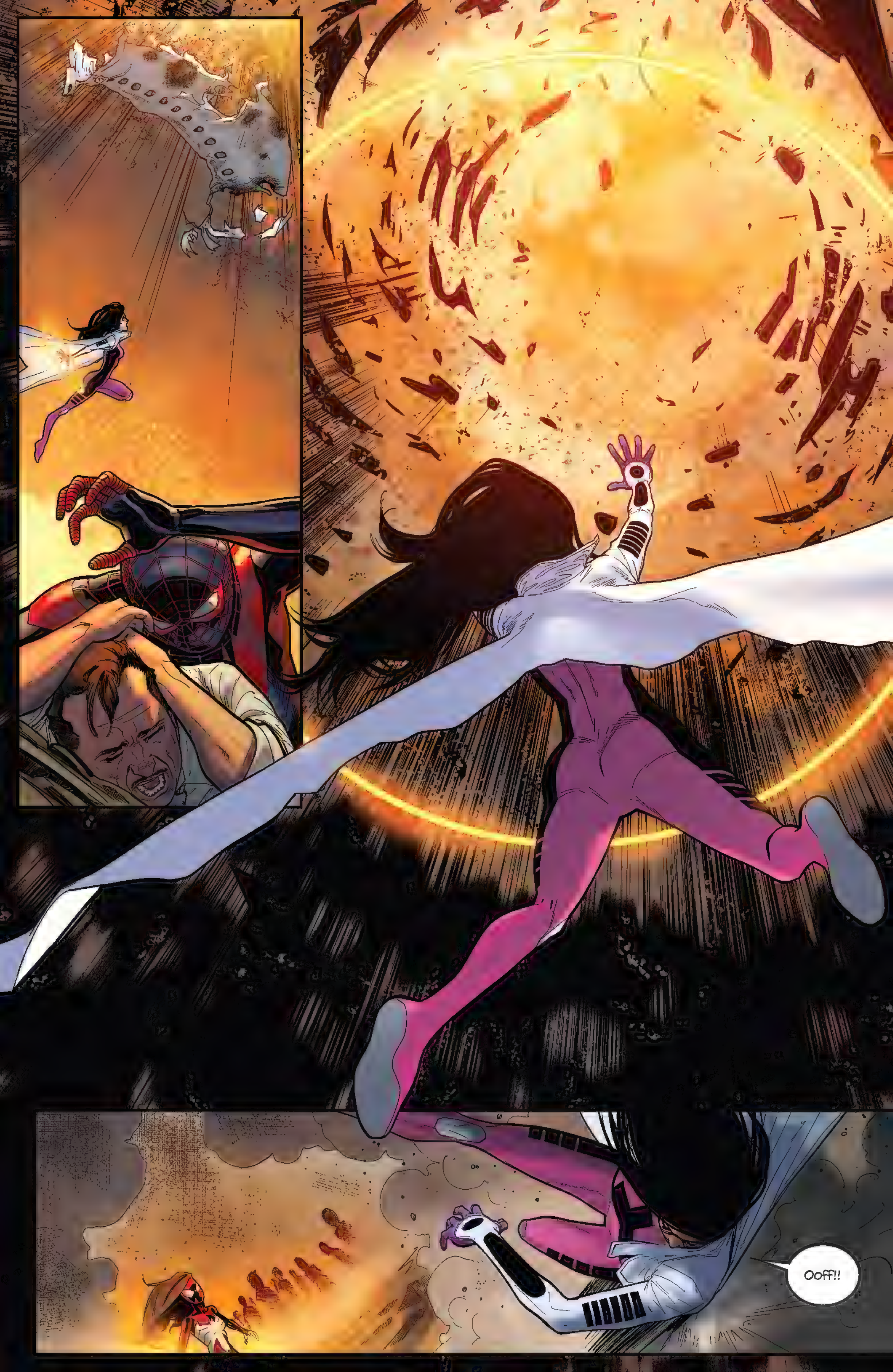

Spider-Woman!
Put it on.
What difference does it make?
The world's coming to an end!
You're right. But the mask helps with the smoke.
Let's go.
Nnyyaaa! Help me!
There's-- there's nothing we could do.
We--we, oh God, we did everything we--
Just--just go sit down over there.
Try to get away from the wreckage.
Uh, hello? Are you--?
Can-- Can you get up? Are you badly--?
I know you.
Can you stand up?
My--my name--
My name is J. Jonah Jameson.
He's still alive.
Nnn...
Hey, you look familiar...
Are you okay? Can you hear me?
Oh yeah! You're the guy on TV.
I--ow--agh--I own the Daily Bugle.
Yeah, okay.
I know you.

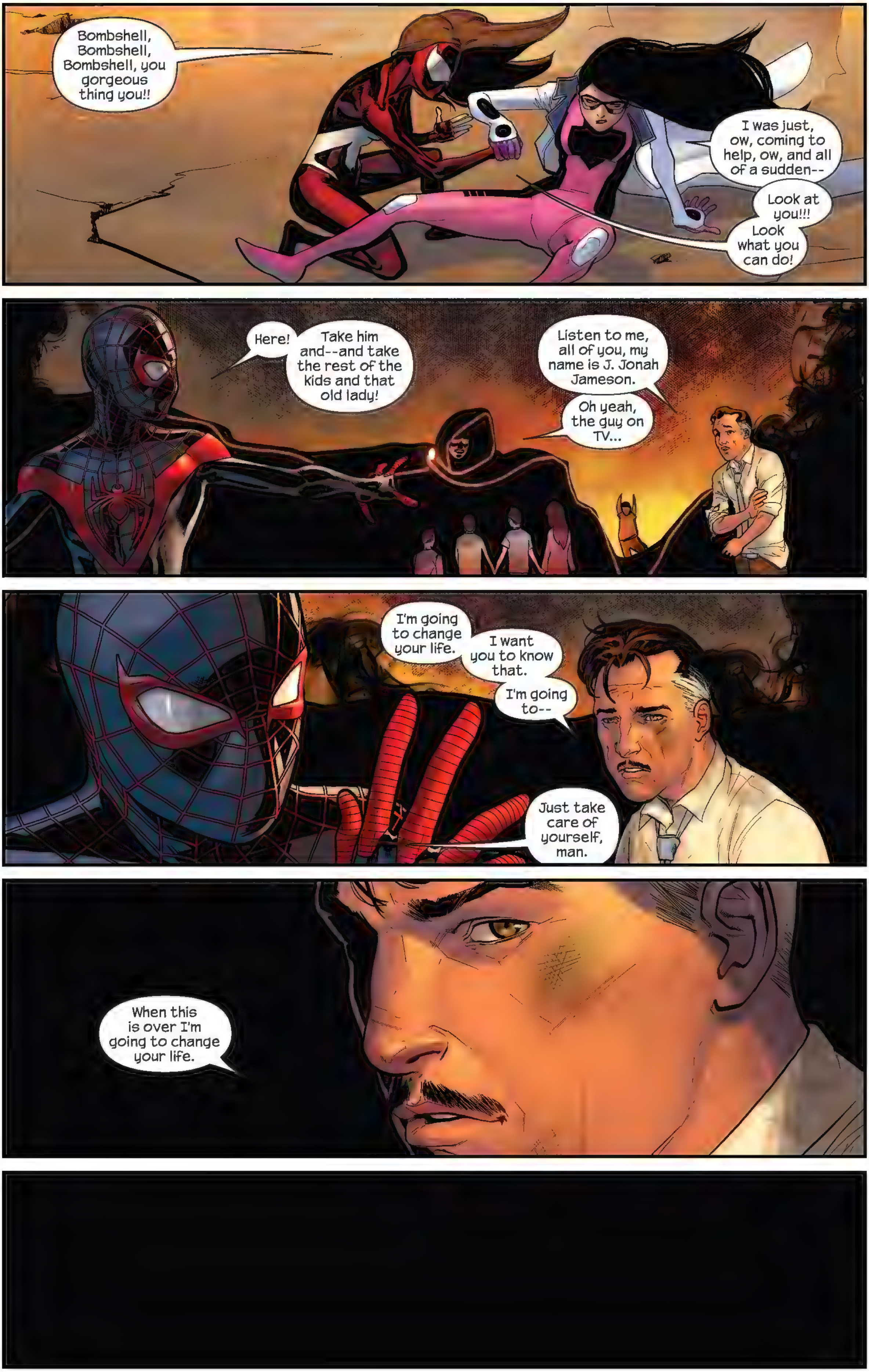

I--I want to tell you something-- *agh!!*
Just keep your-- ***WHOAH!***
You'll be okay. Just sit here.
I'm sure the police or ambulances are on their way.
No! No, you have to listen to me--
I have to--hey! I have to help the others.
Spider-Woman!
Jessica!
Jessica-- *aagh??!!*

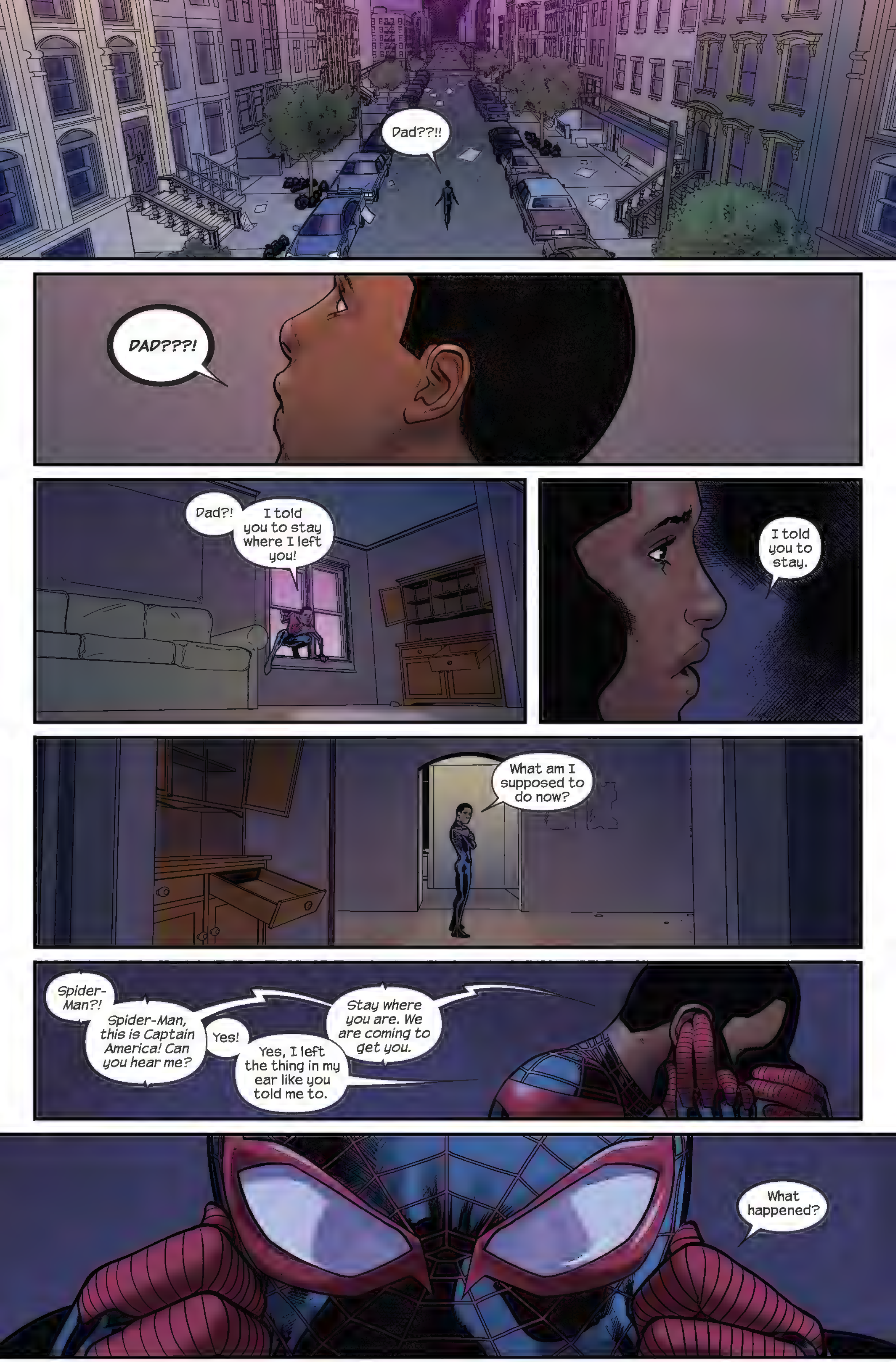

I'm *here!*
I'm right here!
Oh, man, you scared the pants off of me.
What does that even mean?
It's something my mom used to say. I'm sure it means *something.*
We need more than us. This is a mess.
Can you call The Ultimates?
Everyone's busy with something.
The webbing's not going to help, by the way.
We really need to get everyone out of here, like, right now!
Ya think?
***HEY!* You people need to get the hell out of here!**
What can we do?
Tell us what to do and we'll do it.
Cloak and Dagger. Okay then...
We need to get as many people out of here as possible before this entire area becomes a block-sized fireball.
Help us carry as many as you--
I can do better than carry...

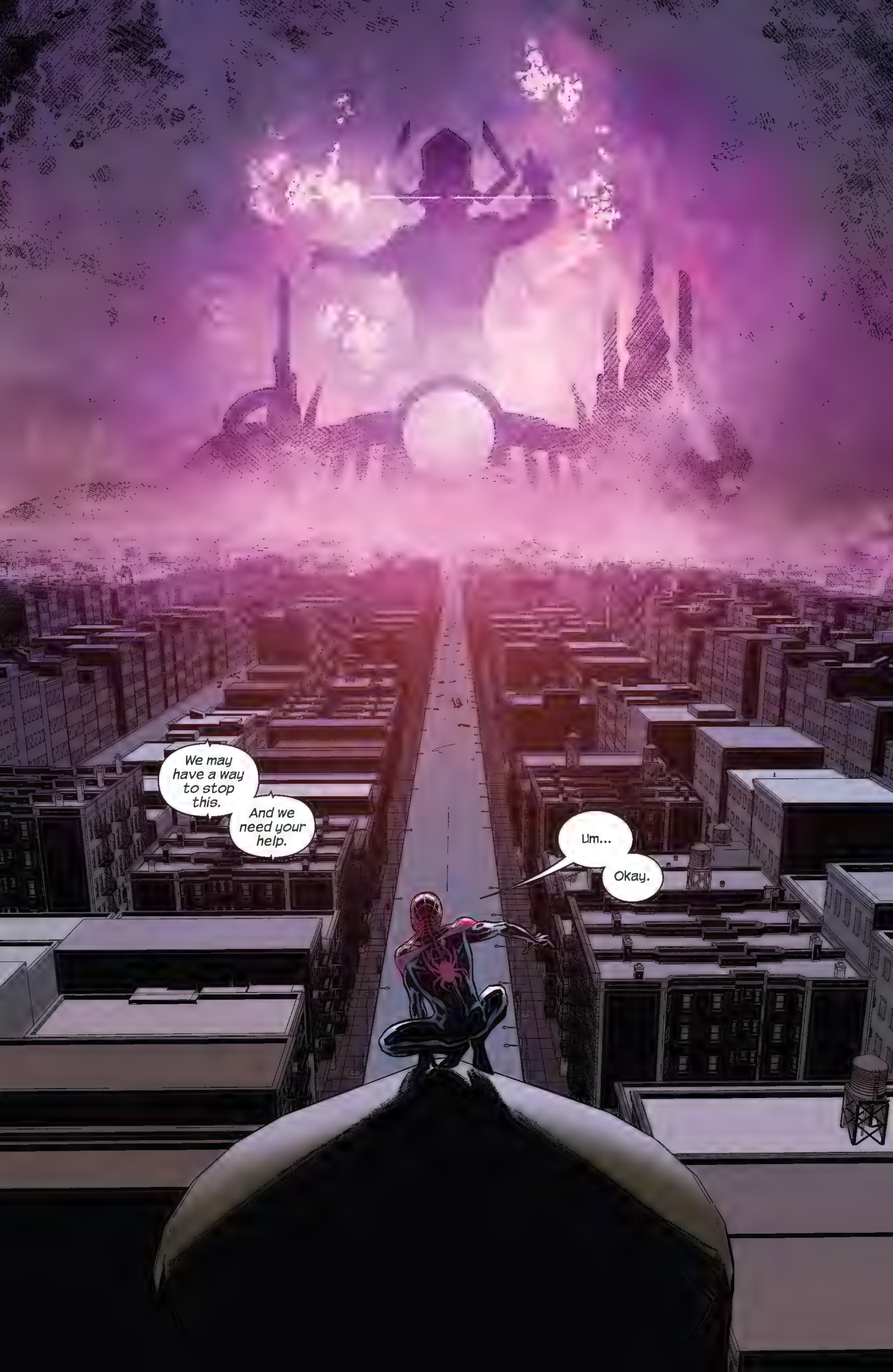

I can transport people through my cloak.
How many people can you take?
I don't know.
How far can you take them away?
I don't know.
Well, this is one way to find out.
Injured people first.
I know of a hospital in Pittsburgh.
My mother was a resident there.
I'm--I'm not going in there.
It's not scary. I do it *all* the time.
It's like magic.
Here... you hold my hand...
You walk right in...
Oh man...
EMERGENCY ROOM
And *ta-daa!!*
Whoa!
Can we do that again?


Maybe another time.
We'll be right back.
What the hell is going on?
Uh, magic stuff.
Okay, hey, who's next?
This guy for sure.
Agh!
Me!!
Me!
Me!
Me!!
Me!
Me!!
Me!
Mee!!!
Me!!
Me!
Mee!!!
Me!!
Mee!!!
How many can you take at once?
BOOM

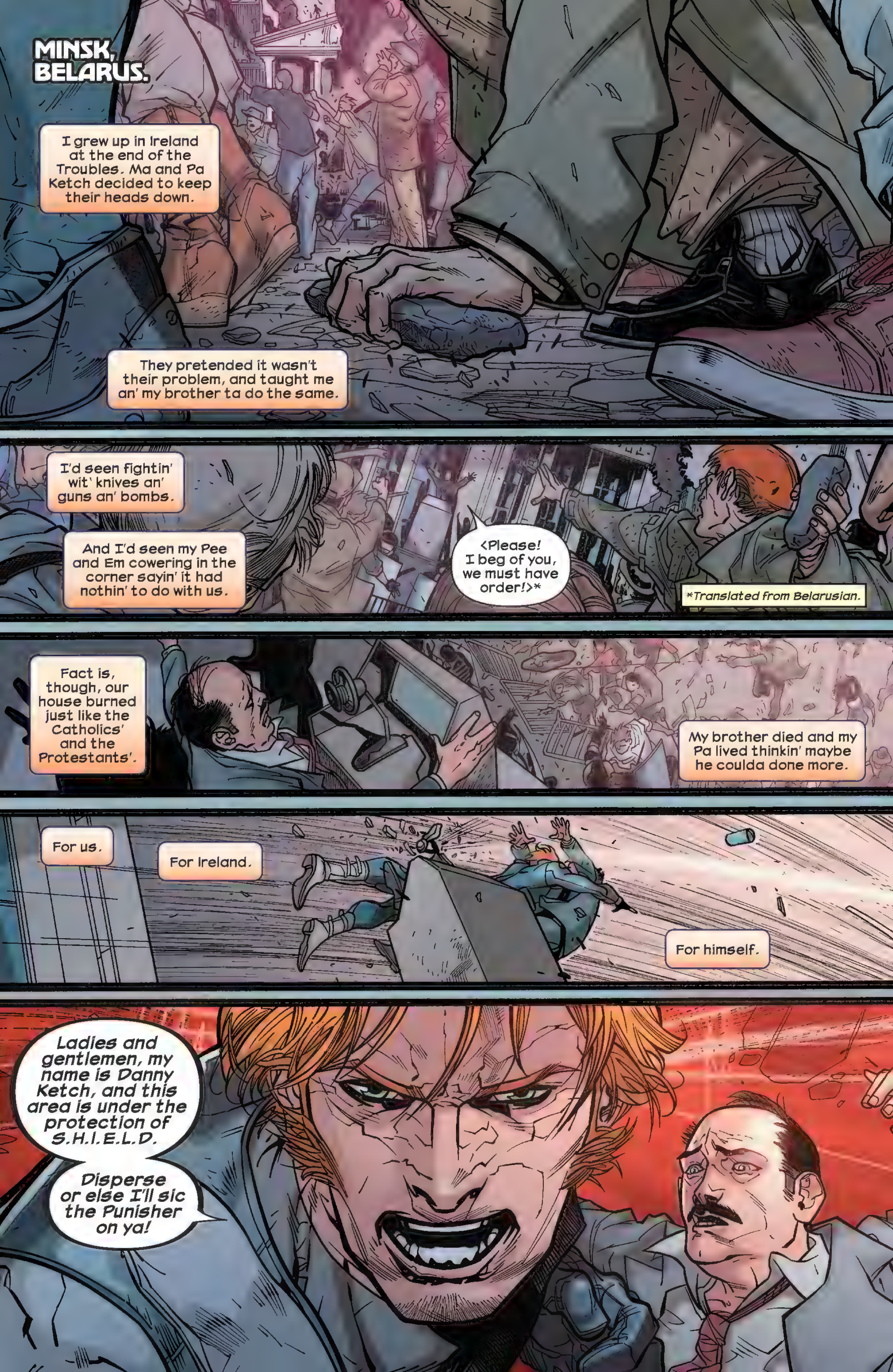

Ooff!!

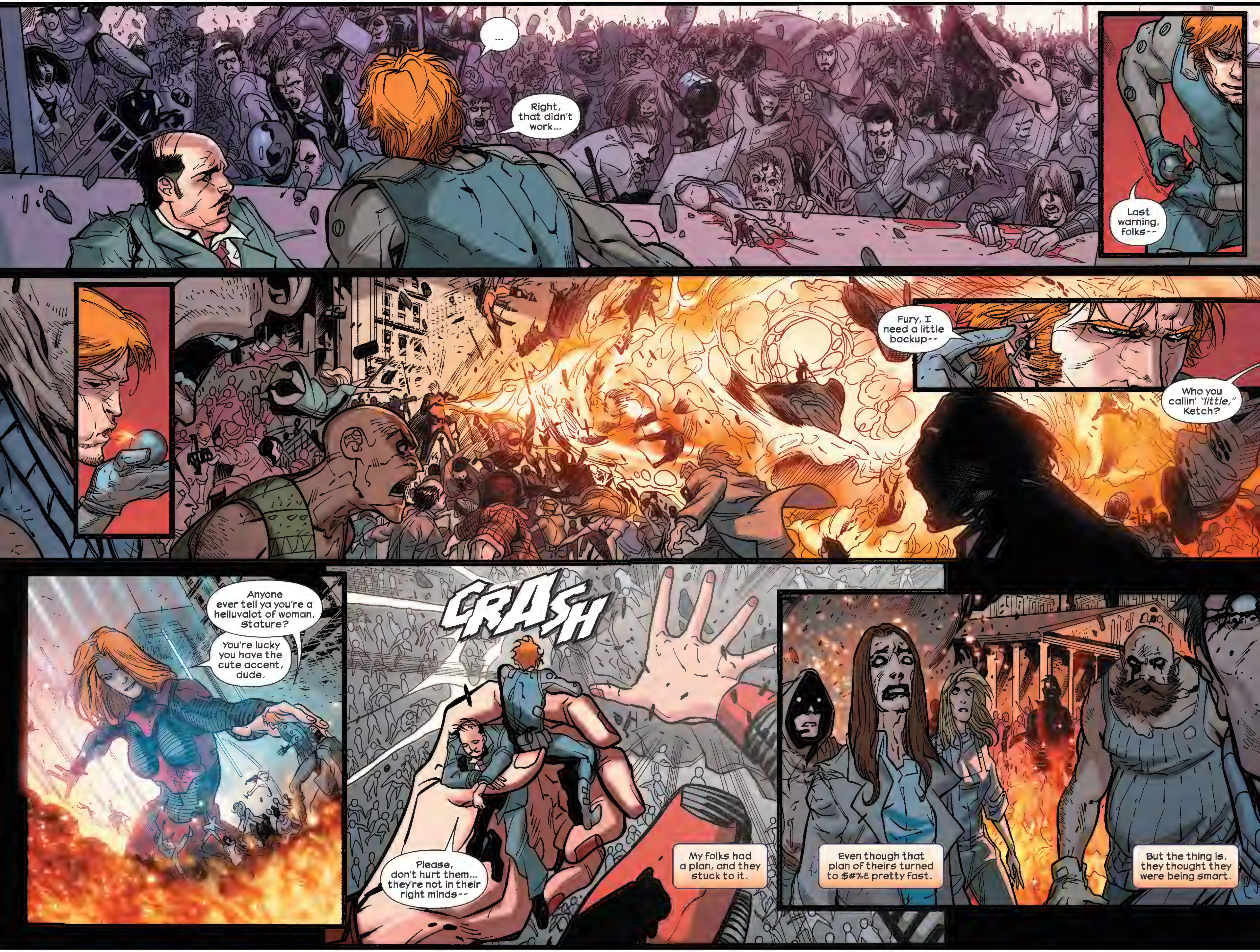

Bombshell, Bombshell, Bombshell, you gorgeous thing you!!
I was just, ow, coming to help, ow, and all of a sudden--
Look at you!!!
Look what you can do!
Here!
Take him and--and take the rest of the kids and that old lady!
Listen to me, all of you, my name is J. Jonah Jameson.
Oh yeah, the guy on TV...
I'm going to change your life.
I want you to know that.
I'm going to--
Just take care of yourself, man.
When this is over I'm going to change your life.

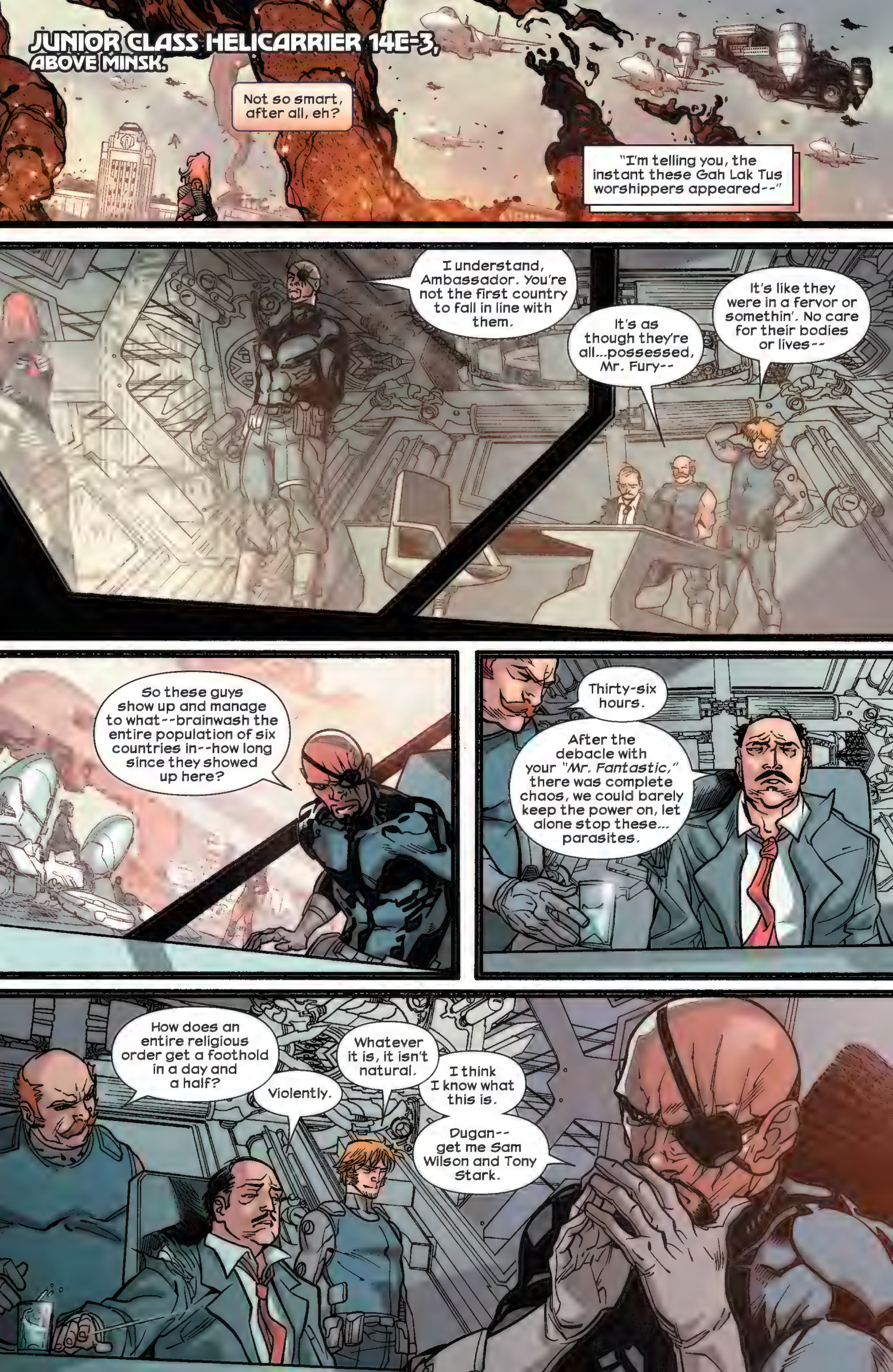

Dad??!!
DAD???!
Dad?!
I told you to stay where I left you!
I told you to stay.
What am I supposed to do now?
Spider-Man?!
Spider-Man, this is Captain America! Can you hear me?
Yes!
Yes, I left the thing in my ear like you told me to.
Stay where you are. We are coming to get you.
What happened?

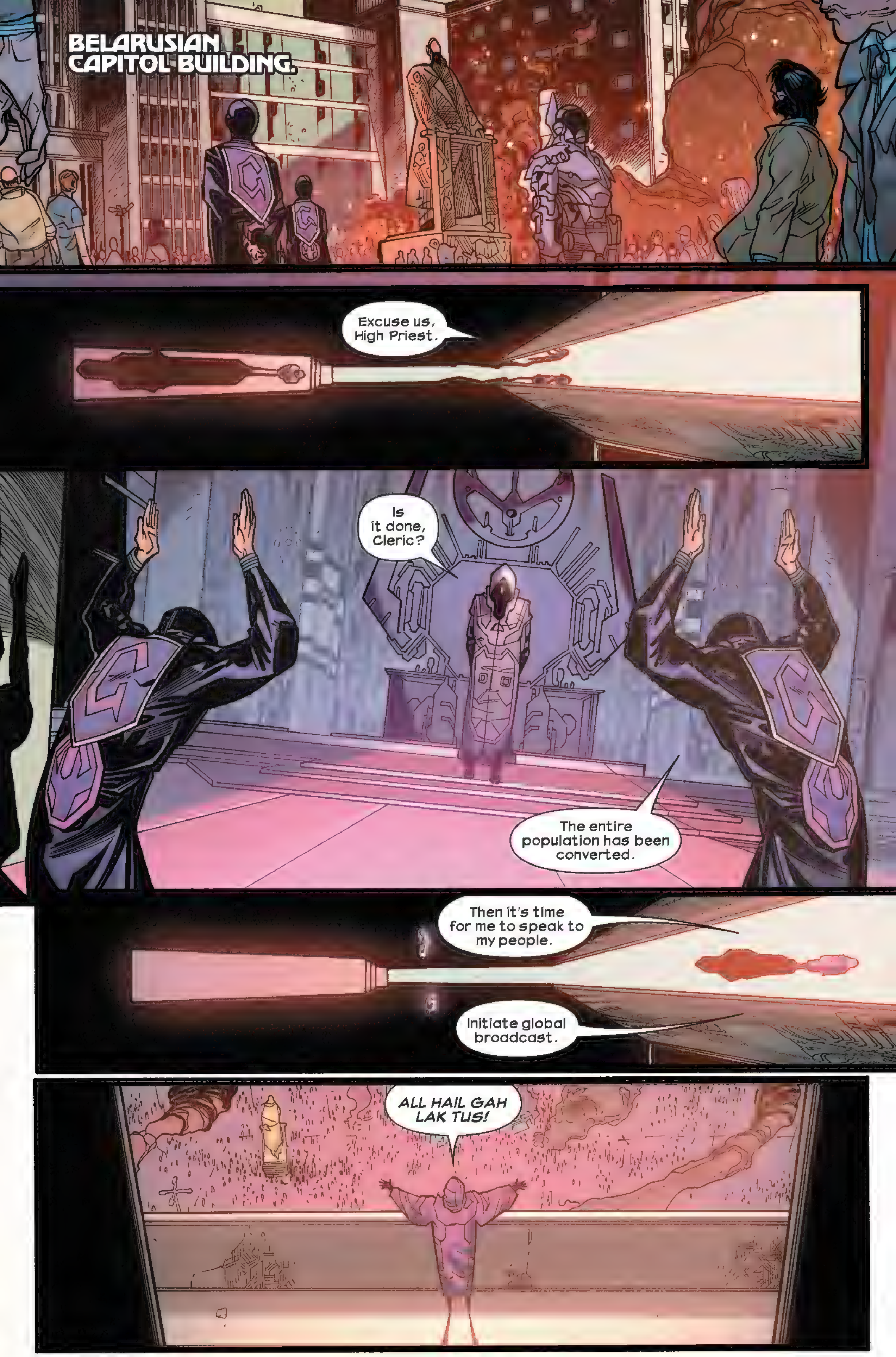

We may have a way to stop this.
And we need your help.
Um...
Okay.

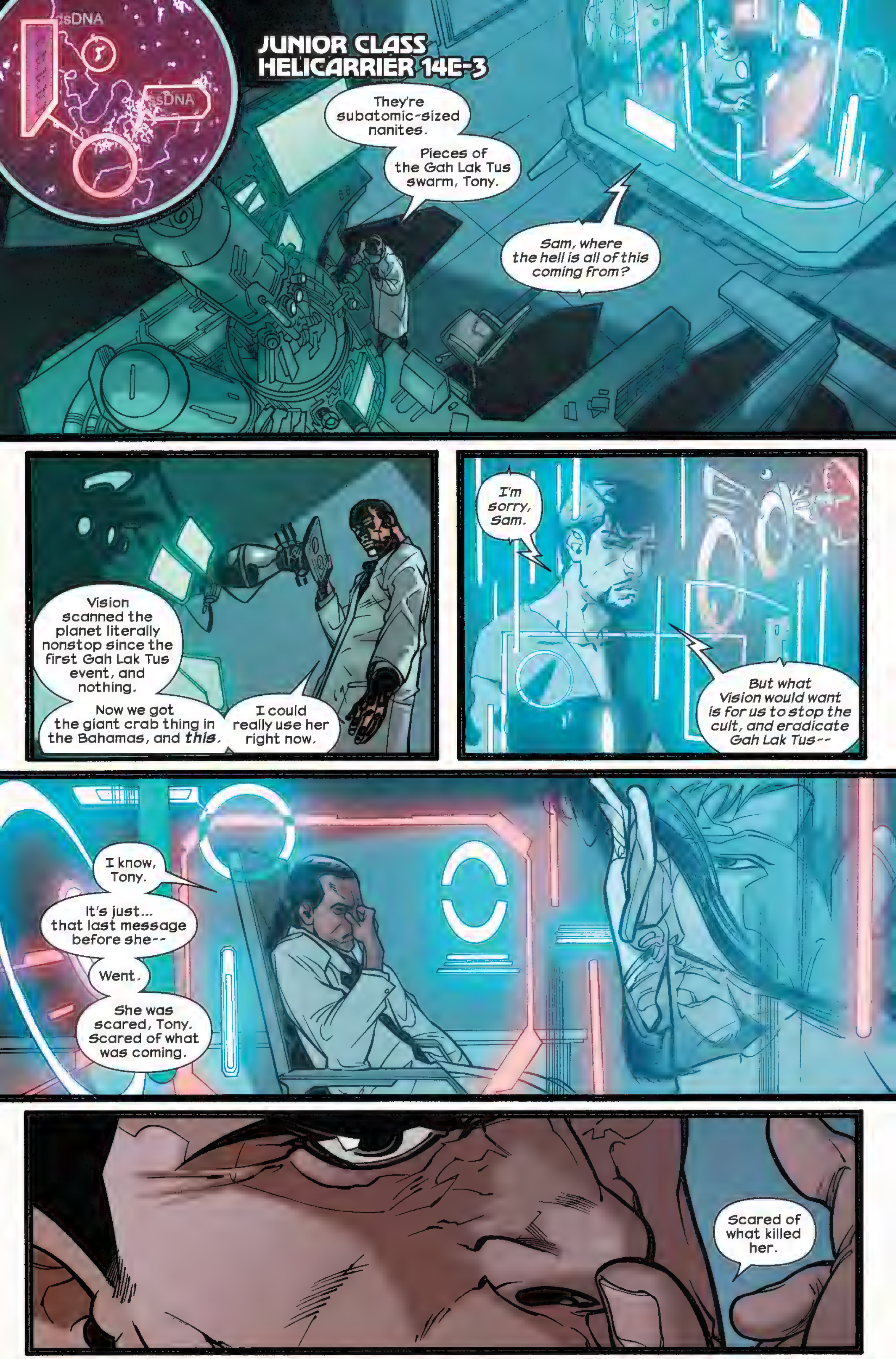
CATACLYSM: ULTIMATES #1

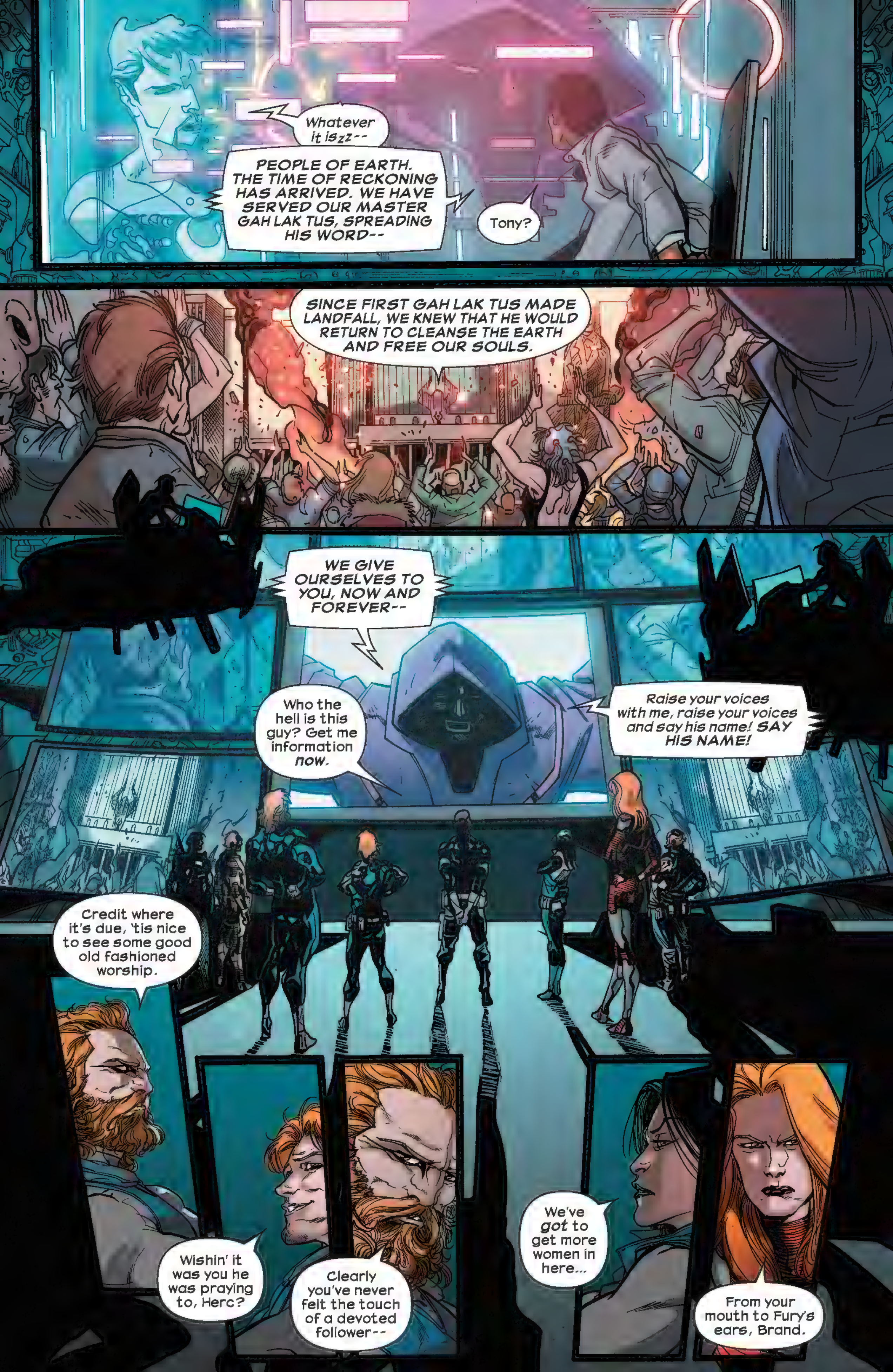

MINSK, BELARUS.
I grew up in Ireland at the end of the Troubles. Ma and Pa Ketch decided to keep their heads down.
They pretended it wasn't their problem, and taught me an' my brother ta do the same.
I'd seen fightin' wit' knives an' guns an' bombs.
And I'd seen my Pee and Em cowering in the corner sayin' it had nothin' to do with us.
<Please! I beg of you, we must have order!>*
*Translated from Belarusian.
Fact is, though, our house burned just like the Catholics' and the Protestants'.
My brother died and my Pa lived thinkin' maybe he coulda done more.
For us.
For Ireland.
For himself.
Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Danny Ketch, and this area is under the protection of S.H.I.E.L.D.
Disperse or else I'll sic the Punisher on ya!

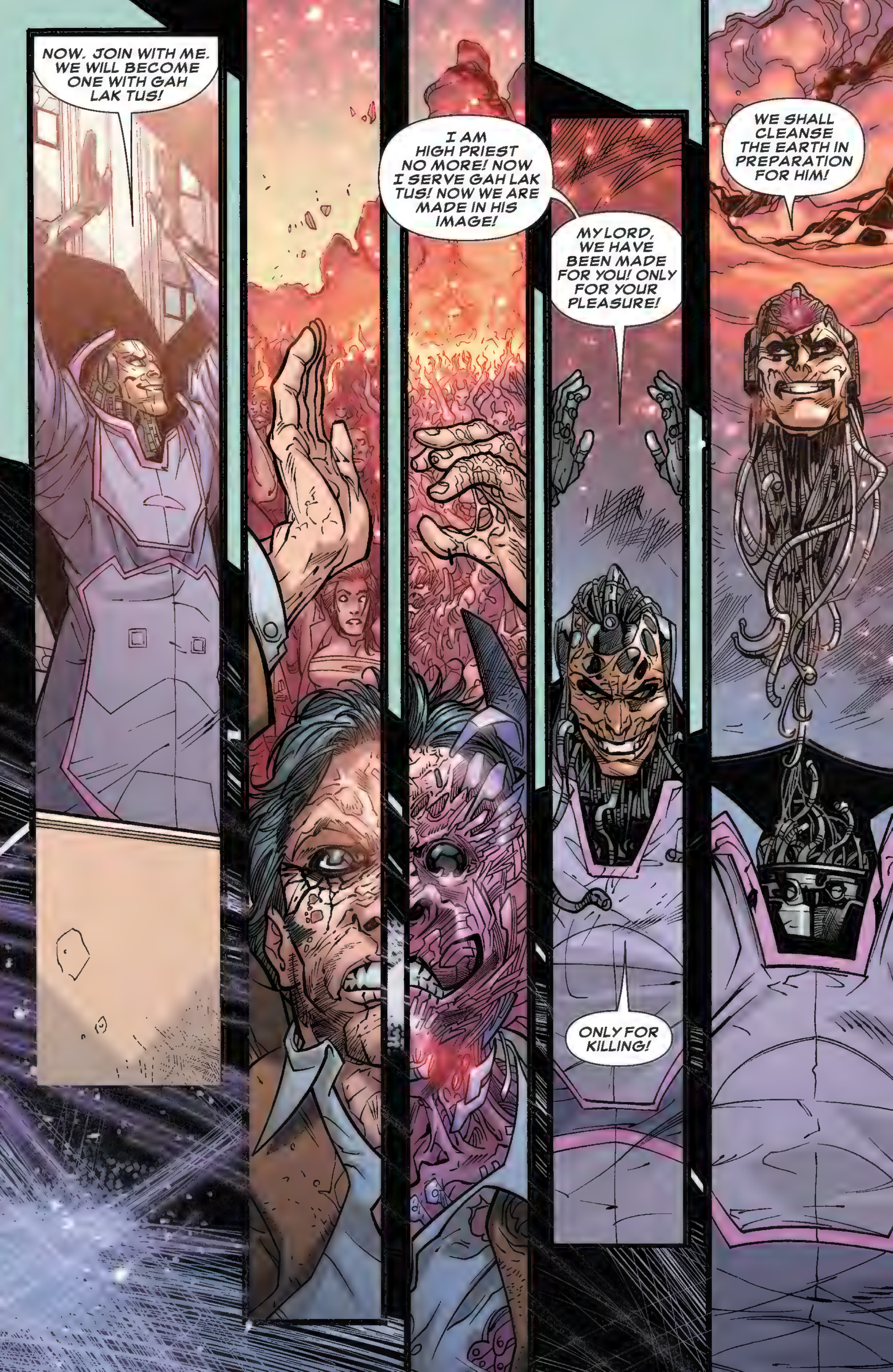

...
Right, that didn't work...
Last warning, folks--
Fury, I need a little backup--
Who you callin' "little," Ketch?
Anyone ever tell ya you're a helluvalot of woman, Stature?
You're lucky you have the cute accent, dude.
CRASH
Please, don't hurt them... they're not in their right minds--
My folks had a plan, and they stuck to it.
Even though that plan of theirs turned to $#%& pretty fast.
But the thing is, they thought they were being smart.

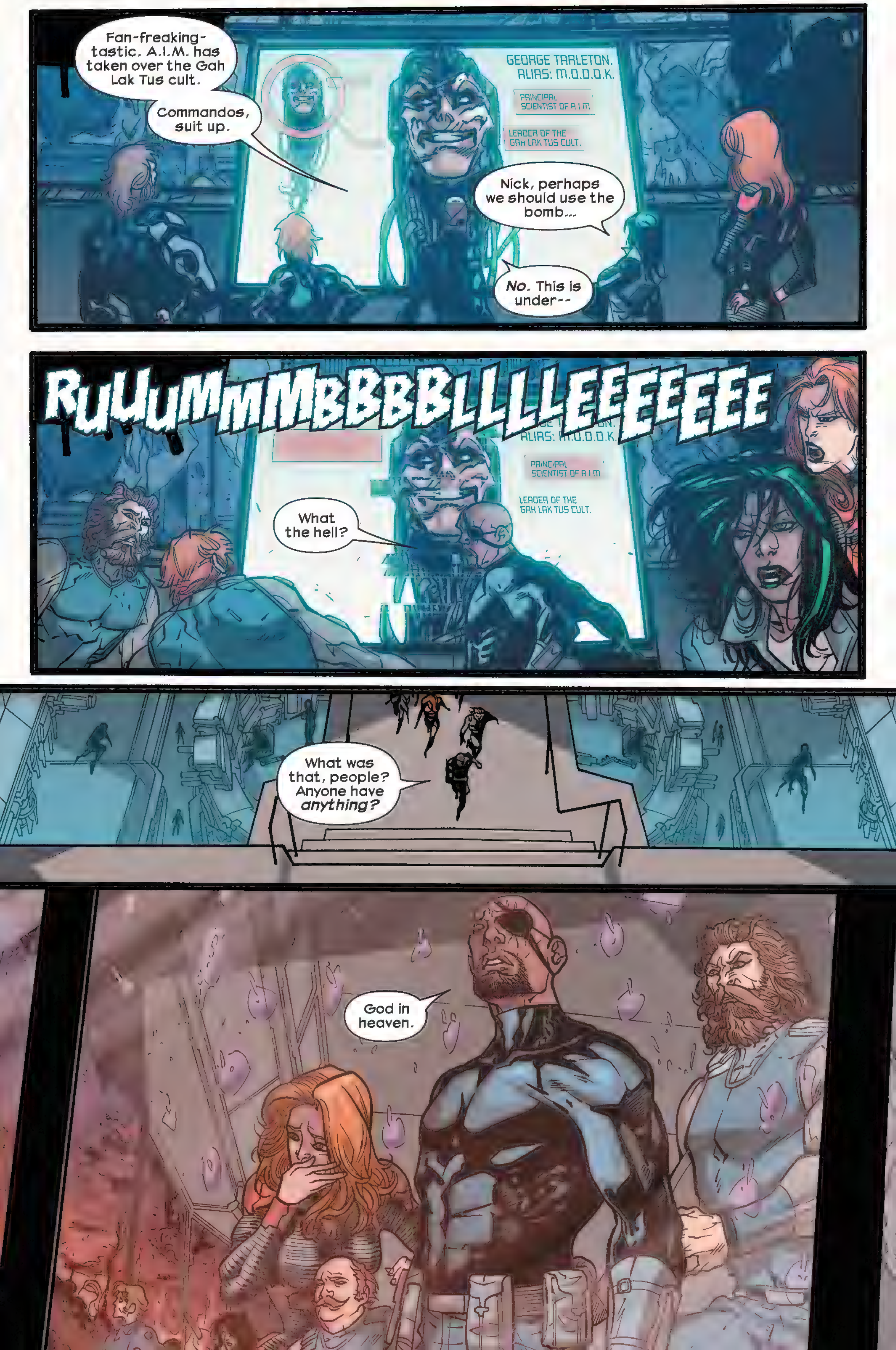

JUNIOR CLASS HELICARRIER 14E-3, ABOVE MINSK.
Not so smart, after all, eh?
"I'm telling you, the instant these Gah Lak Tus worshippers appeared--"
I understand, Ambassador. You're not the first country to fall in line with them.
It's as though they're all...possessed, Mr. Fury--
It's like they were in a fervor or somethin'. No care for their bodies or lives--
So these guys show up and manage to what--brainwash the entire population of six countries in--how long since they showed up here?
Thirty-six hours.
After the debacle with your "Mr. Fantastic," there was complete chaos, we could barely keep the power on, let alone stop these... parasites.
How does an entire religious order get a foothold in a day and a half?
Violently.
Whatever it is, it isn't natural.
I think I know what this is.
Dugan--get me Sam Wilson and Tony Stark.

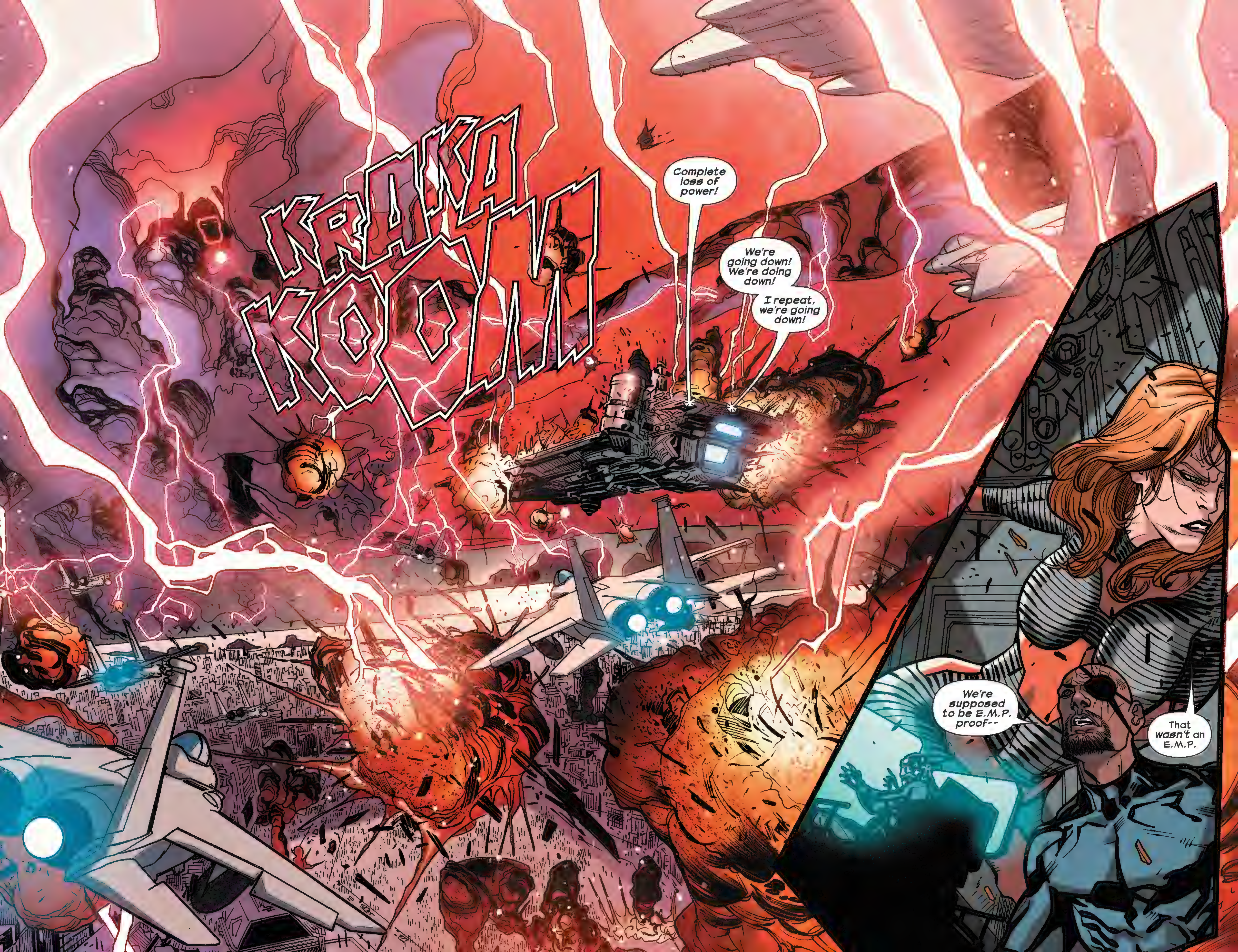

BELARUSIAN CAPITOL BUILDING.
Excuse us, High Priest.
Is it done, Cleric?
The entire population has been converted.
Then it's time for me to speak to my people.
Initiate global broadcast.
ALL HAIL GAH LAK TUS!

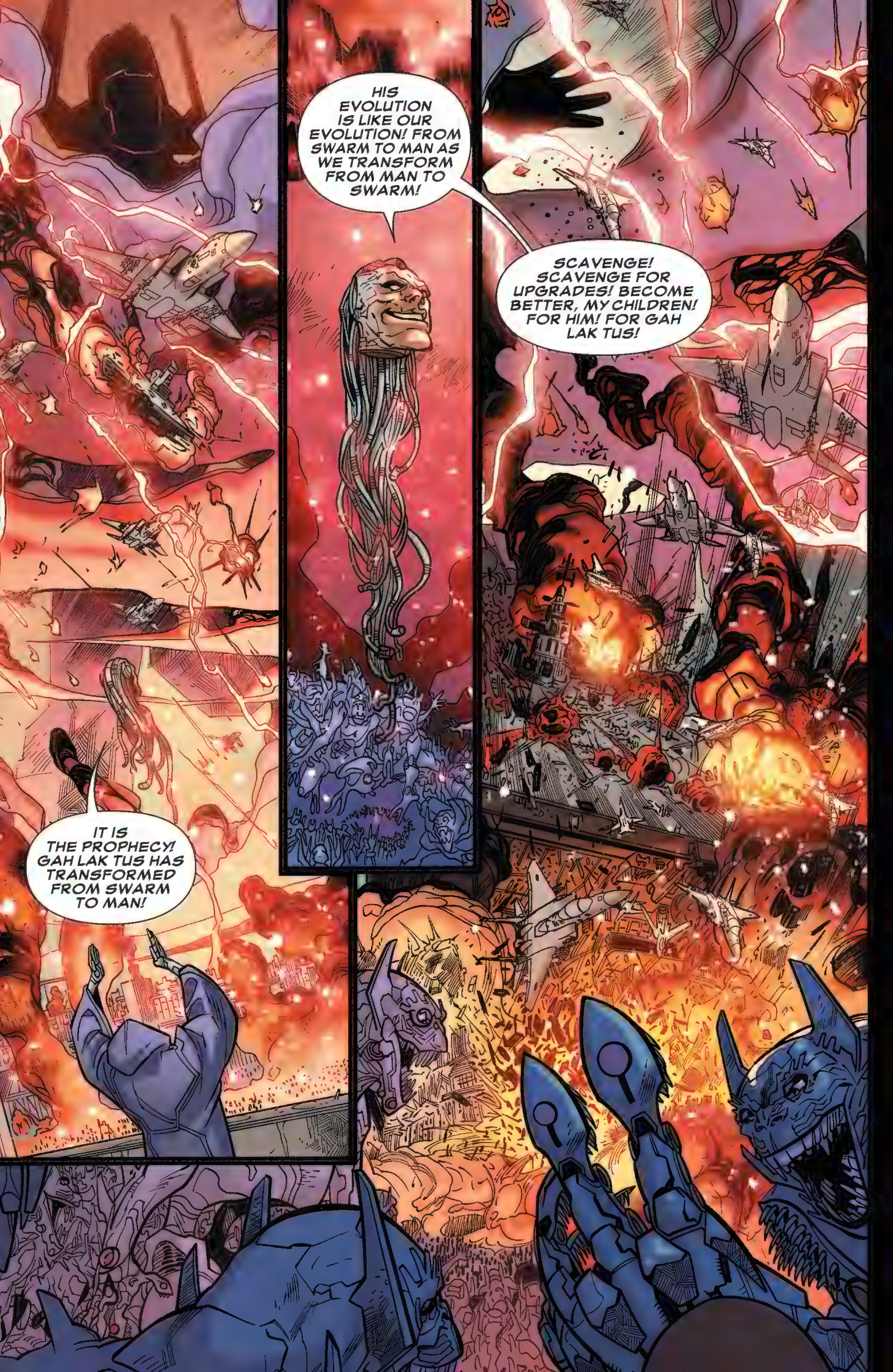

JUNIOR CLASS HELICARRIER 14E-3
dsDNA
ssDNA
They're subatomic-sized nanites.
Pieces of the Gah Lak Tus swarm, Tony.
Sam, where the hell is all of this coming from?
Vision scanned the planet literally nonstop since the first Gah Lak Tus event, and nothing.
Now we got the giant crab thing in the Bahamas, and *this*.
I could really use her right now.
I'm sorry, Sam.
But what Vision would want is for us to stop the cult, and eradicate Gah Lak Tus--
I know, Tony.
It's just... that last message before she--
Went.
She was scared, Tony. Scared of what was coming.
Scared of what killed her.

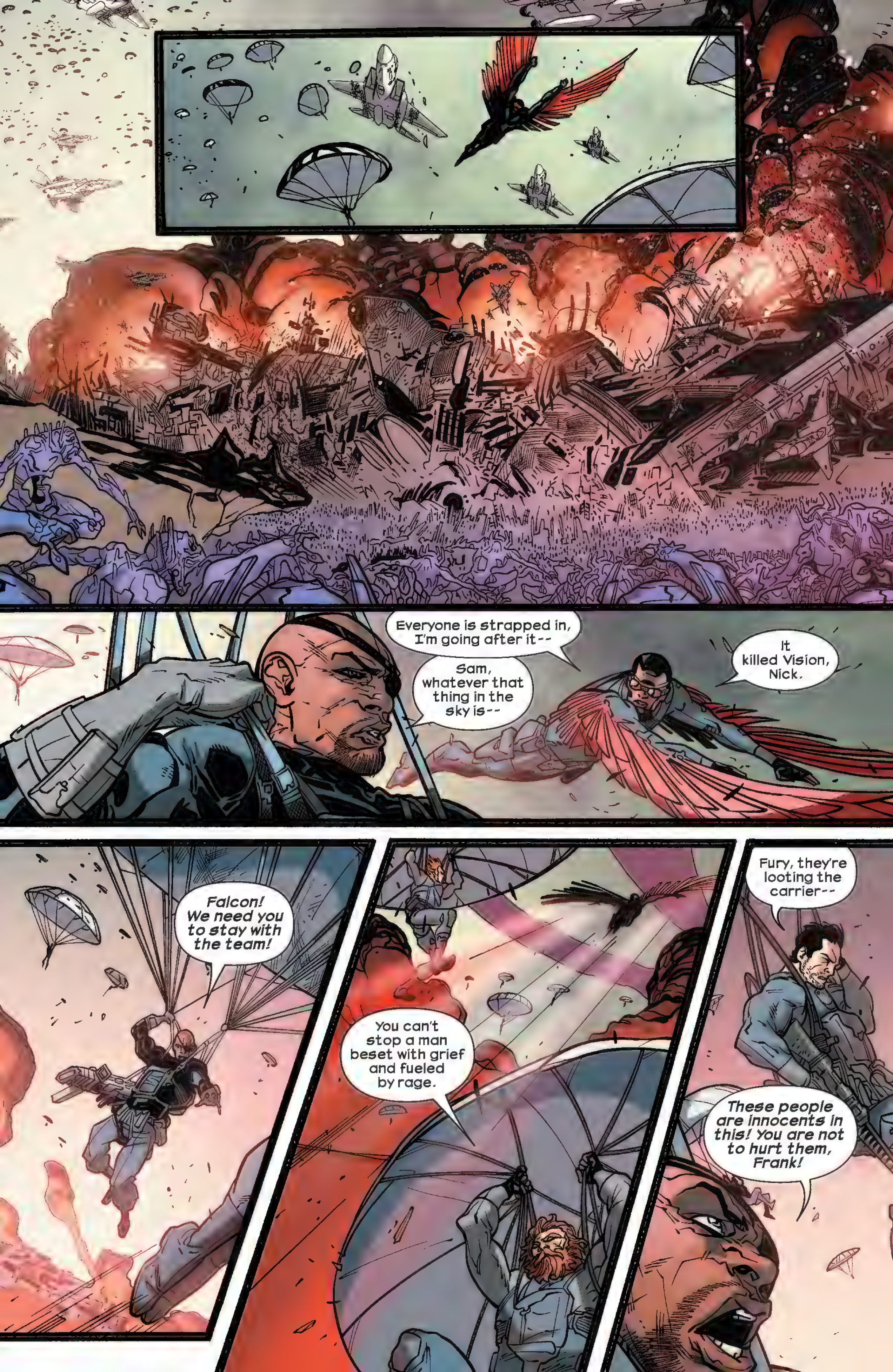

Whatever it iszz--
PEOPLE OF EARTH. THE TIME OF RECKONING HAS ARRIVED. WE HAVE SERVED OUR MASTER GAH LAK TUS, SPREADING HIS WORD--
Tony?
SINCE FIRST GAH LAK TUS MADE LANDFALL, WE KNEW THAT HE WOULD RETURN TO CLEANSE THE EARTH AND FREE OUR SOULS.
WE GIVE OURSELVES TO YOU, NOW AND FOREVER--
Who the hell is this guy? Get me information *now*.
*Raise your voices with me, raise your voices and say his name! SAY HIS NAME!*
Credit where it's due, 'tis nice to see some good old fashioned worship.
Wishin' it was you he was praying to, Herc?
Clearly you've never felt the touch of a devoted follower--
We've *got* to get more women in here...
From your mouth to Fury's ears, Brand.

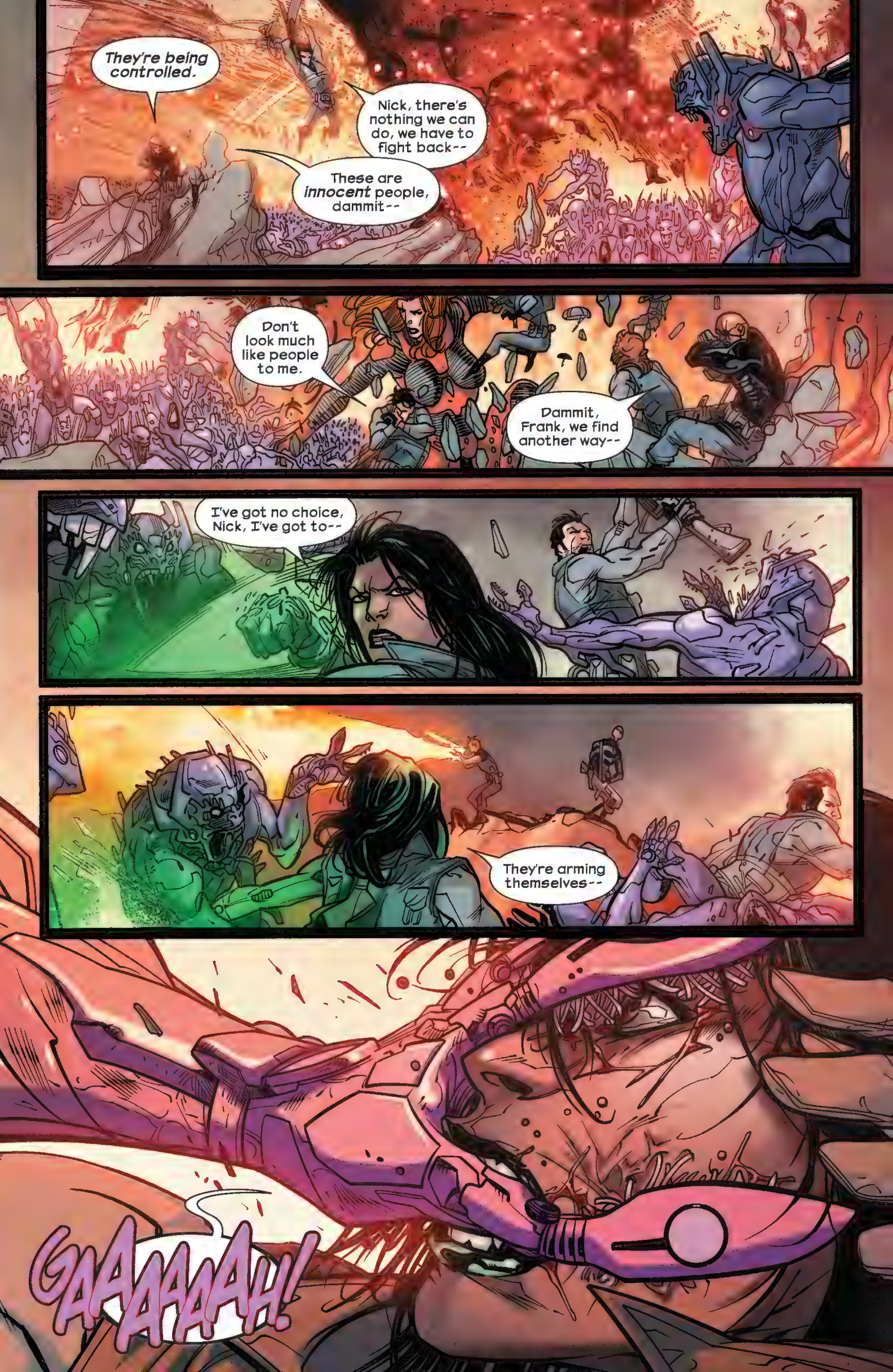

NOW. JOIN WITH ME. WE WILL BECOME ONE WITH GAH LAK TUS!
I AM HIGH PRIEST NO MORE! NOW I SERVE GAH LAK TUS! NOW WE ARE MADE IN HIS IMAGE!
MY LORD, WE HAVE BEEN MADE FOR YOU! ONLY FOR YOUR PLEASURE!
ONLY FOR KILLING!
WE SHALL CLEANSE THE EARTH IN PREPARATION FOR HIM!

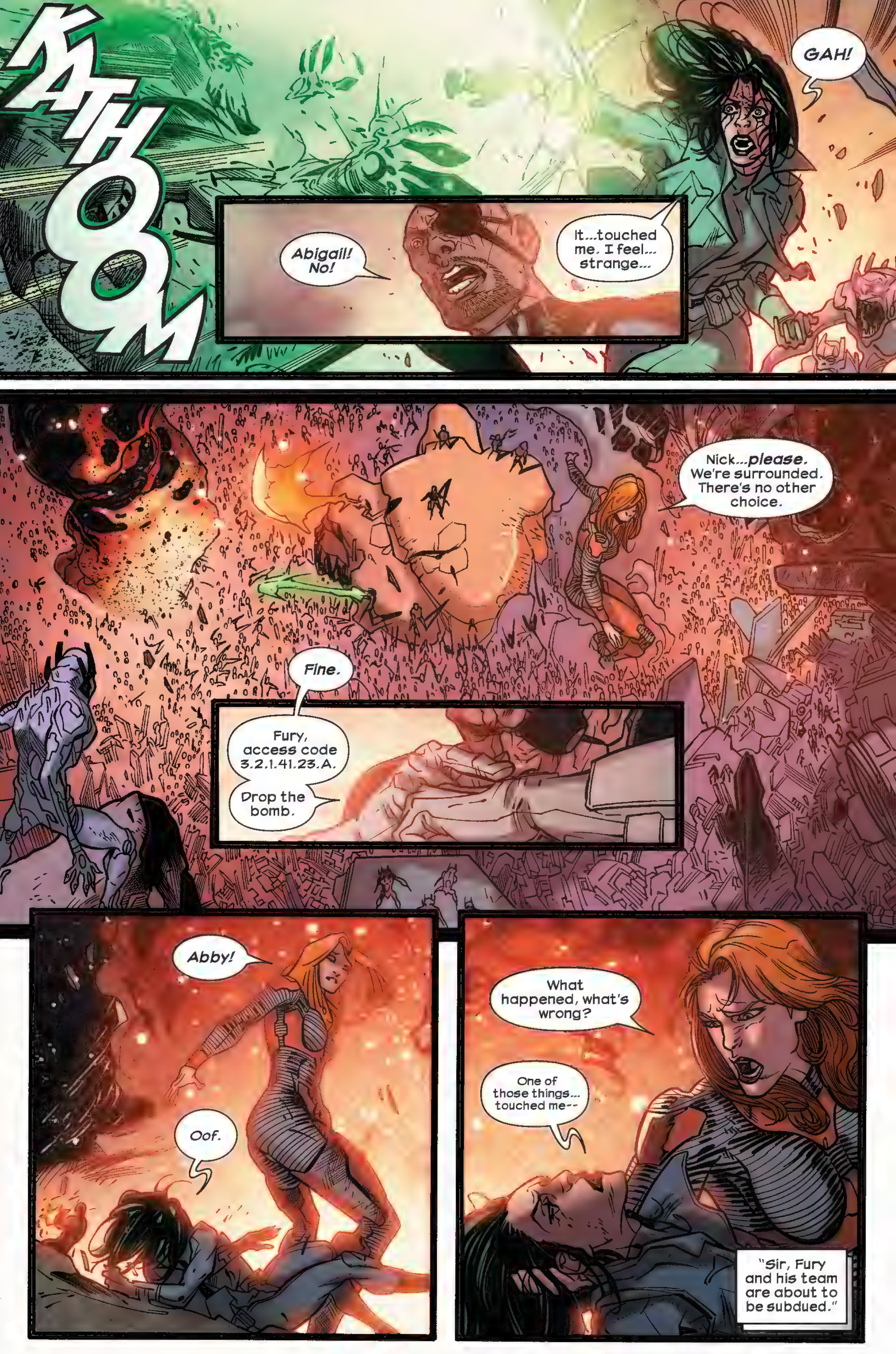

Fan-freaking-tastic. A.I.M. has taken over the Gah Lak Tus cult.
Commandos, suit up.
GEORGE TARLETON.
ALIAS: M.O.D.O.K.
PRINCIPAL SCIENTIST OF A I M
LEADER OF THE GAH LAK TUS CULT.
Nick, perhaps we should use the bomb...
*No.* This is under--
RUUUMMMMBBBBLLLLEEEEEEE
ALIAS: M.O.D.O.K.
PRINCIPAL SCIENTIST OF A I M
LEADER OF THE GAH LAK TUS CULT.
What the hell?
What was that, people? Anyone have *anything?*
God in heaven.

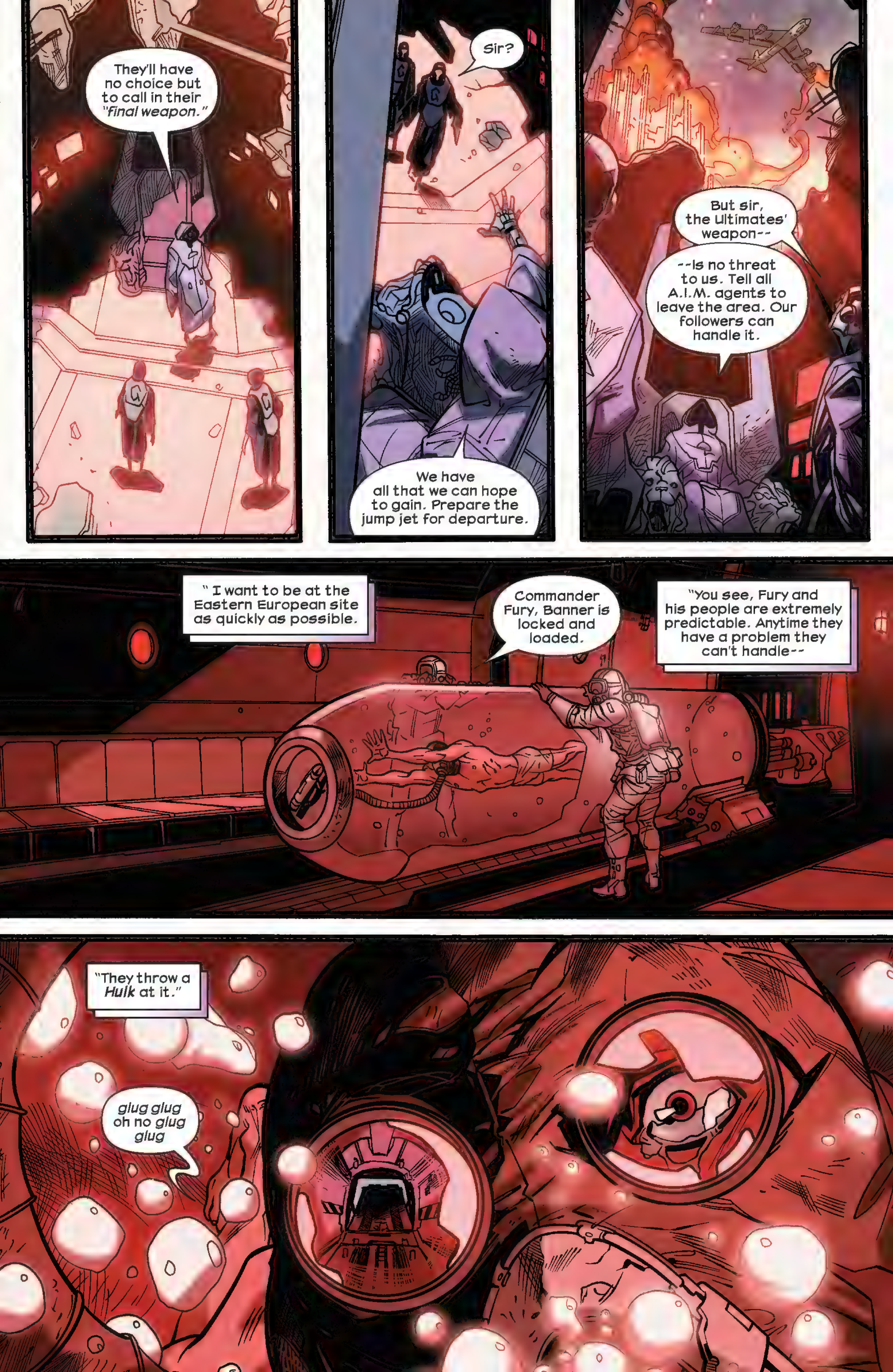

KRAKA KOOM
Complete loss of power!
We're going down! We're doing down!
I repeat, we're going down!
We're supposed to be E.M.P. proof--
That *wasn't* an E.M.P.

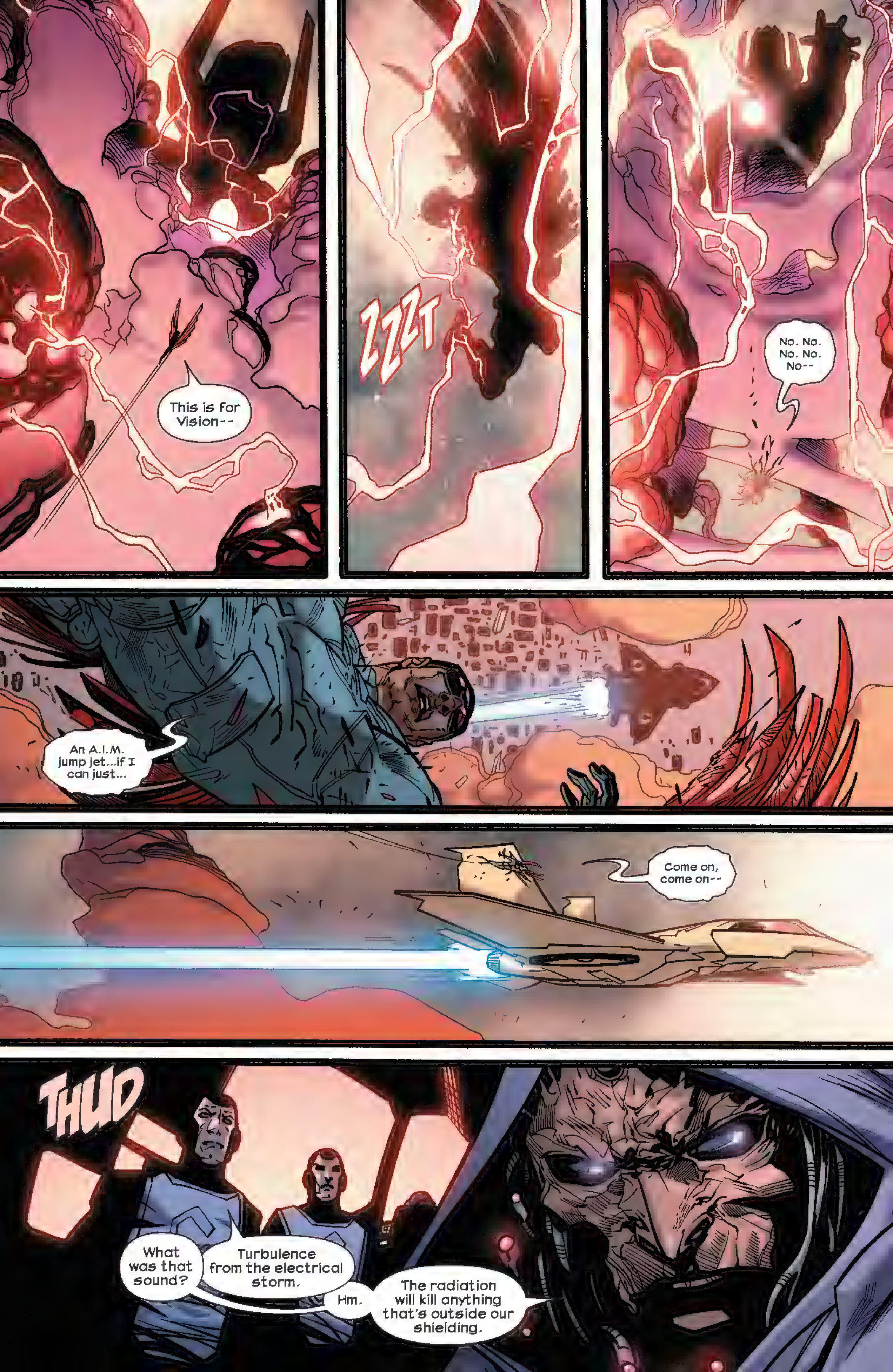

IT IS THE PROPHECY! GAH LAK TUS HAS TRANSFORMED FROM SWARM TO MAN!
HIS EVOLUTION IS LIKE OUR EVOLUTION! FROM SWARM TO MAN AS WE TRANSFORM FROM MAN TO SWARM!
SCAVENGE! SCAVENGE FOR UPGRADES! BECOME BETTER, MY CHILDREN! FOR HIM! FOR GAH LAK TUS!

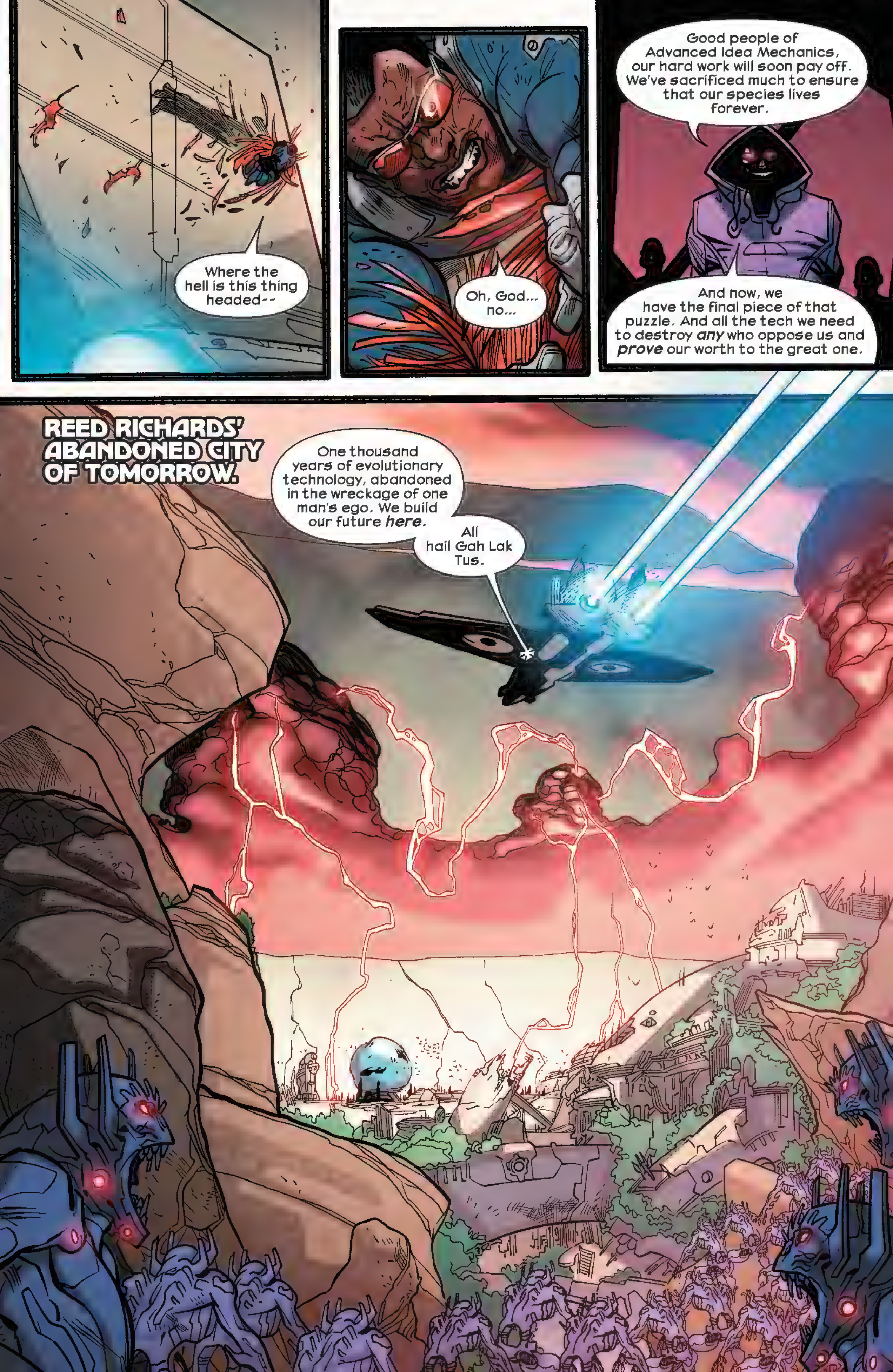

Everyone is strapped in, I'm going after it--
Sam, whatever that thing in the sky is--
It killed Vision, Nick.
Falcon! We need you to stay with the team!
You can't stop a man beset with grief and fueled by rage.
Fury, they're looting the carrier--
These people are innocents in this! You are not to hurt them, Frank!

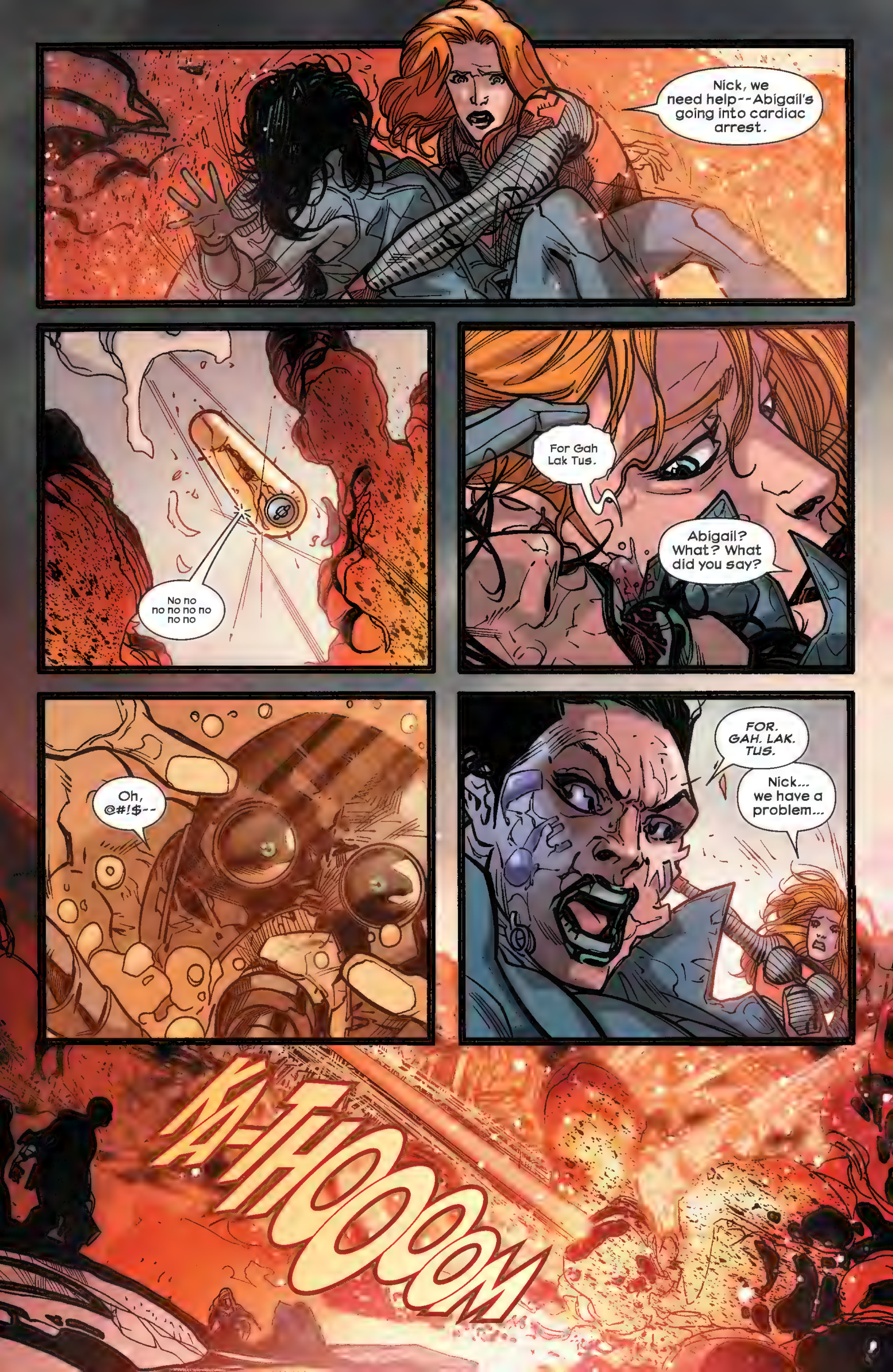

*They're being controlled.*
Nick, there's nothing we can do, we have to fight back--
These are *innocent* people, dammit--
Don't look much like people to me.
Dammit, Frank, we find another way--
I've got no choice, Nick, I've got to--
They're arming themselves--
GAAAAAAH!

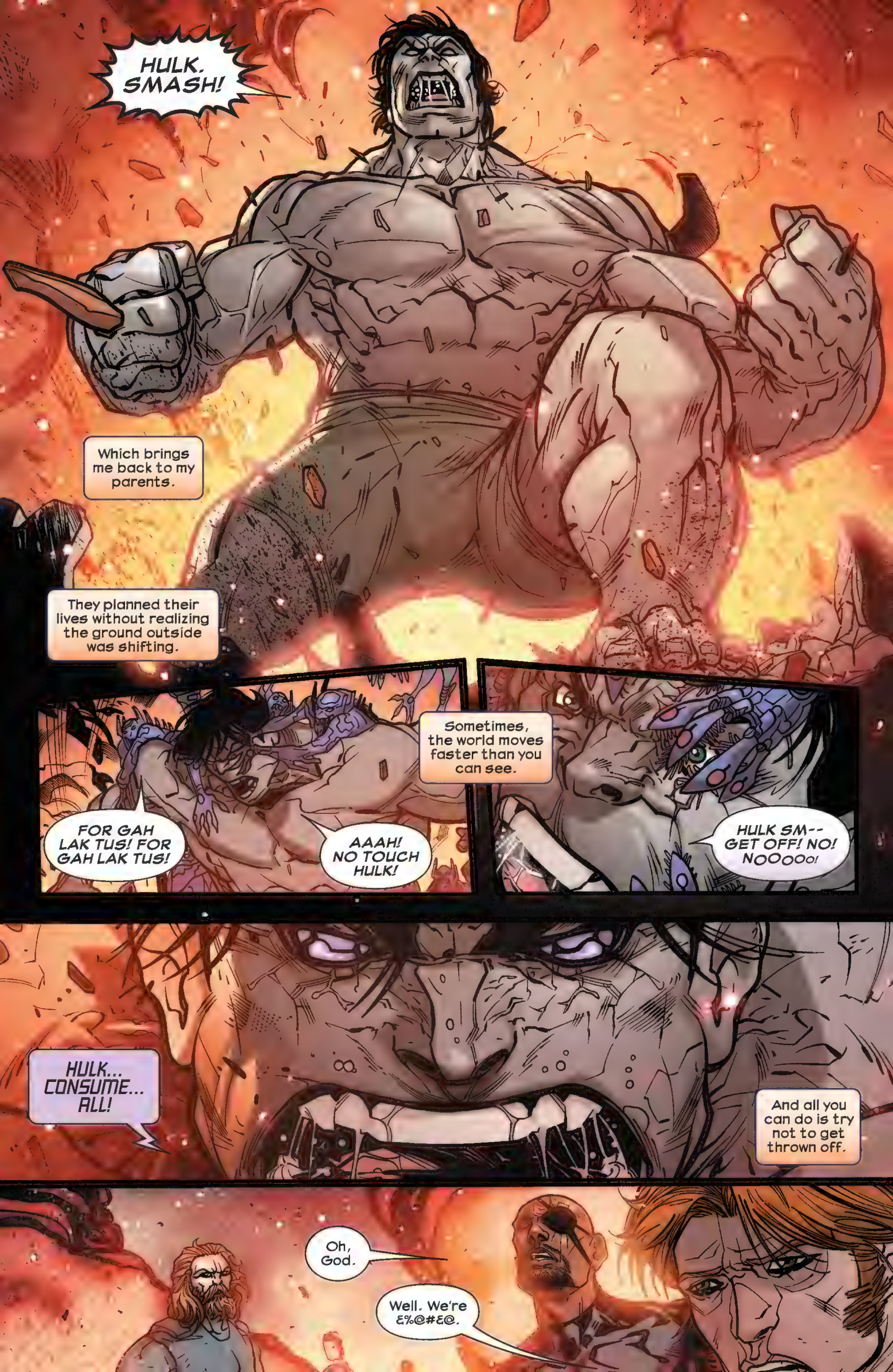

KATHOOM
GAH!
Abigail! No!
It...touched me. I feel... strange...
Nick...*please.* We're surrounded. There's no other choice.
Fine.
Fury, access code 3.2.1.41.23.A.
Drop the bomb.
Abby!
Oof.
What happened, what's wrong?
One of those things... touched me--
"Sir, Fury and his team are about to be subdued."


They'll have no choice but to call in their "*final weapon.*"
Sir?
We have all that we can hope to gain. Prepare the jump jet for departure.
But sir, the Ultimates' weapon--
--Is no threat to us. Tell all A.I.M. agents to leave the area. Our followers can handle it.
" I want to be at the Eastern European site as quickly as possible.
Commander Fury, Banner is locked and loaded.
"You see, Fury and his people are extremely predictable. Anytime they have a problem they can't handle--
"They throw a *Hulk* at it."
*glug glug* oh no *glug glug*

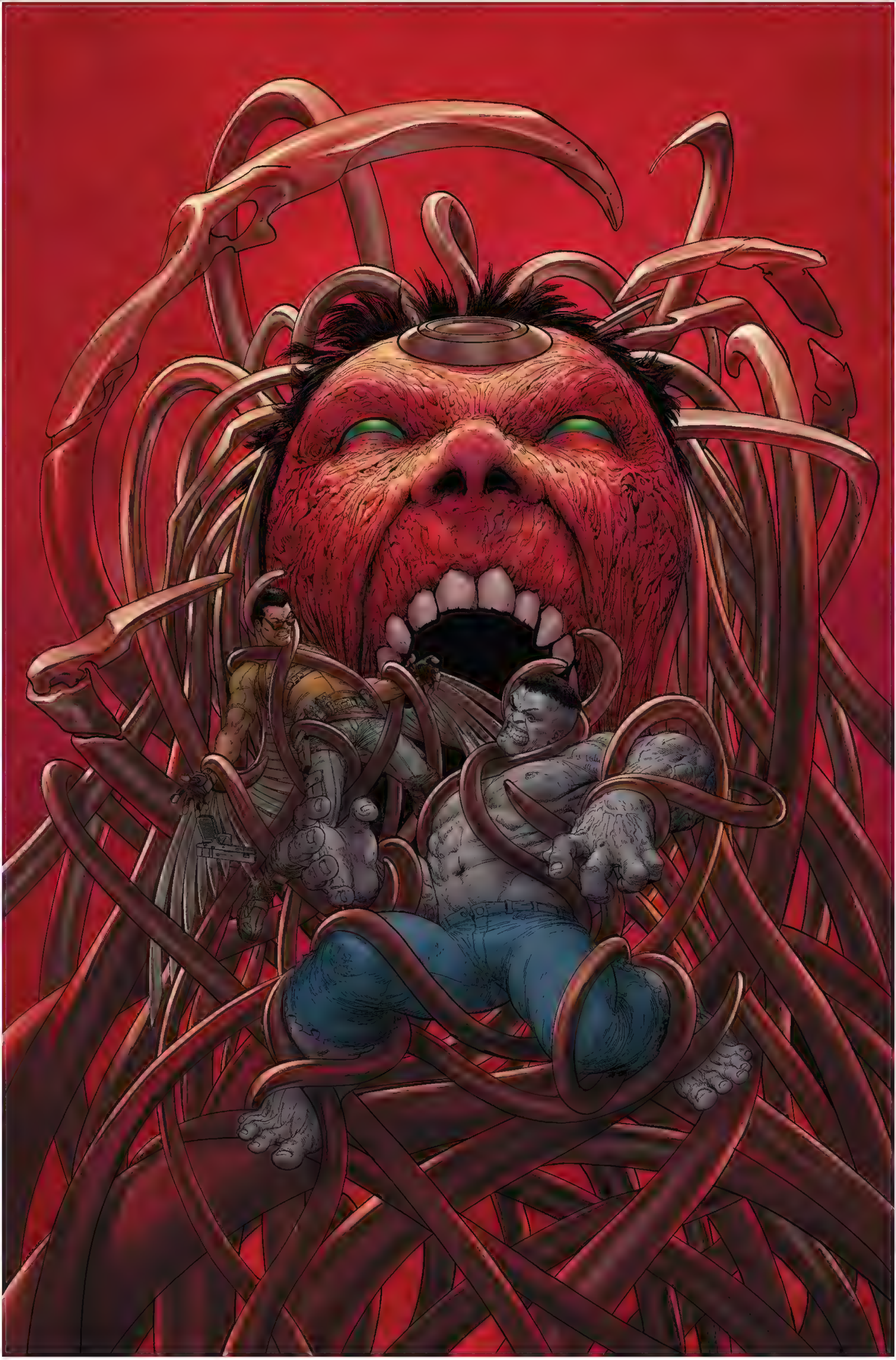

This is for Vision--
ZZZT
No. No. No. No. No--
An A.I.M. jump jet...if I can just...
Come on, come on--
THUD
What was that sound?
Turbulence from the electrical storm.
Hm.
The radiation will kill anything that's outside our shielding.


Where the hell is this thing headed--
Oh, God... no...
Good people of Advanced Idea Mechanics, our hard work will soon pay off. We've sacrificed much to ensure that our species lives forever.
And now, we have the final piece of that puzzle. And all the tech we need to destroy *any* who oppose us and *prove* our worth to the great one.
REED RICHARDS' ABANDONED CITY OF TOMORROW.
One thousand years of evolutionary technology, abandoned in the wreckage of one man's ego. We build our future *here.*
All hail Gah Lak Tus.

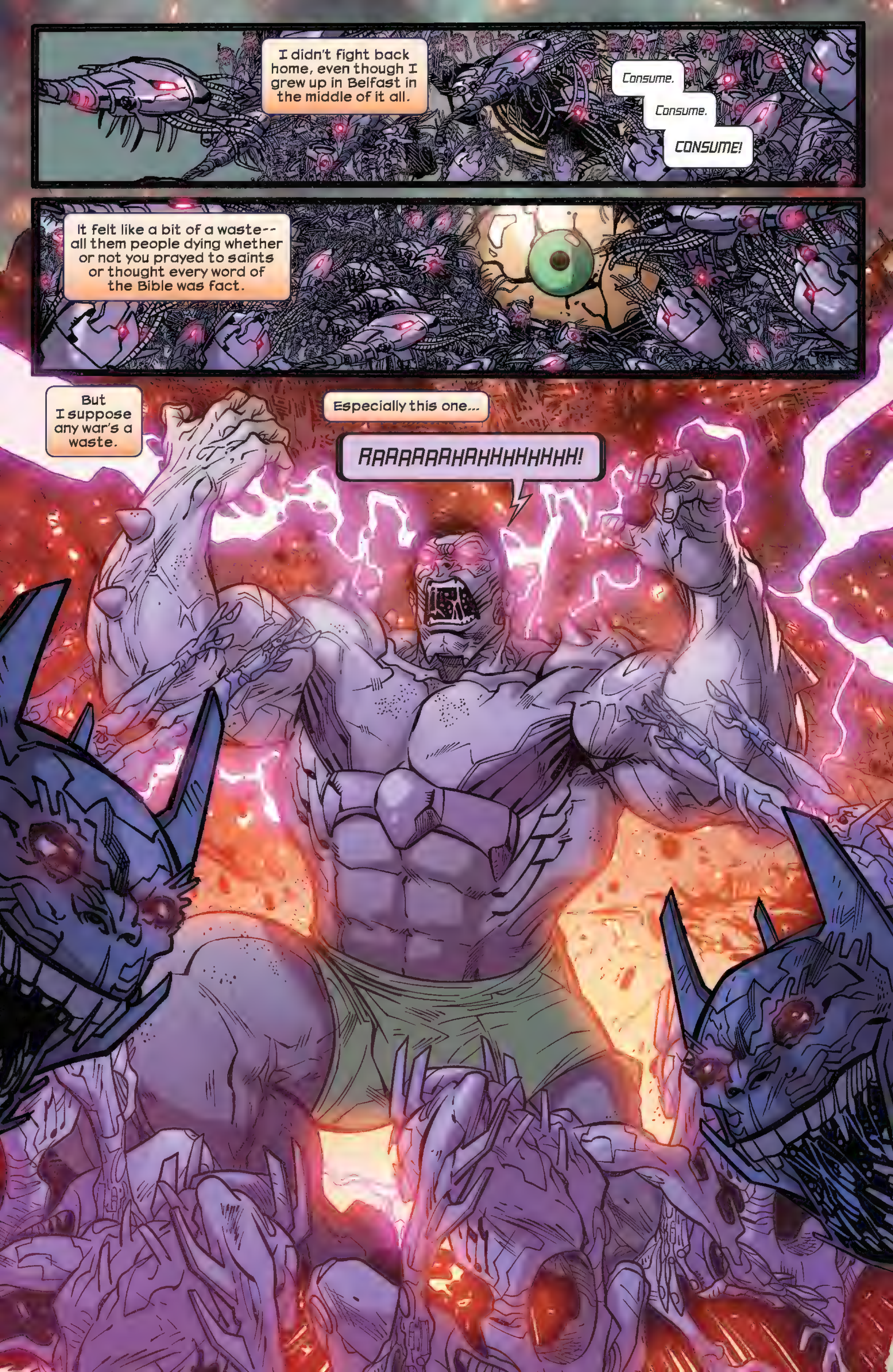

Nick, we need help--Abigail's going into cardiac arrest.
No no no no no no no no
For Gah Lak Tus.
Abigail? What? What did you say?
Oh, @#!$--
FOR. GAH. LAK. TUS.
Nick... we have a problem...
KA-THOOOOM

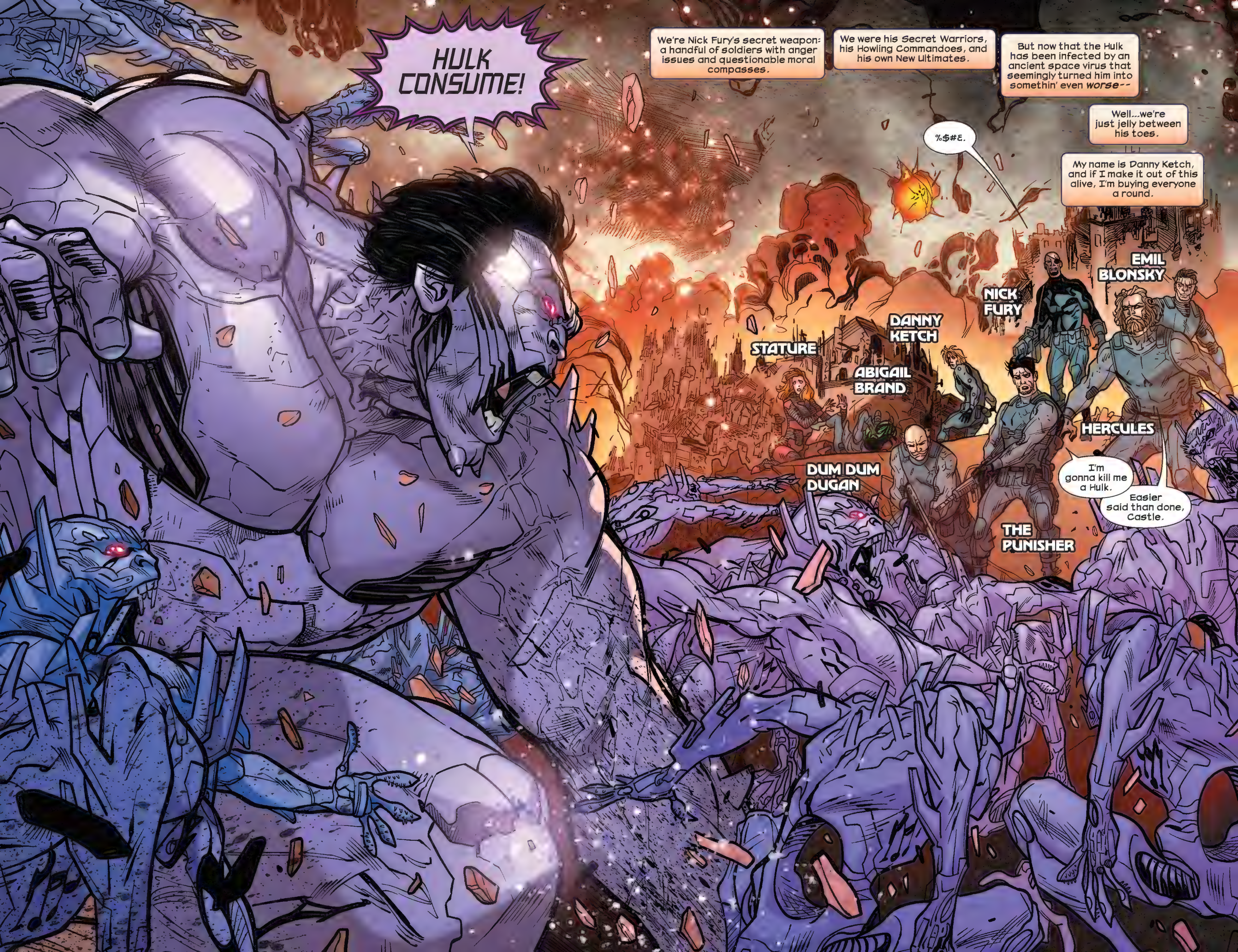

HULK. SMASH!
Which brings me back to my parents.
They planned their lives without realizing the ground outside was shifting.
FOR GAH LAK TUS! FOR GAH LAK TUS!
AAAH! NO TOUCH HULK!
Sometimes, the world moves faster than you can see.
HULK SM-- GET OFF! NO! NOOOOo!
HULK... CONSUME... ALL!
And all you can do is try not to get thrown off.
Oh, God.
Well. We're £%@#£@.

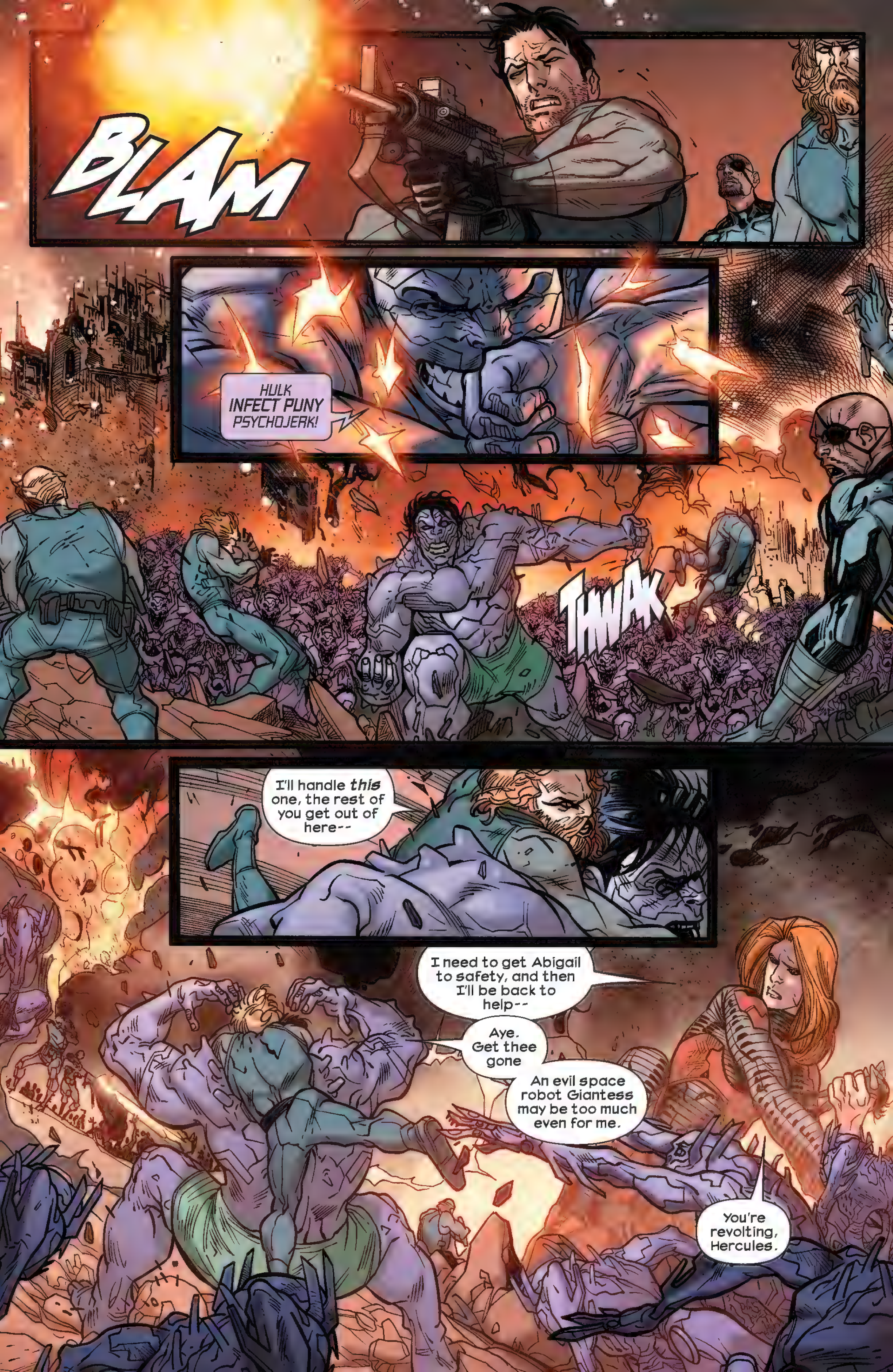
CATACLYSM: THE ULTIMATES' LAST STAND #3 VARIANT BY MICO SUAYAN & SUNNY GHO

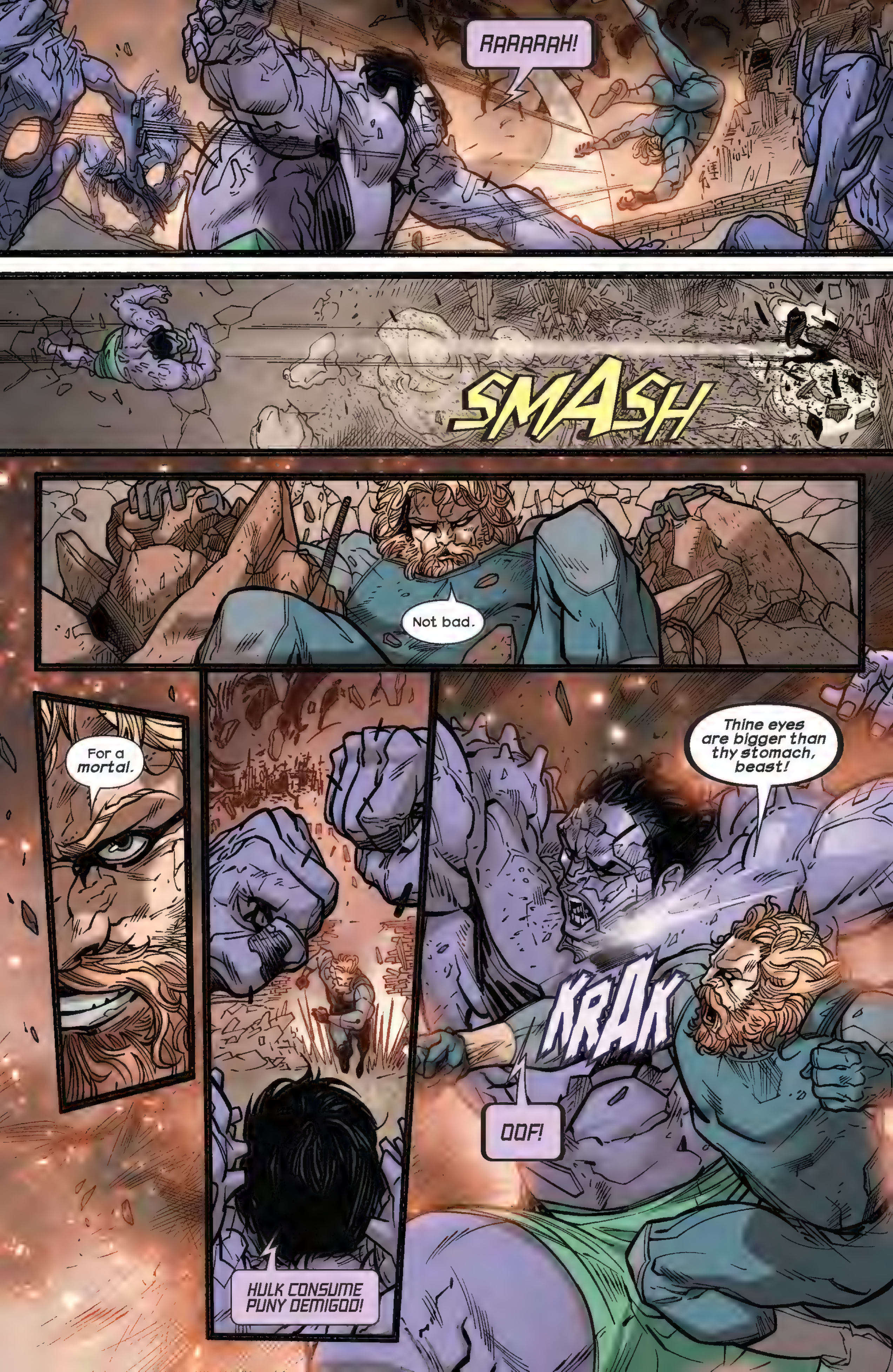


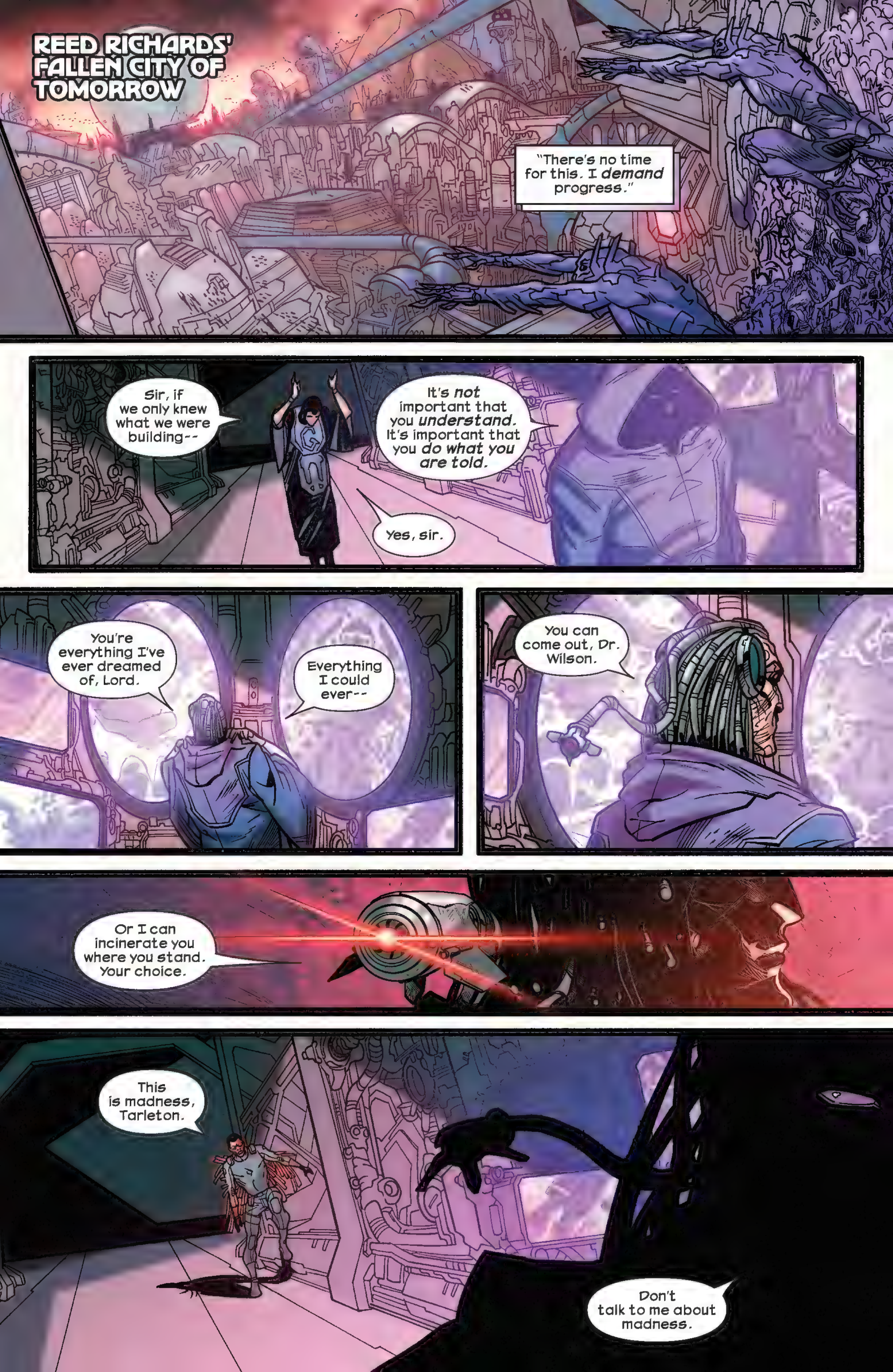
# CATACLYSM: ULTIMATES #2

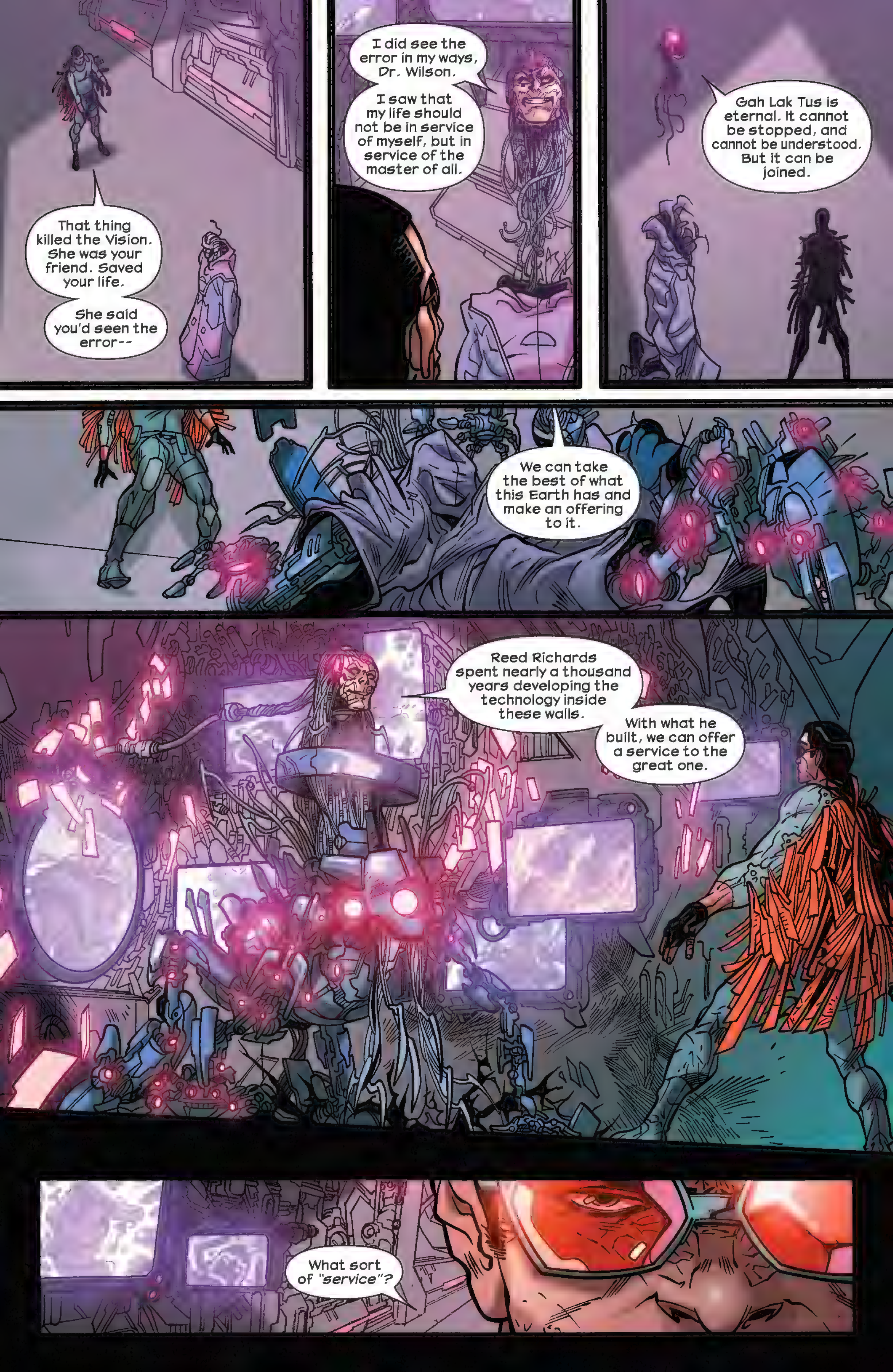

I didn't fight back home, even though I grew up in Belfast in the middle of it all.
Consume.
Consume.
CONSUME!
It felt like a bit of a waste-- all them people dying whether or not you prayed to saints or thought every word of the Bible was fact.
But I suppose any war's a waste.
Especially this one...
RAAAAAAAHAHHHHHHHH!

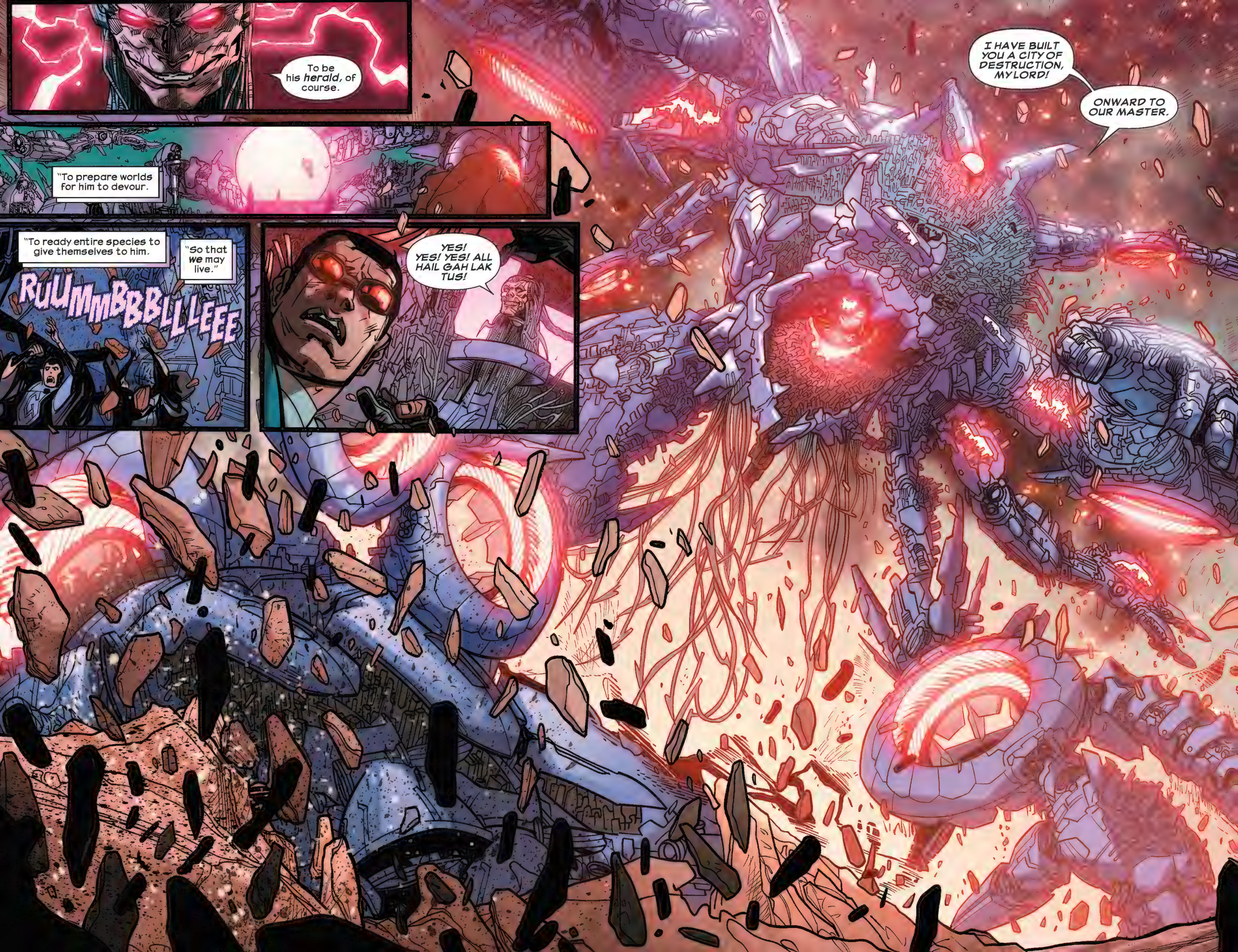

HULK CONSUME!
We're Nick Fury's secret weapon: a handful of soldiers with anger issues and questionable moral compasses.
We were his Secret Warriors, his Howling Commandoes, and his own New Ultimates.
But now that the Hulk has been infected by an ancient space virus that seemingly turned him into somethin' even *worse*--
Well...we're just jelly between his toes.
%$#ε.
My name is Danny Ketch, and if I make it out of this alive, I'm buying everyone a round.
EMIL BLONSKY
NICK FURY
DANNY KETCH
STATURE
ABIGAIL BRAND
HERCULES
DUM DUM DUGAN
I'm gonna kill me a Hulk.
Easier said than done, Castle.
THE PUNISHER

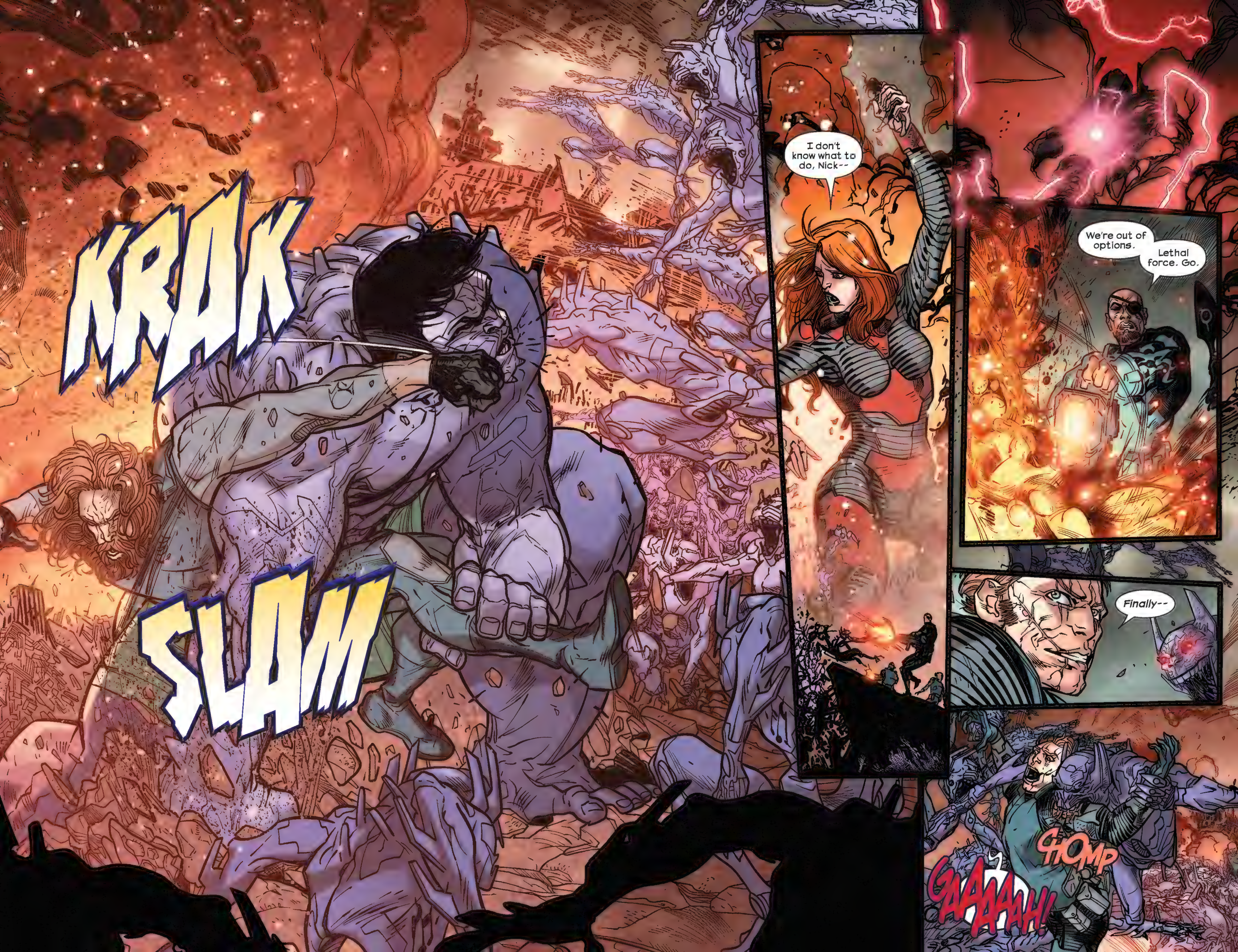

BLAM
HULK INFECT PUNY PSYCHOJERK!
THWAK
I'll handle *this* one, the rest of you get out of here--
I need to get Abigail to safety, and then I'll be back to help--
Aye. Get thee gone
An evil space robot Giantess may be too much even for me.
You're revolting, Hercules.

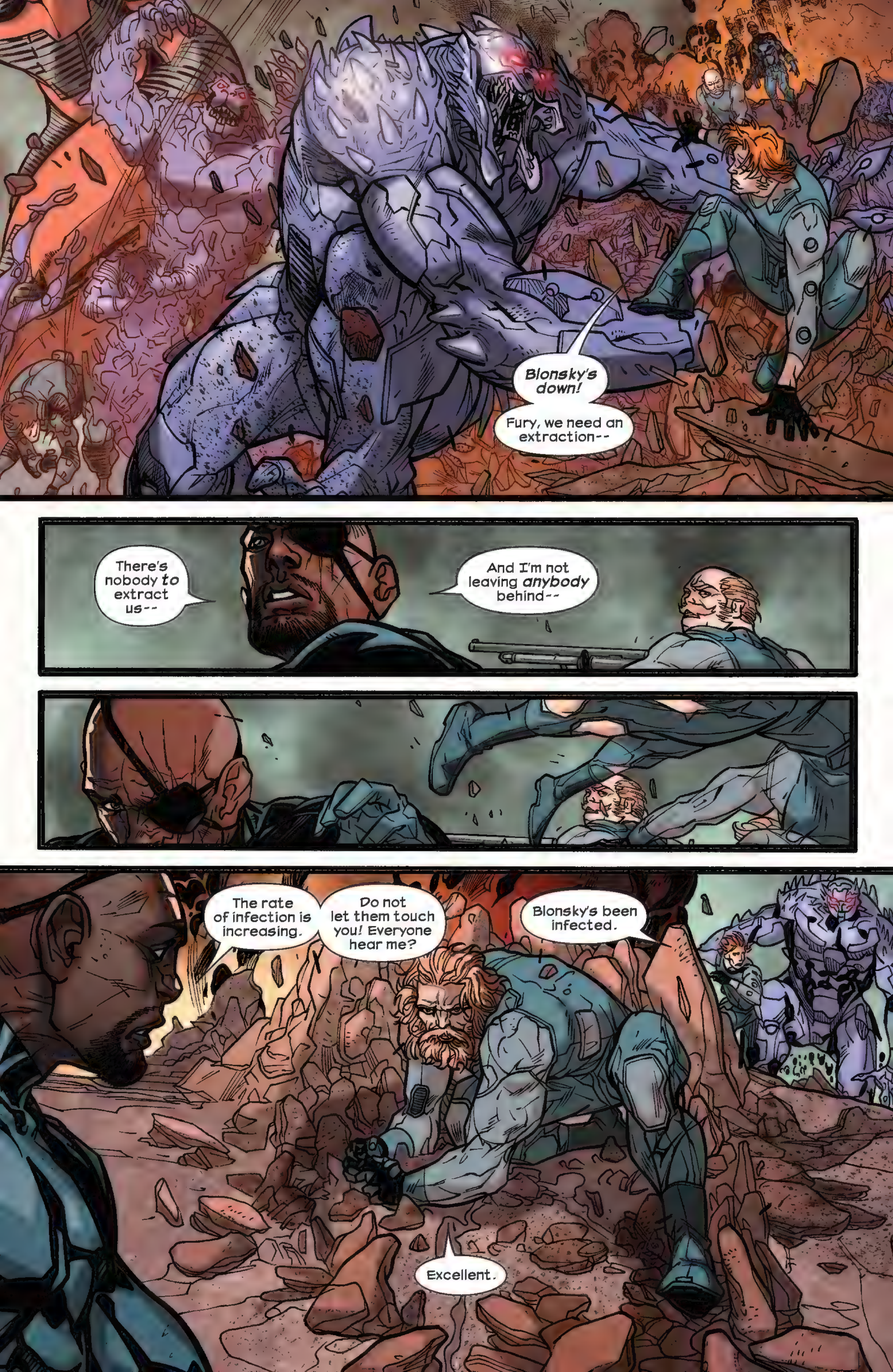

RAAAAAH!
SMASH
Not bad.
For a mortal.
HULK CONSUME PUNY DEMIGOD!
Thine eyes are bigger than thy stomach, beast!
KRAK
OOF!

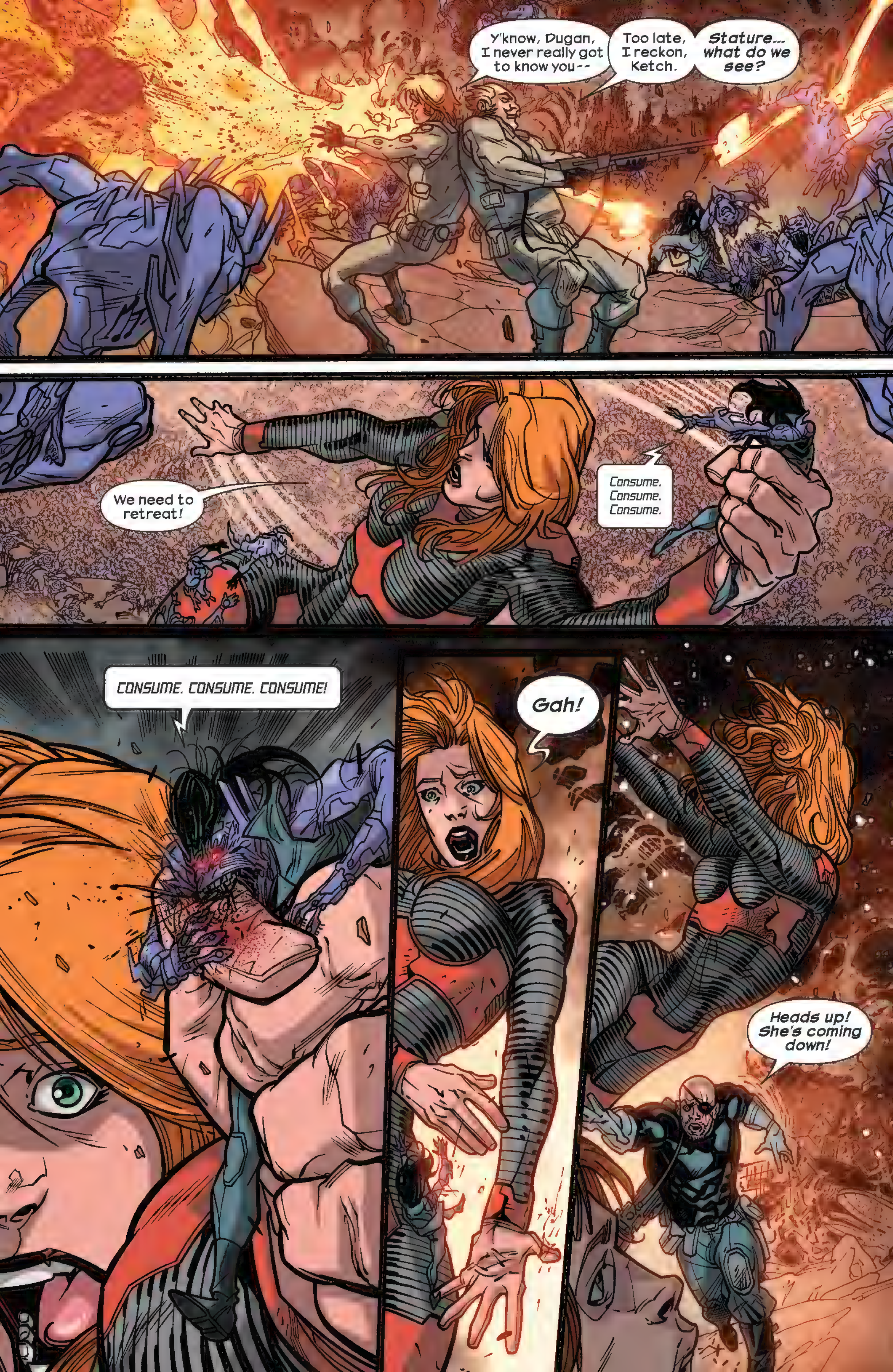

REED RICHARDS' FALLEN CITY OF TOMORROW
"There's no time for this. I *demand* progress."
Sir, if we only knew what we were building--
It's *not* important that you *understand.* It's important that you *do what you are told.*
Yes, sir.
You're everything I've ever dreamed of, Lord.
Everything I could ever--
You can come out, Dr. Wilson.
Or I can incinerate you where you stand. Your choice.
This is madness, Tarleton.
Don't talk to me about madness.

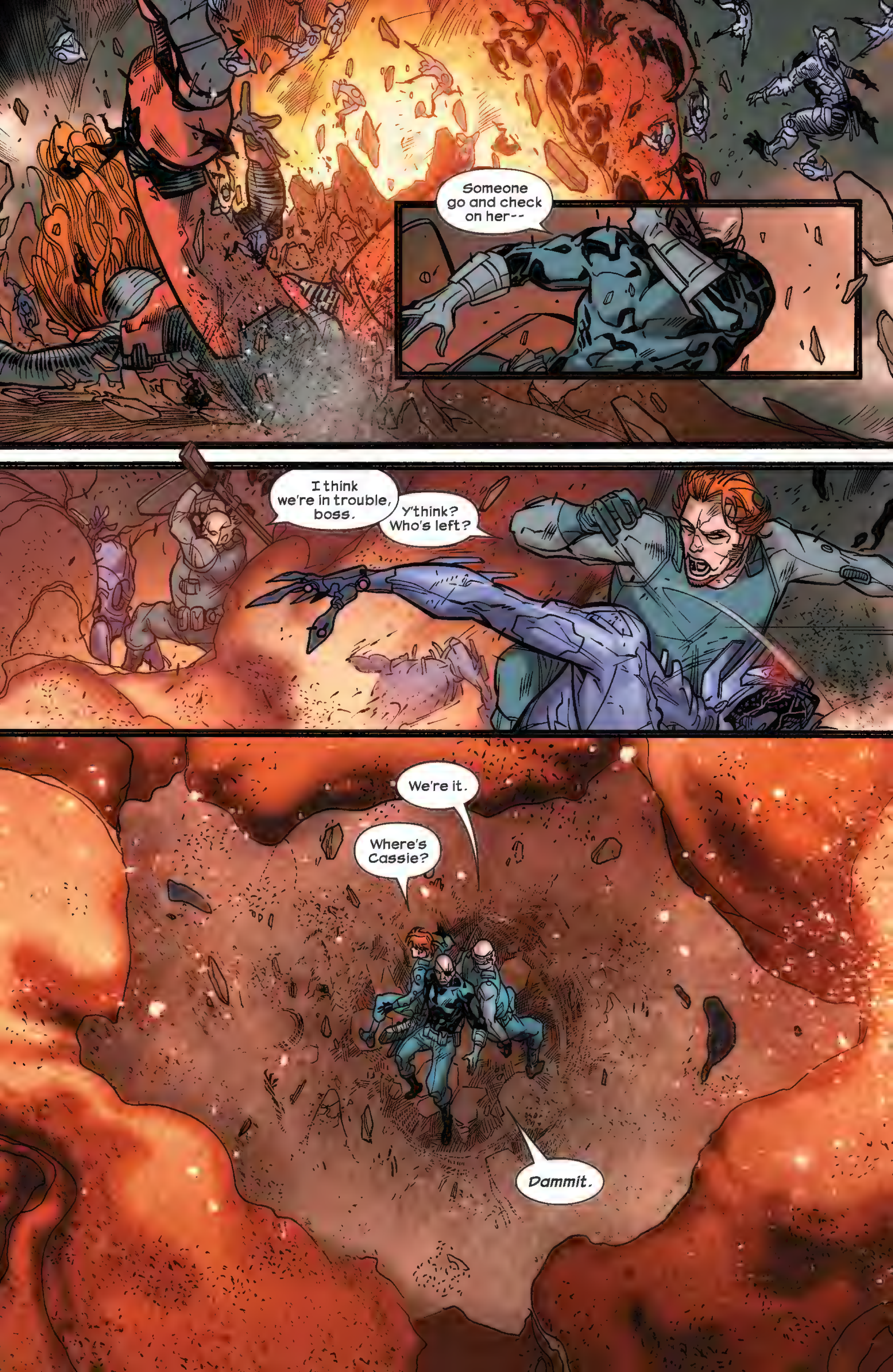

That thing killed the Vision. She was your friend. Saved your life.
She said you'd seen the error--
I did see the error in my ways, Dr. Wilson.
I saw that my life should not be in service of myself, but in service of the master of all.
Gah Lak Tus is eternal. It cannot be stopped, and cannot be understood. But it can be joined.
We can take the best of what this Earth has and make an offering to it.
Reed Richards spent nearly a thousand years developing the technology inside these walls.
With what he built, we can offer a service to the great one.
What sort of "*service*"?

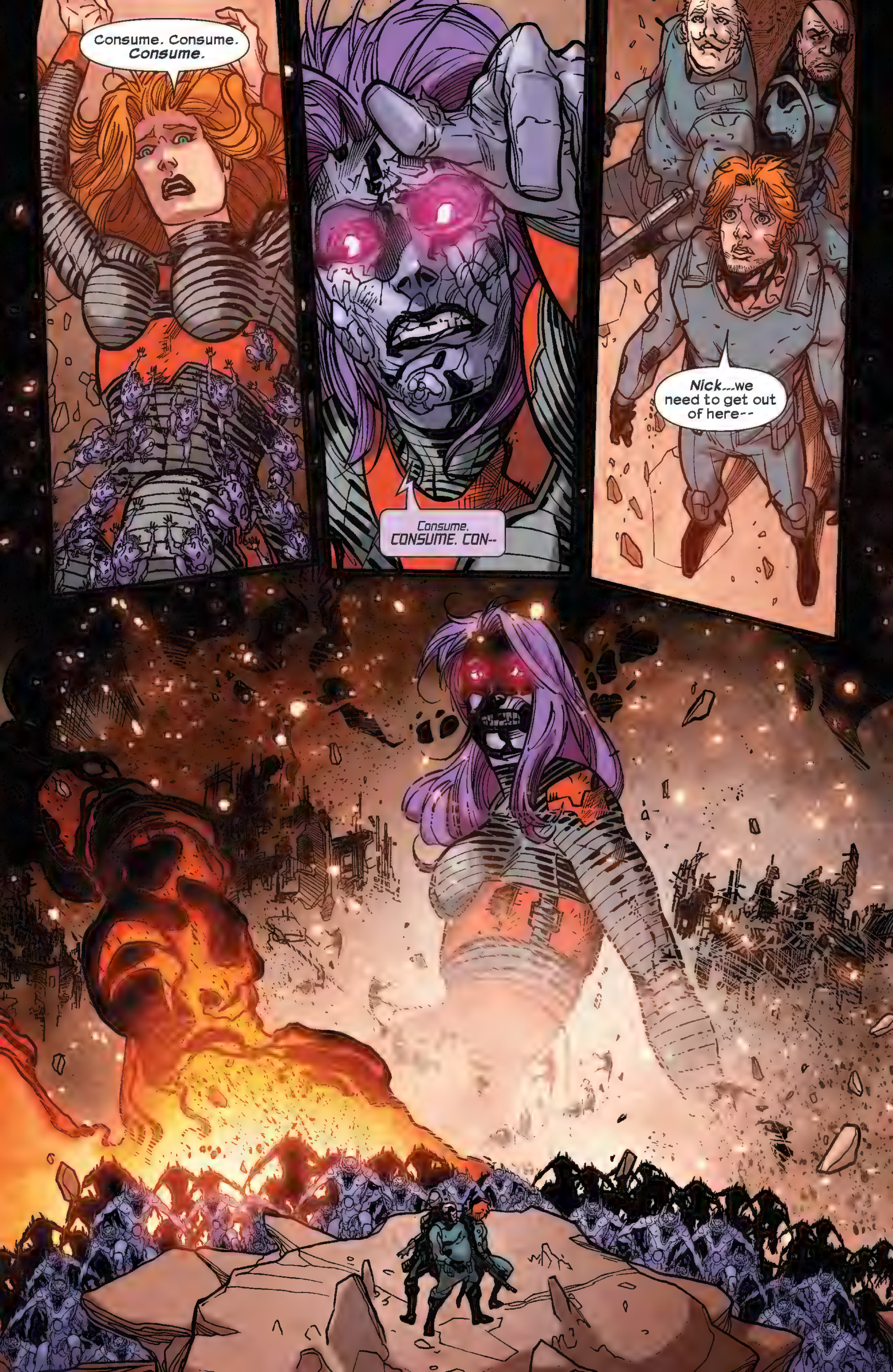

To be his *herald*, of course.
"To prepare worlds for him to devour.
"To ready entire species to give themselves to him.
"So that *we* may live."
RUUMMBBBLLLEEEE
YES! YES! YES! ALL HAIL GAH LAK TUS!
I HAVE BUILT YOU A CITY OF DESTRUCTION, MY LORD!
ONWARD TO OUR MASTER.

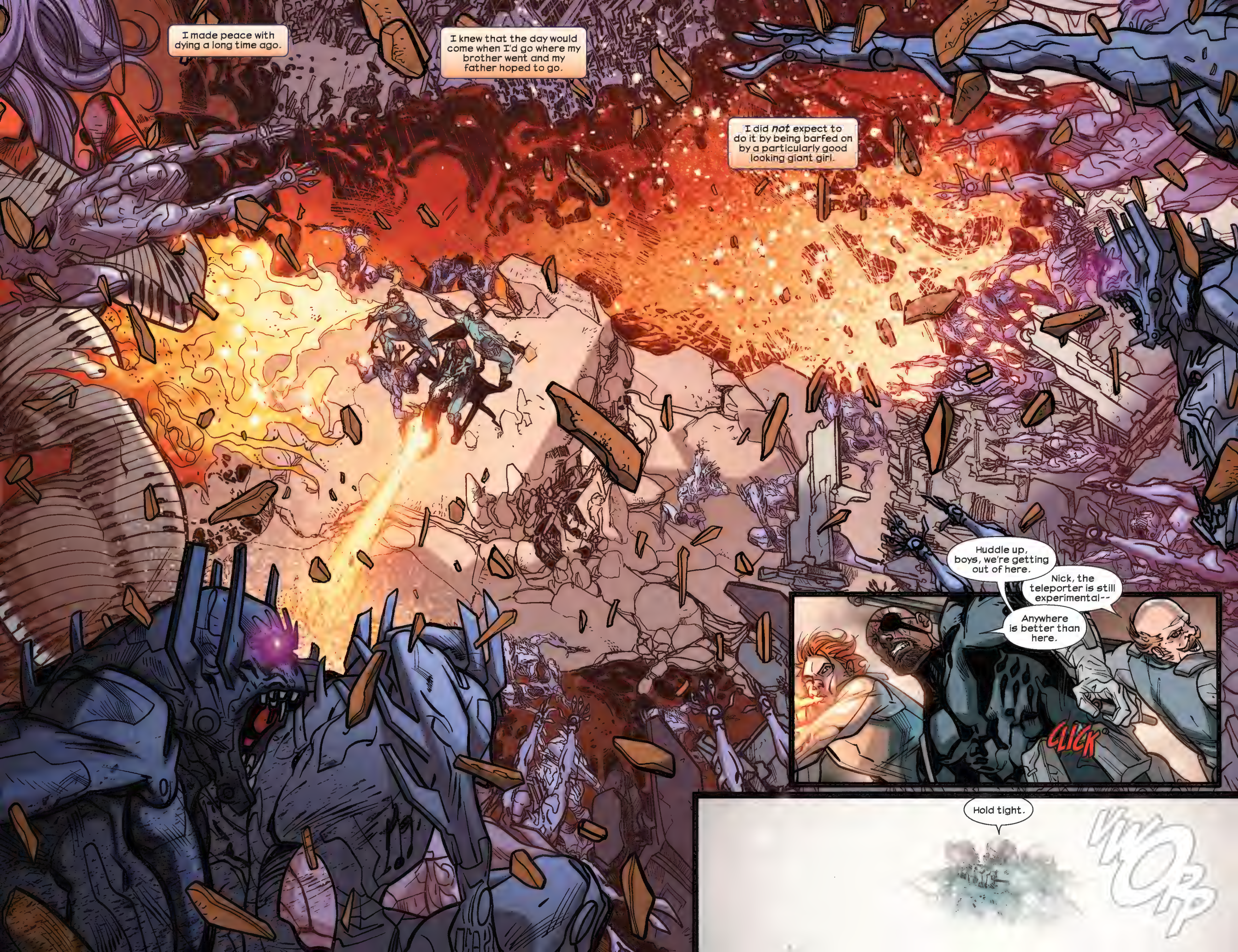

KRAK
SLAM
I don't know what to do, Nick--
We're out of options.
Lethal force. Go.
Finally--
CHOMP
GAAAAAH!

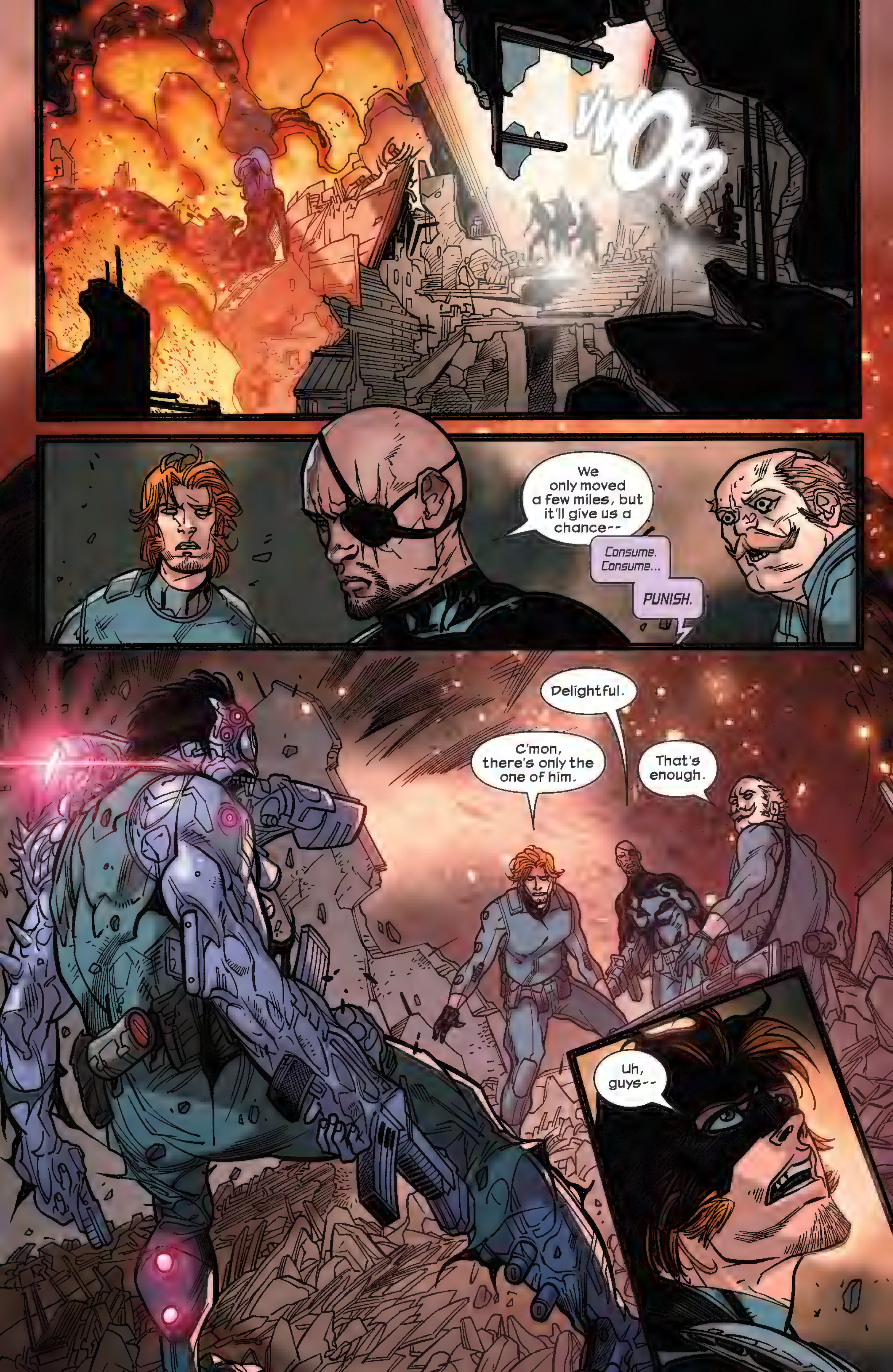

*Blonsky's down!*
Fury, we need an extraction--
There's nobody *to* extract us--
And I'm not leaving *anybody* behind--
The rate of infection is increasing.
Do not let them touch you! Everyone hear me?
Blonsky's been infected.
Excellent.

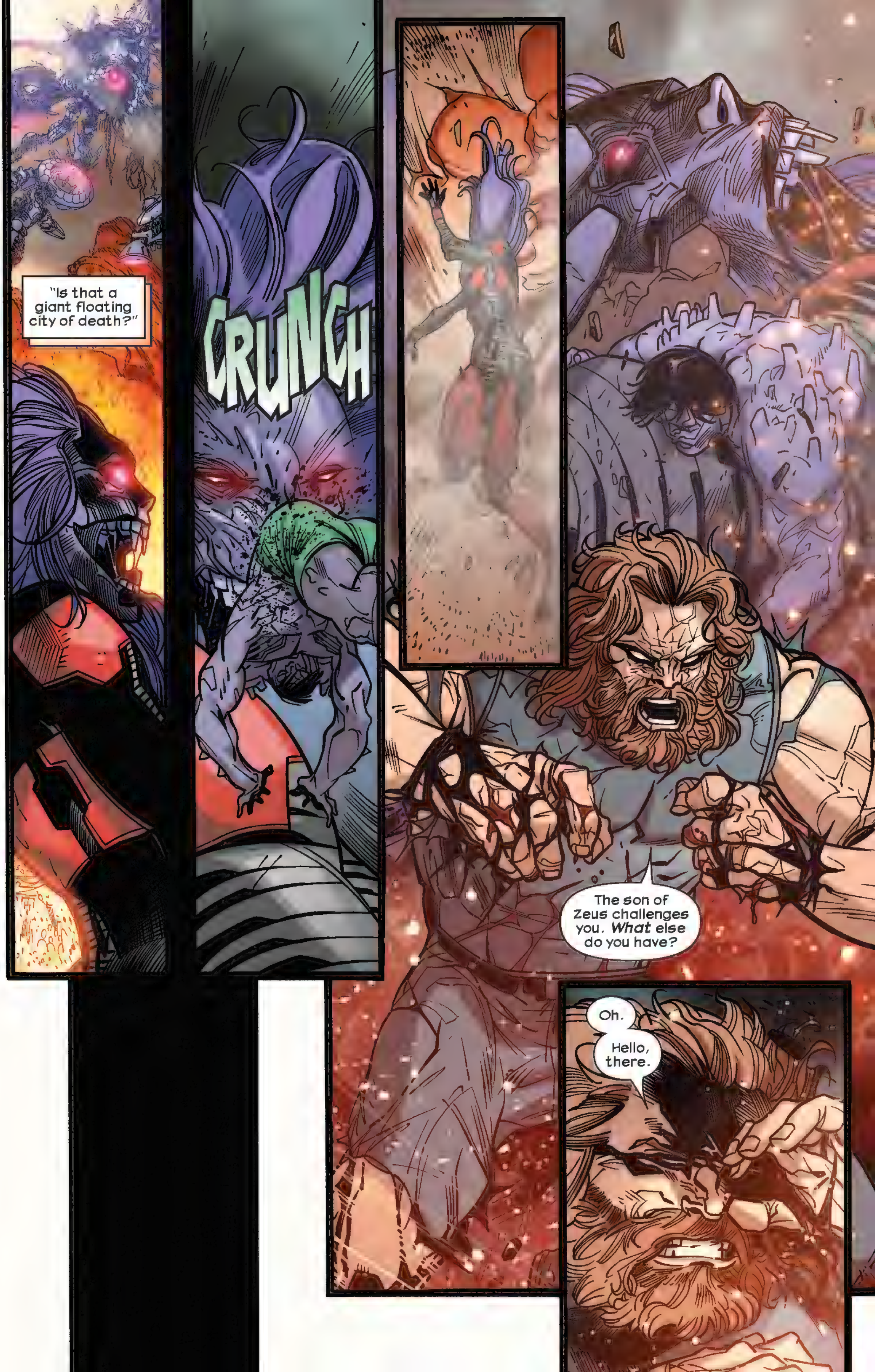

Y'know, Dugan, I never really got to know you--
Too late, I reckon, Ketch.
Stature... what do we see?
We need to retreat!
Consume. Consume. Consume.
CONSUME. CONSUME. CONSUME!
Gah!
Heads up! She's coming down!

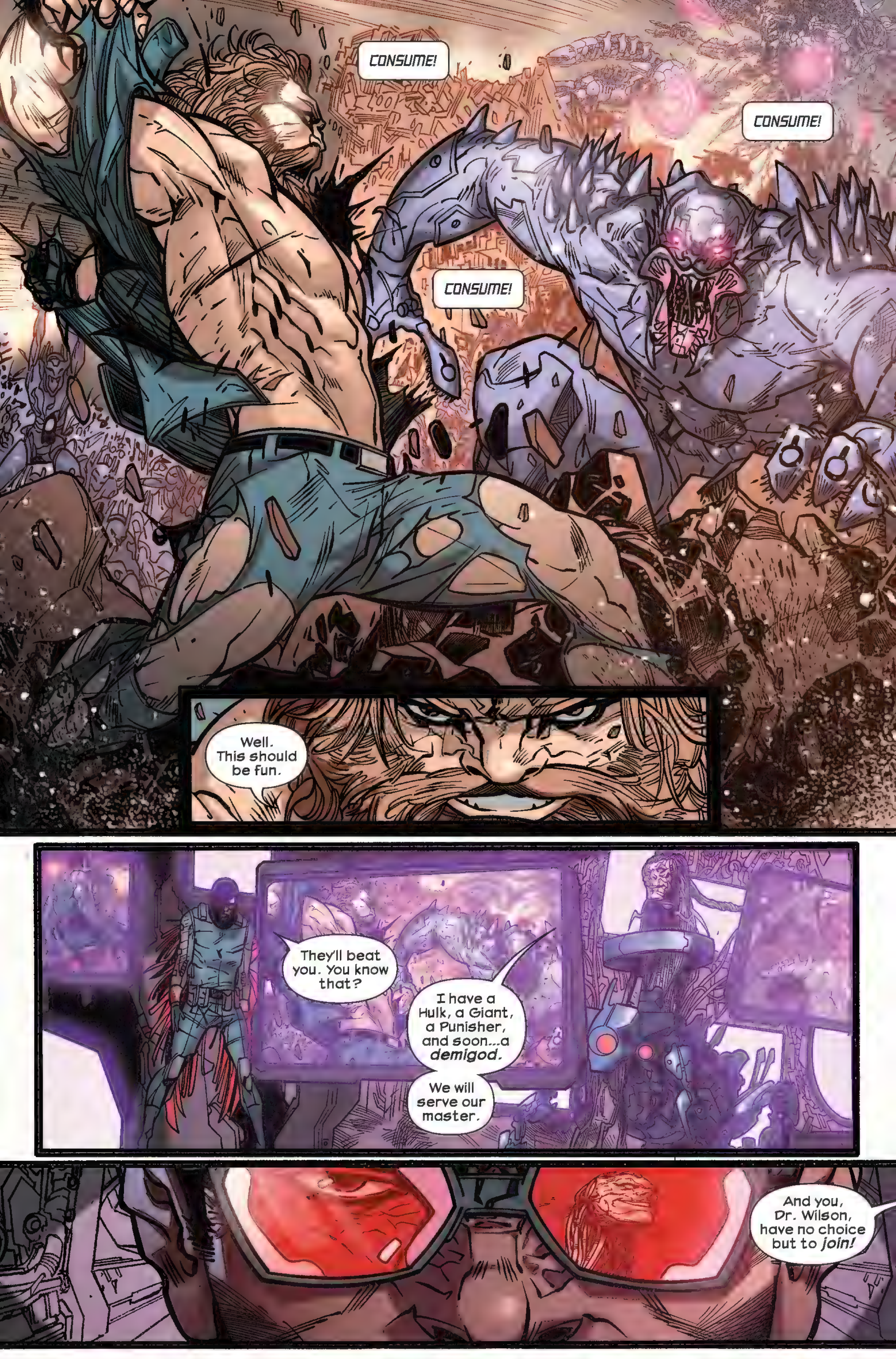

Someone go and check on her--
I think we're in trouble, boss.
Y'think? Who's left?
We're it.
Where's Cassie?
Dammit.

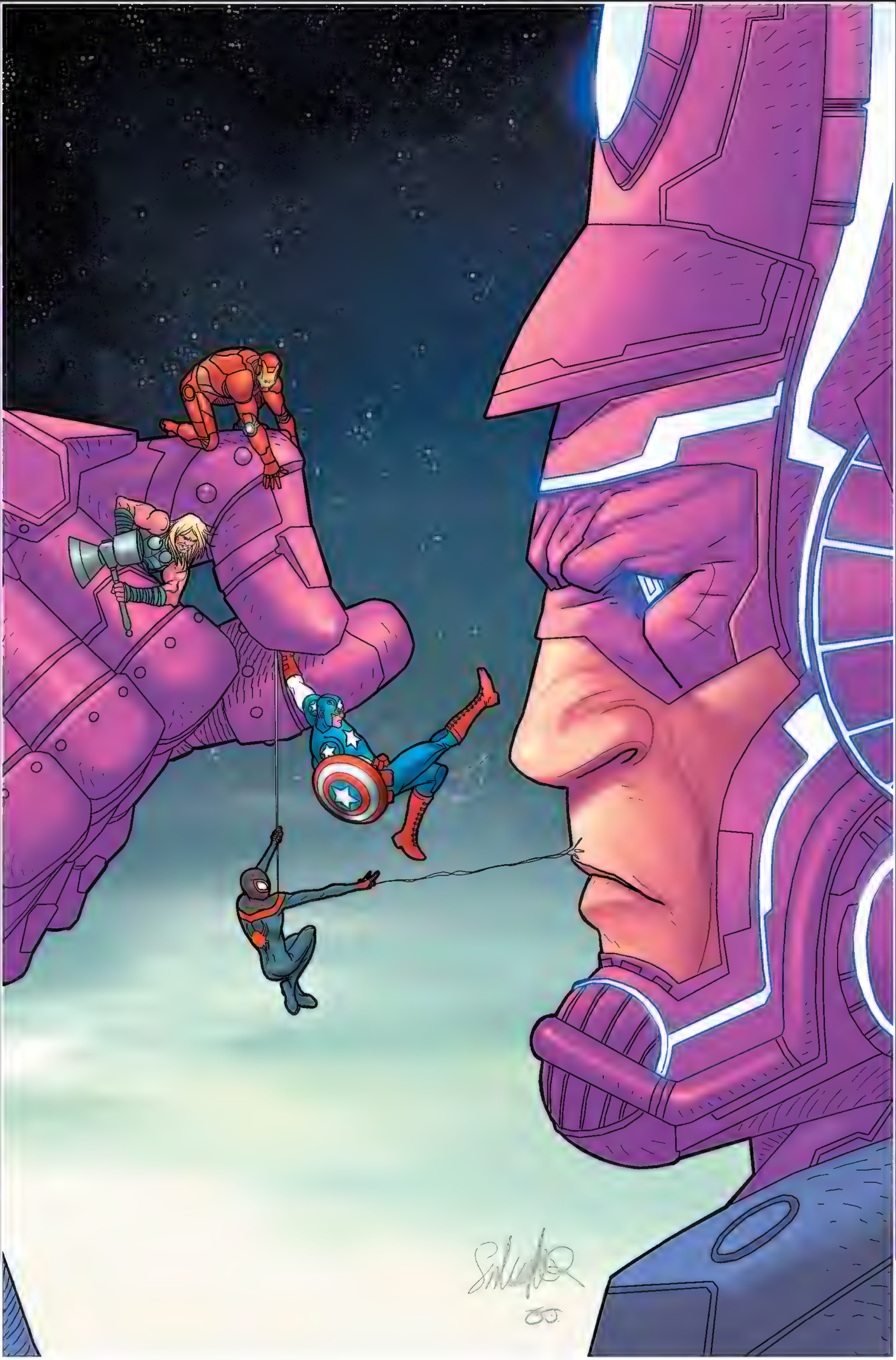

Consume. Consume. *Consume.*
Consume. CONSUME. CON--
*Nick*...we need to get out of here--


I made peace with dying a long time ago.
I knew that the day would come when I'd go where my brother went and my father hoped to go.
I did *not* expect to do it by being barfed on by a particularly good looking giant girl.
Huddle up, boys, we're getting out of here.
Nick, the teleporter is still experimental--
Anywhere is better than here.
CLICK
Hold tight.
VWOPP


VWOOP
We only moved a few miles, but it'll give us a chance--
Consume. Consume...
PUNISH.
Delightful.
C'mon, there's only the one of him.
That's enough.
Uh, guys--

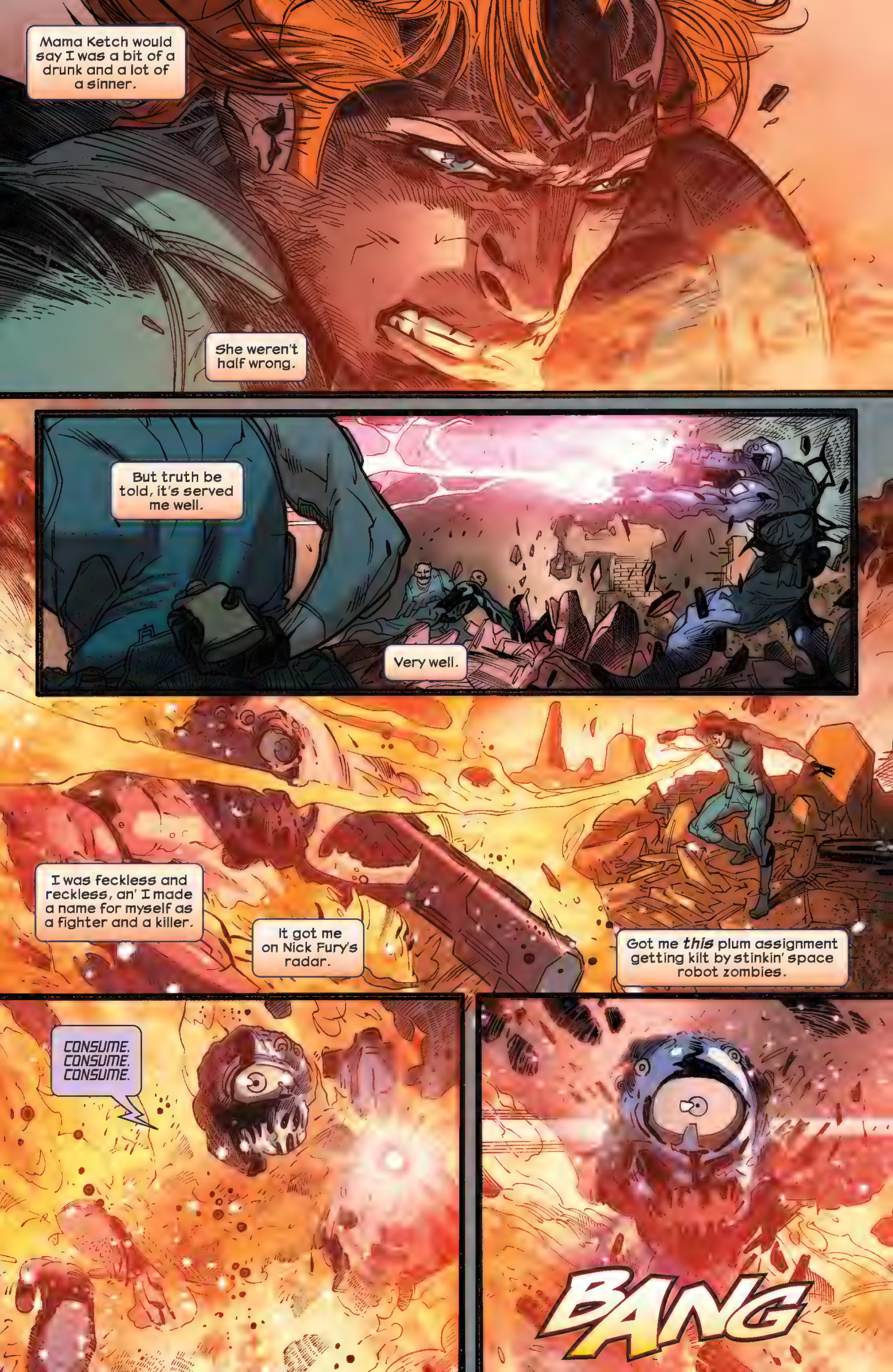

"Is that a giant floating city of death?"
CRUNCH
The son of Zeus challenges you. *What* else do you have?
Oh.
Hello, there.

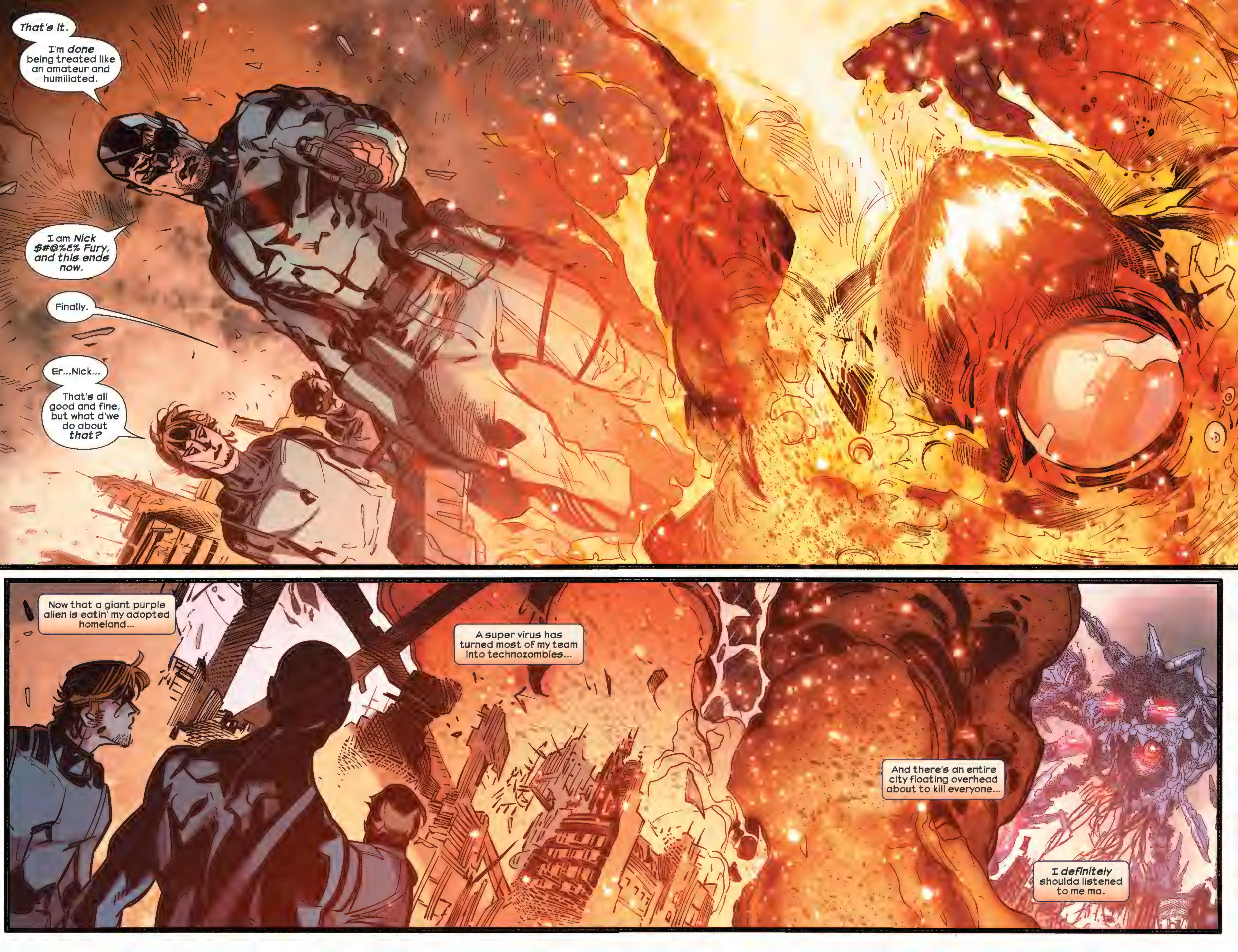

CONSUME!
CONSUME!
CONSUME!
Well. This should be fun.
They'll beat you. You know that?
I have a Hulk, a Giant, a Punisher, and soon...a *demigod.*
We will serve our master.
And you, Dr. Wilson, have no choice but to *join!*

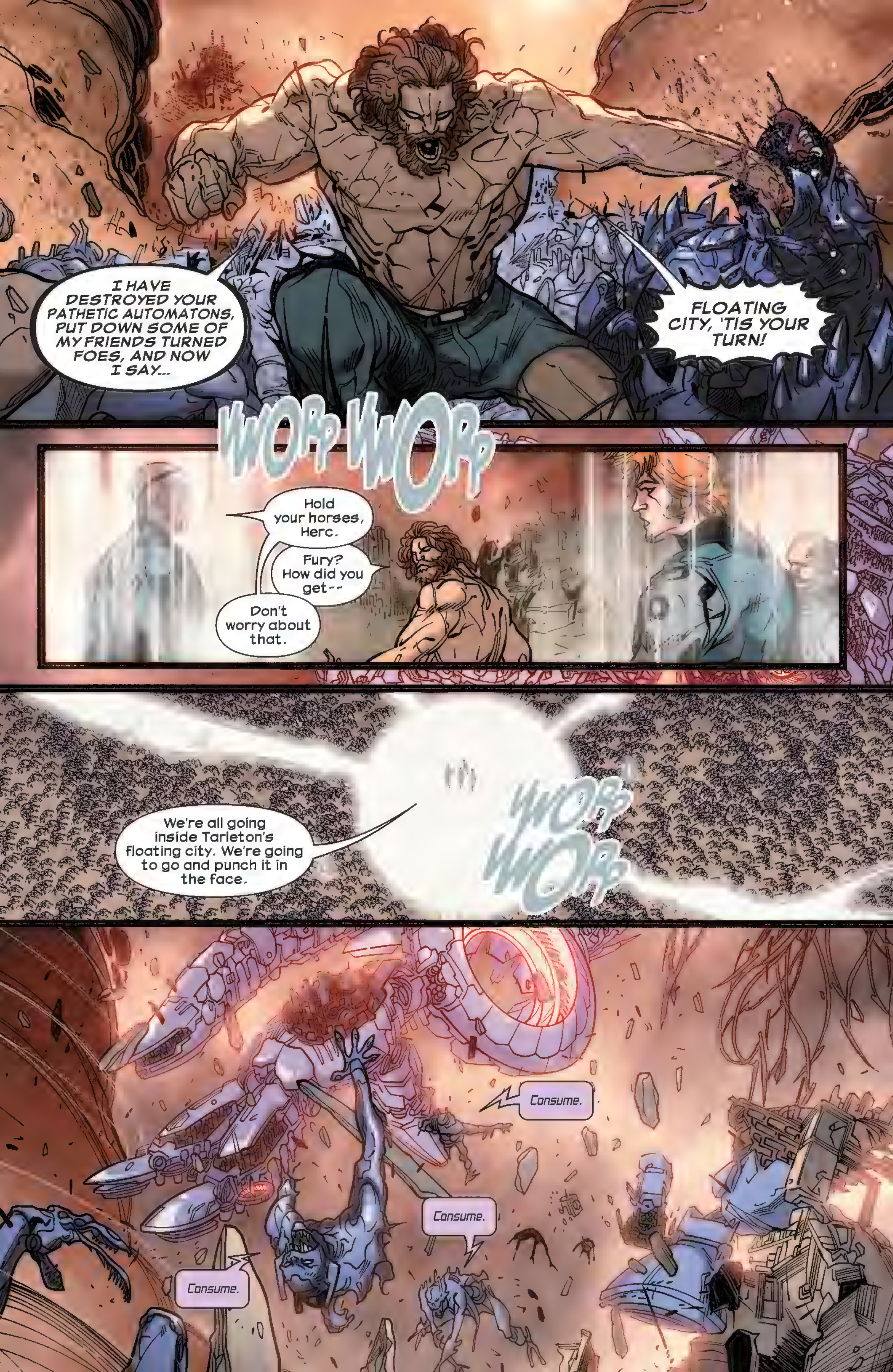


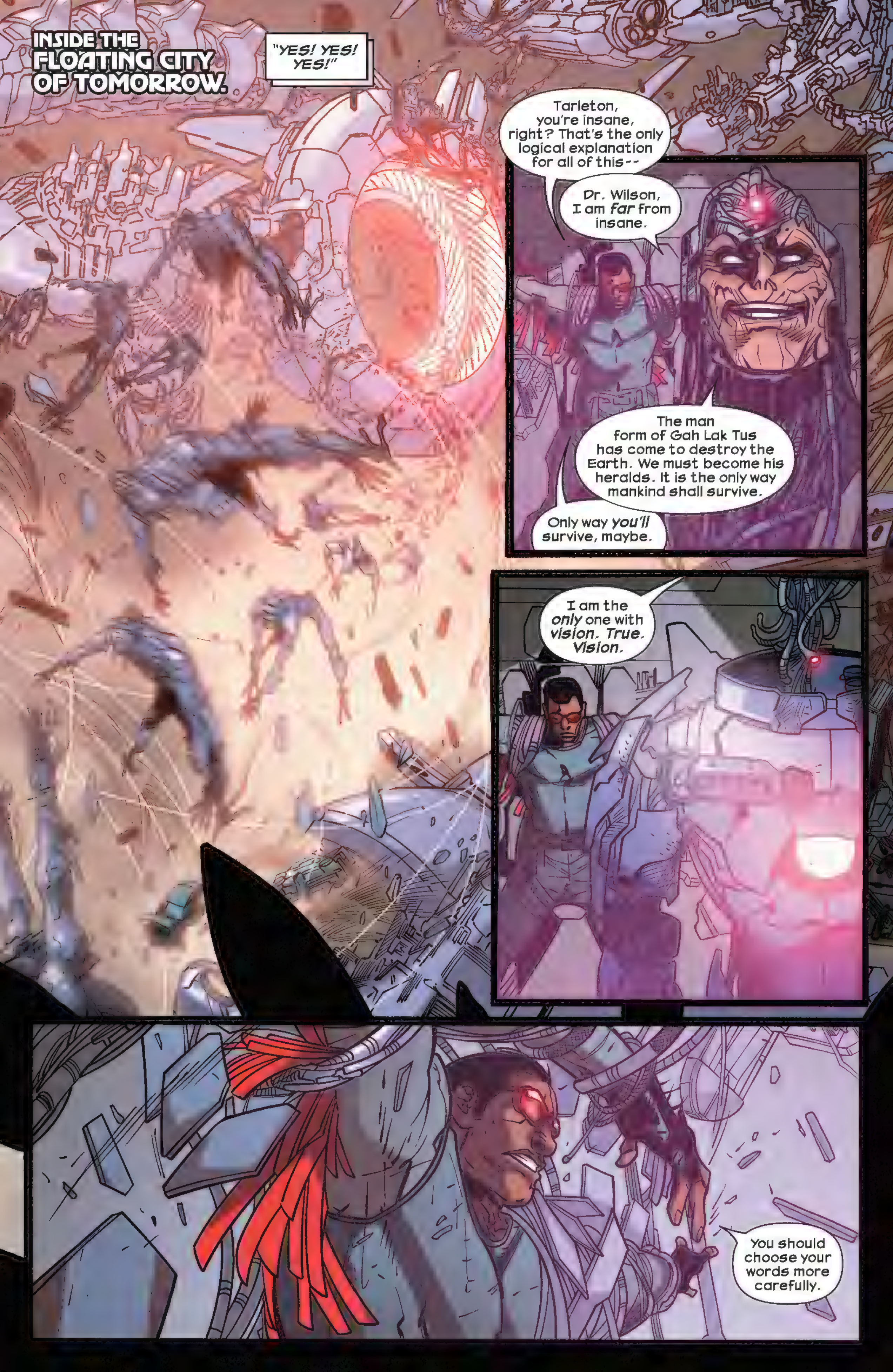
CATACLYSM: THE ULTIMATES' LAST STAND #4 VARIANT BY SALVADOR LARROCA & FRANK MARTIN

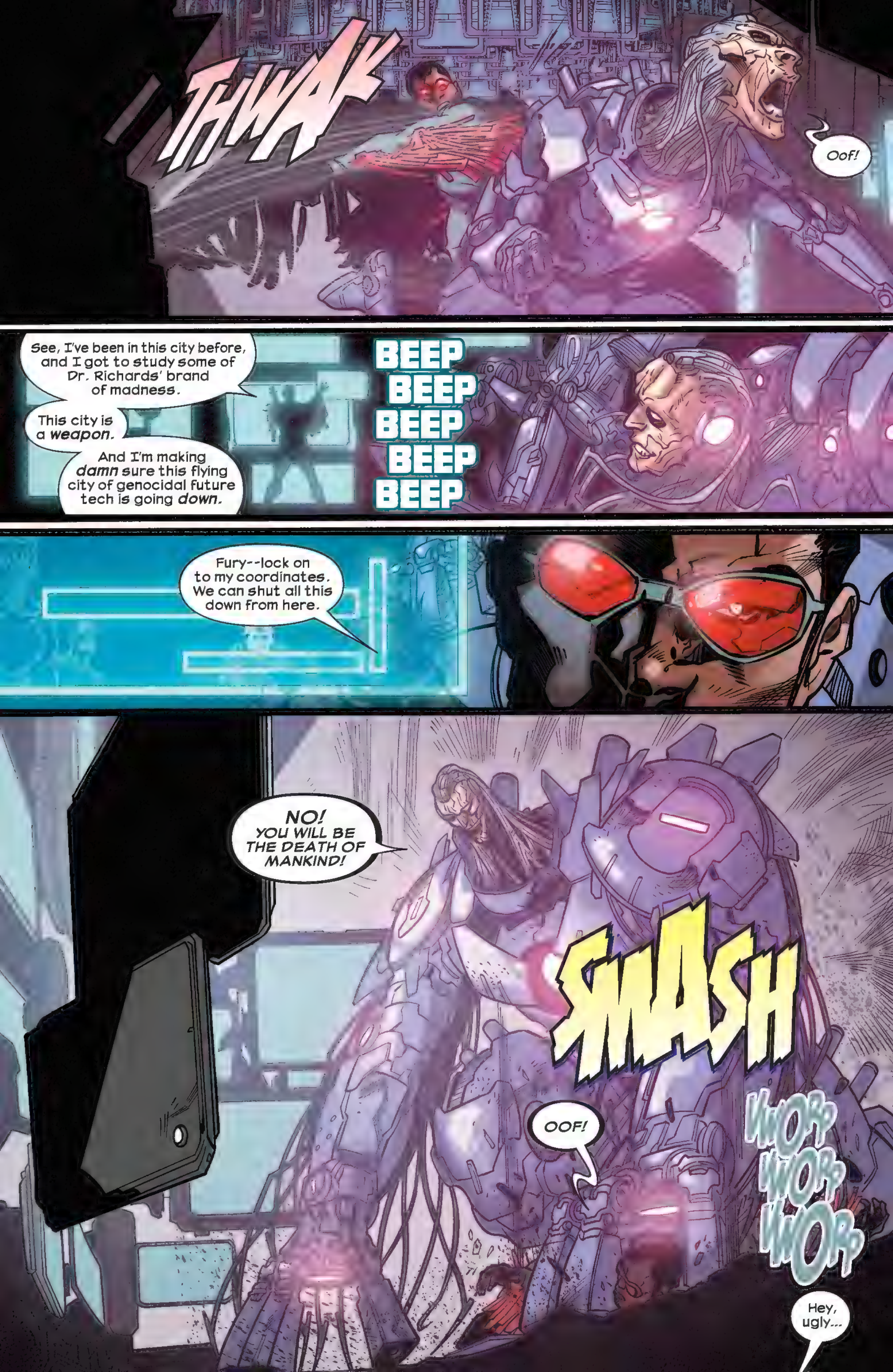
## CATACLYSM: ULTIMATES #3

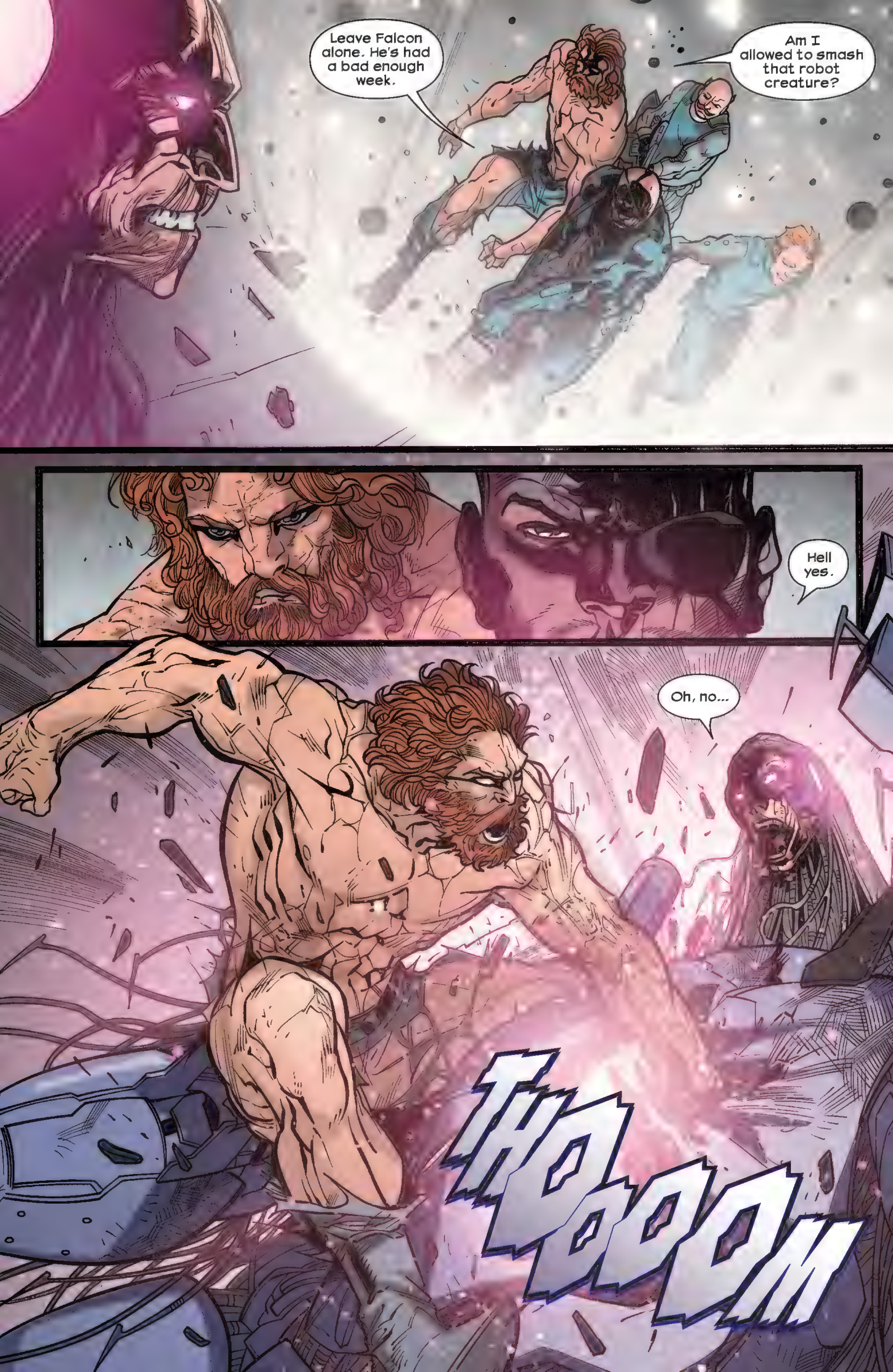

Mama Ketch would say I was a bit of a drunk and a lot of a sinner.
She weren't half wrong.
But truth be told, it's served me well.
Very well.
I was feckless and reckless, an' I made a name for myself as a fighter and a killer.
It got me on Nick Fury's radar.
Got me *this* plum assignment getting kilt by stinkin' space robot zombies.
CONSUME. CONSUME. CONSUME.
BANG

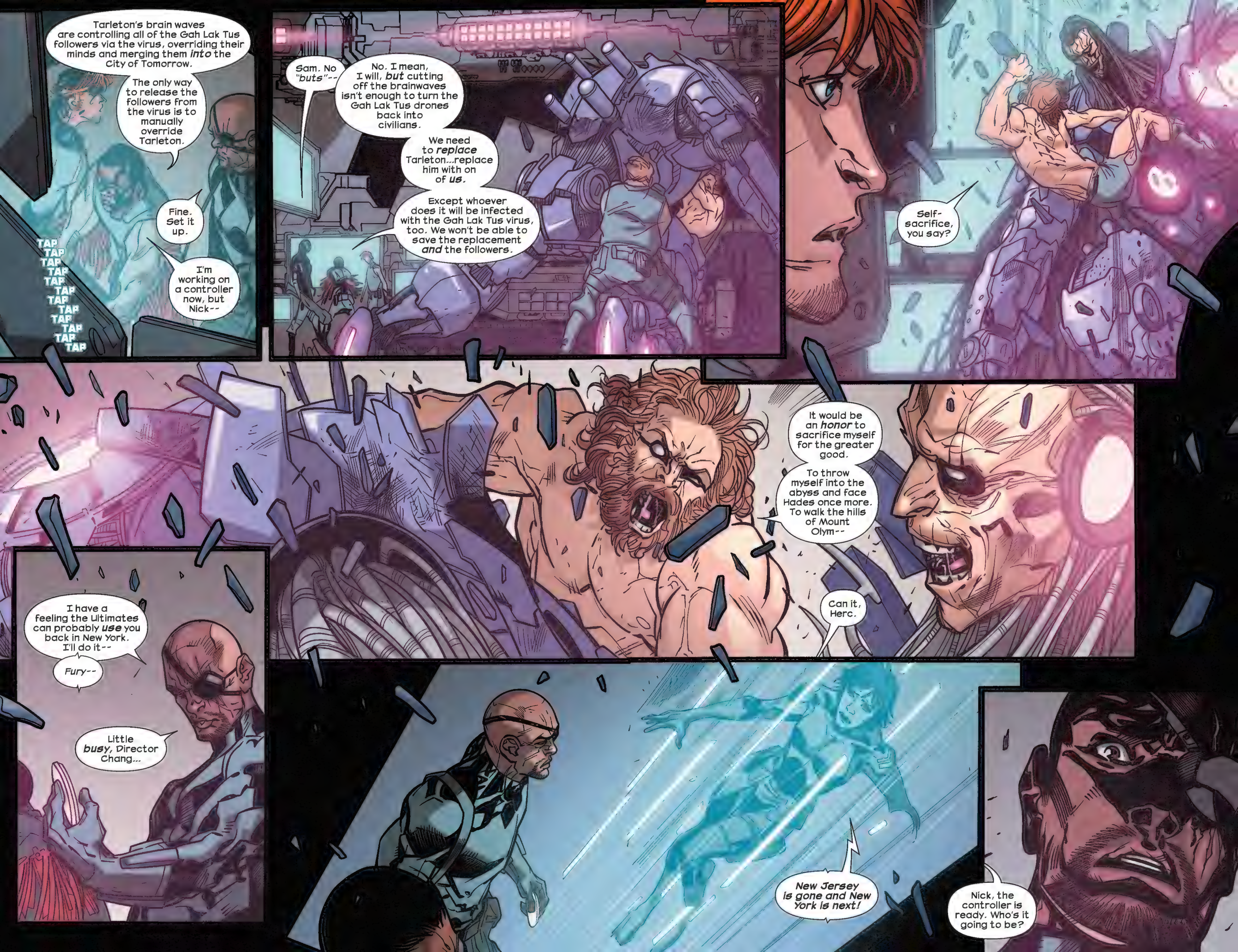

That's it.
I'm *done* being treated like an amateur and humiliated.
I am *Nick $#@%&% Fury, and this ends now.*
Finally.
Er...Nick...
That's all good and fine, but what d'we do about *that?*
Now that a giant purple alien is eatin' my adopted homeland...
A super virus has turned most of my team into technozombies...
And there's an entire city floating overhead about to kill everyone...
I *definitely* shoulda listened to me ma.

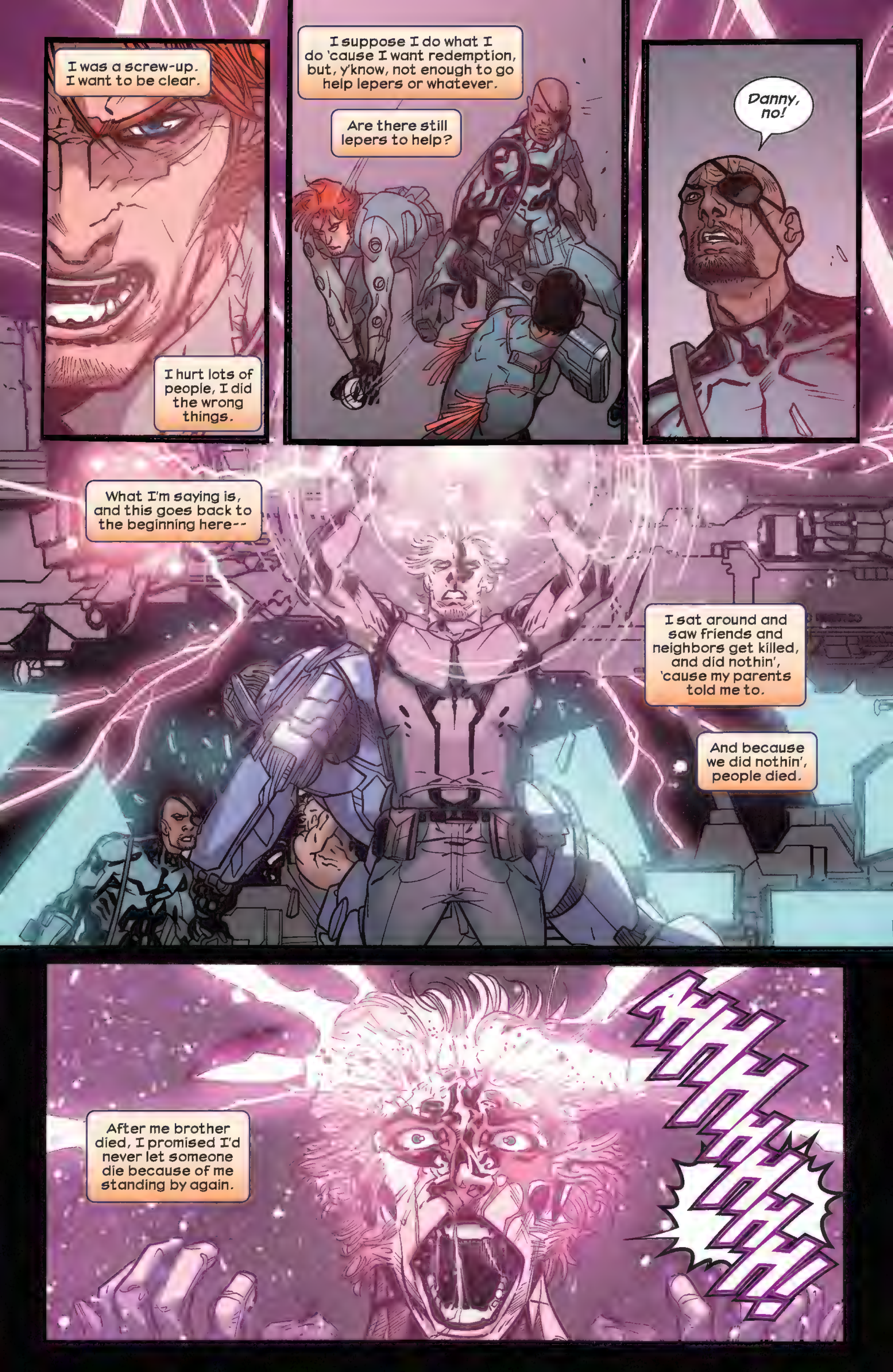

I HAVE DESTROYED YOUR PATHETIC AUTOMATONS, PUT DOWN SOME OF MY FRIENDS TURNED FOES, AND NOW I SAY...
FLOATING CITY, 'TIS YOUR TURN!
WORP WORP
Hold your horses, Herc.
Fury? How did you get--
Don't worry about that.
We're all going inside Tarleton's floating city. We're going to go and punch it in the face.
WORP WORP
Consume.
Consume.
Consume.

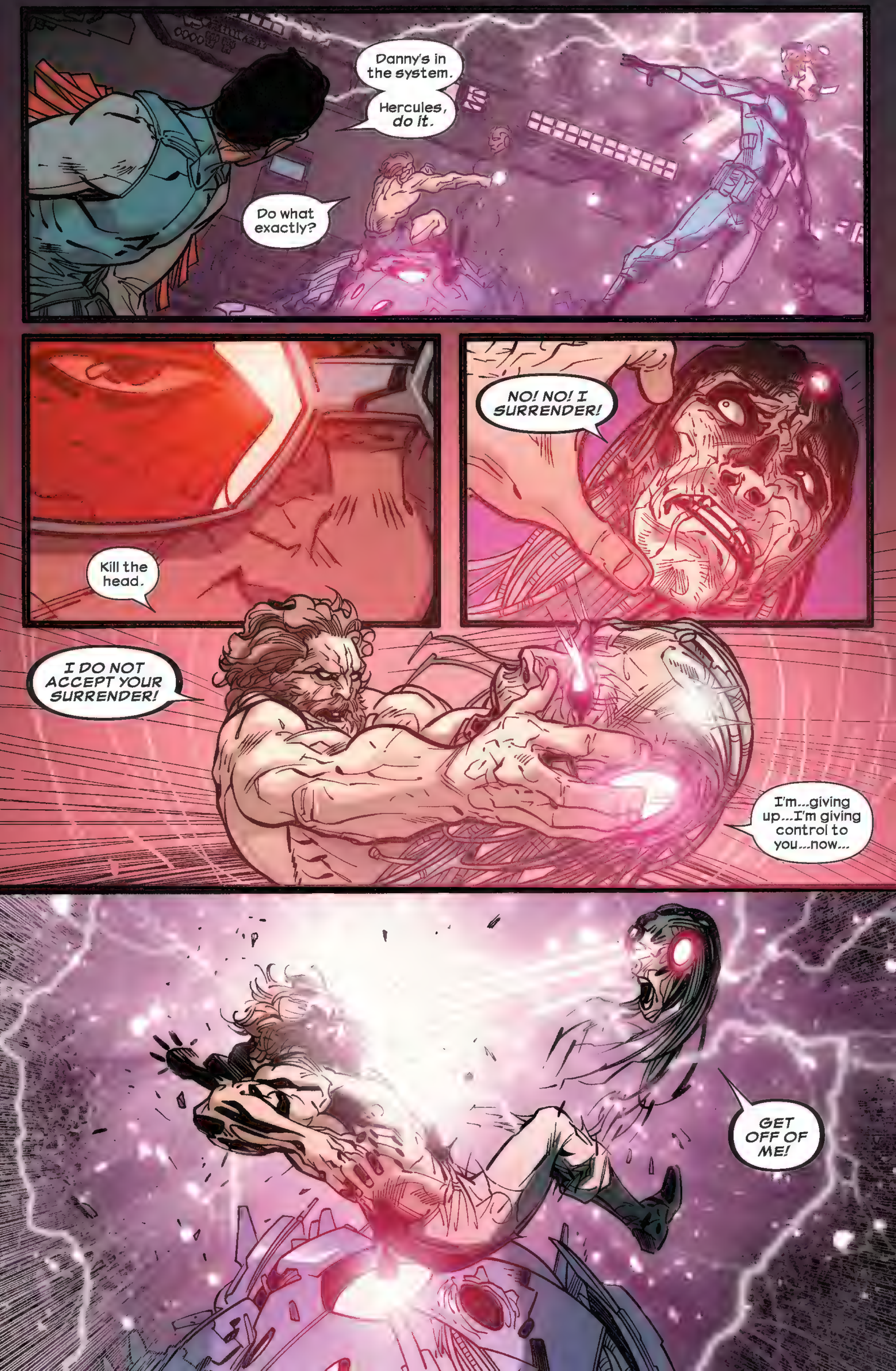

INSIDE THE FLOATING CITY OF TOMORROW.
"YES! YES! YES!"
Tarleton, you're insane, right? That's the only logical explanation for all of this--
Dr. Wilson, I am *far* from insane.
The man form of Gah Lak Tus has come to destroy the Earth. We must become his heralds. It is the only way mankind shall survive.
Only way *you'll* survive, maybe.
I am the *only* one with *vision. True. Vision.*
You should choose your words more carefully.

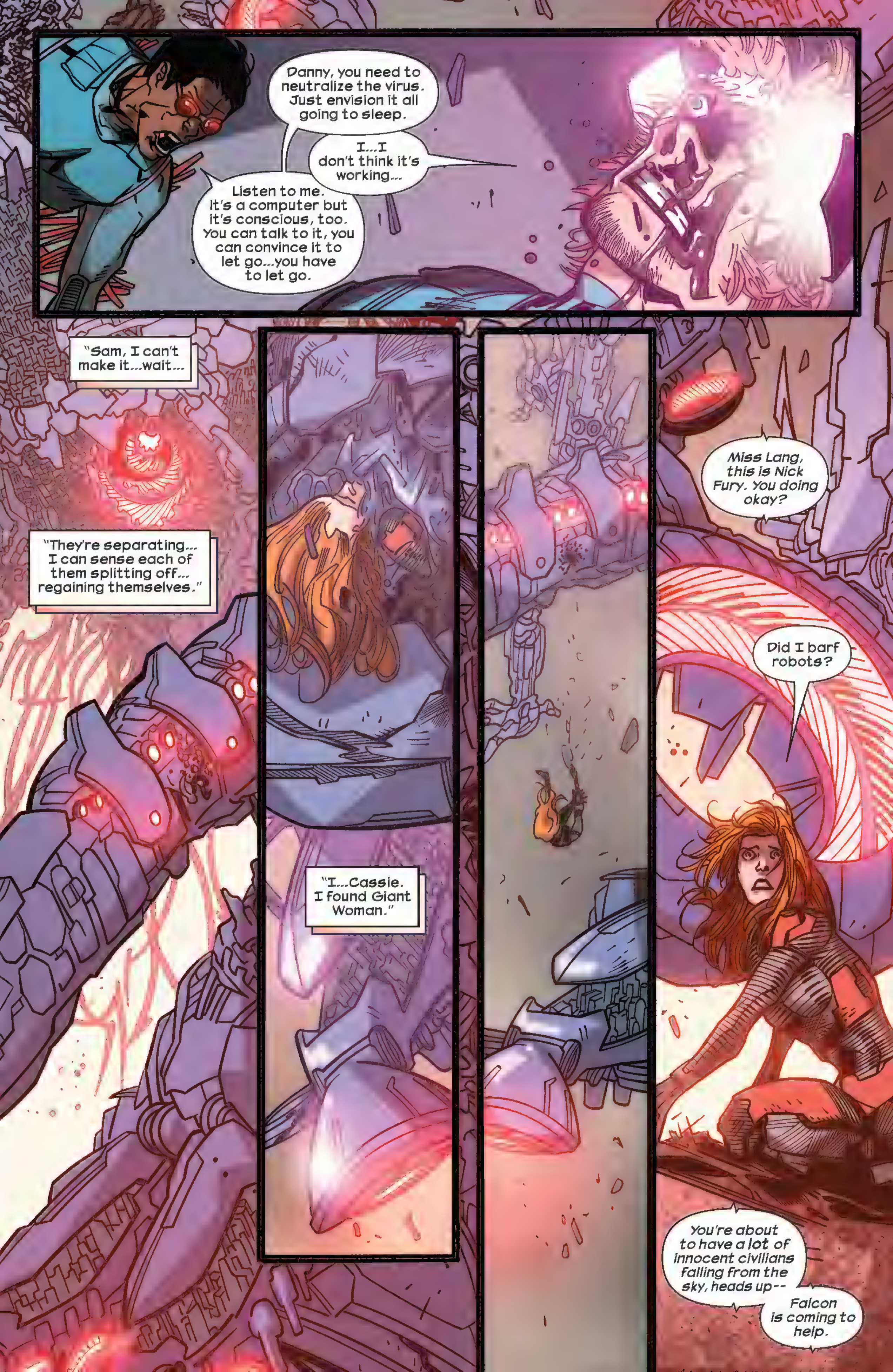

THWAK
Oof!
See, I've been in this city before, and I got to study some of Dr. Richards' brand of madness.
This city is a *weapon*.
And I'm making *damn* sure this flying city of genocidal future tech is going *down*.
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP
Fury--lock on to my coordinates. We can shut all this down from here.
NO! YOU WILL BE THE DEATH OF MANKIND!
SMASH
OOF!
WORP WORP WORP
Hey, ugly...

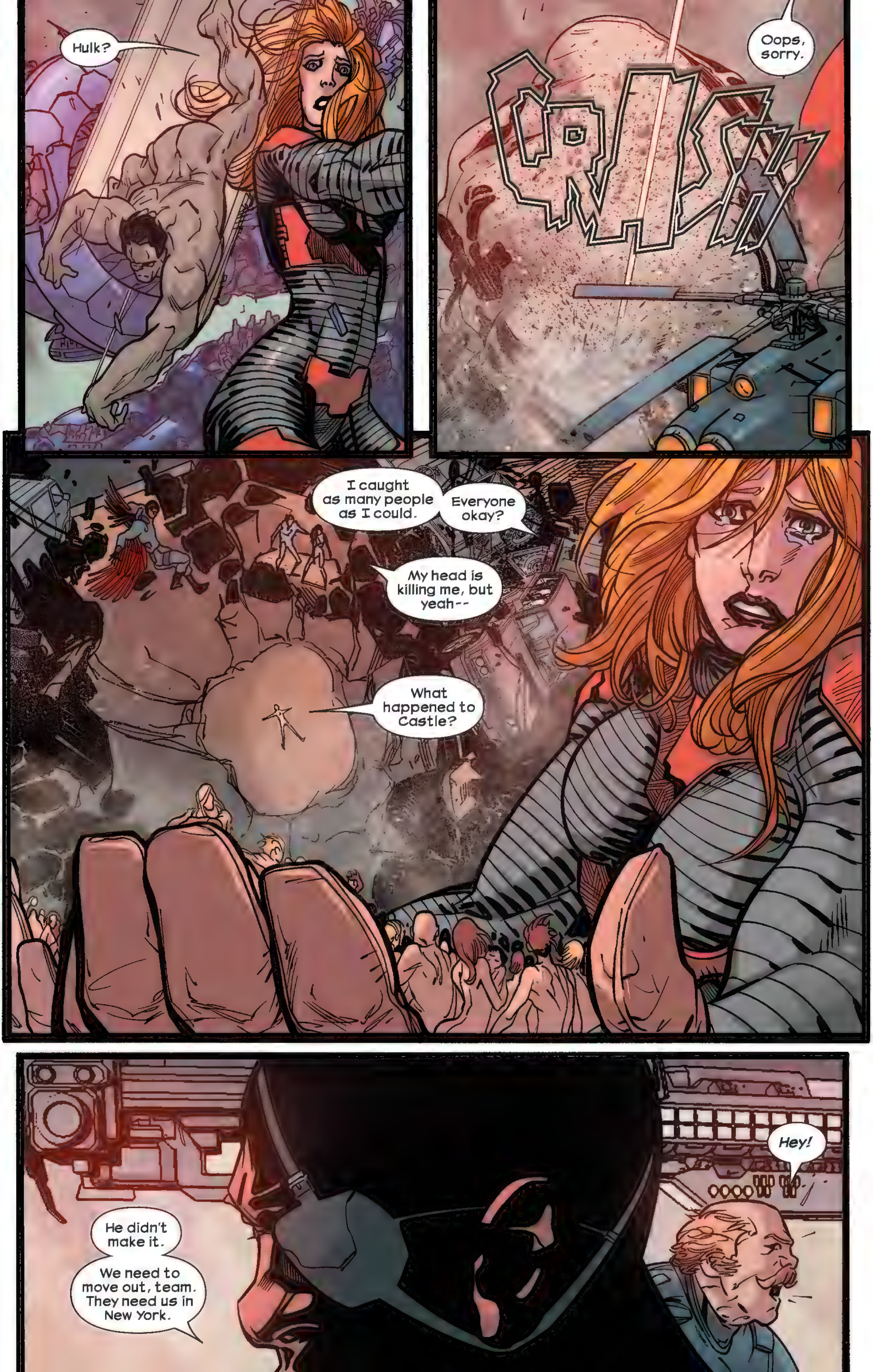

Leave Falcon alone. He's had a bad enough week.
Am I allowed to smash that robot creature?
Hell yes.
Oh, no...
THOOOM

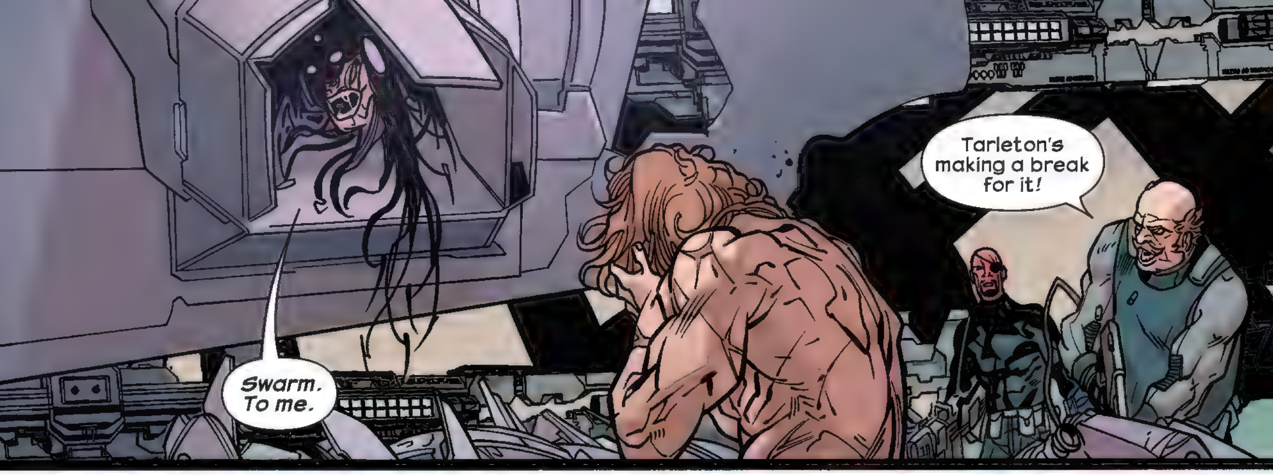

Tarleton's brain waves are controlling all of the Gah Lak Tus followers via the virus, overriding their minds and merging them *into* the City of Tomorrow.
The only way to release the followers from the virus is to manually override Tarleton.
Fine. Set it up.
I'm working on a controller now, but Nick--
TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP
Sam. No "*buts*"--
No. I mean, I will, *but* cutting off the brainwaves isn't enough to turn the Gah Lak Tus drones back into civilians.
We need to *replace* Tarleton...replace him with on of *us*.
Except whoever does it will be infected with the Gah Lak Tus virus, too. We won't be able to save the replacement *and* the followers.
Self-sacrifice, you say?
It would be an *honor* to sacrifice myself for the greater good.
To throw myself into the abyss and face Hades once more. To walk the hills of Mount Olym--
Can it, Herc.
I have a feeling the Ultimates can probably *use* you back in New York. I'll do it--
Fury--
Little *busy*, Director Chang...
*New Jersey is gone and New York is next!*
Nick, the controller is ready. Who's it going to be?

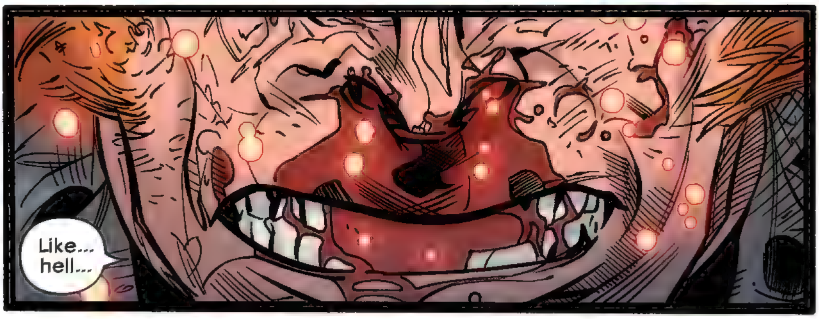

I was a screw-up. I want to be clear.
I hurt lots of people, I did the wrong things.
I suppose I do what I do 'cause I want redemption, but, y'know, not enough to go help lepers or whatever.
Are there still lepers to help?
Danny, no!
What I'm saying is, and this goes back to the beginning here--
I sat around and saw friends and neighbors get killed, and did nothin', 'cause my parents told me to.
And because we did nothin', people died.
After me brother died, I promised I'd never let someone die because of me standing by again.
AHHHHHH!

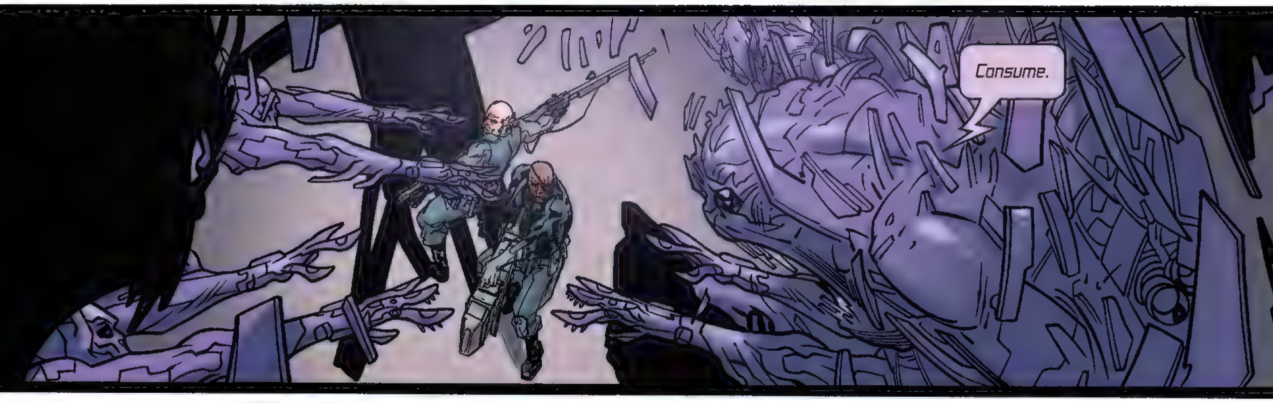

Danny's in the system.
Hercules, *do it.*
Do what exactly?
Kill the head.
NO! NO! I SURRENDER!
I DO NOT ACCEPT YOUR SURRENDER!
I'm...giving up...I'm giving control to you...now...
GET OFF OF ME!

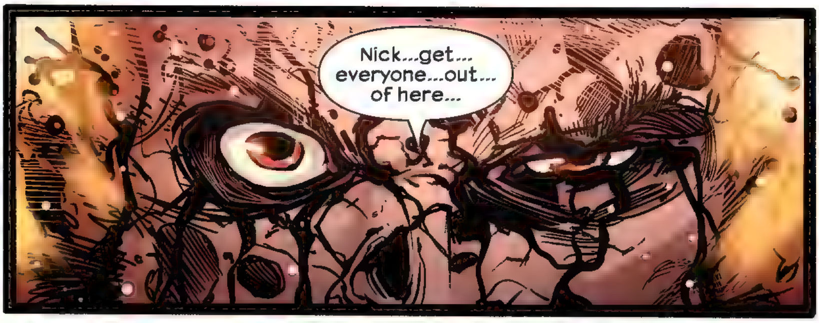

Danny, you need to neutralize the virus. Just envision it all going to sleep.
I...I don't think it's working...
Listen to me. It's a computer but it's conscious, too. You can talk to it, you can convince it to let go...you have to let go.
"Sam, I can't make it...wait...
"They're separating... I can sense each of them splitting off... regaining themselves."
"I...Cassie. I found Giant Woman."
Miss Lang, this is Nick Fury. You doing okay?
Did I barf robots?
You're about to have a **lot** of innocent civilians falling from the sky, heads up--
Falcon is coming to help.

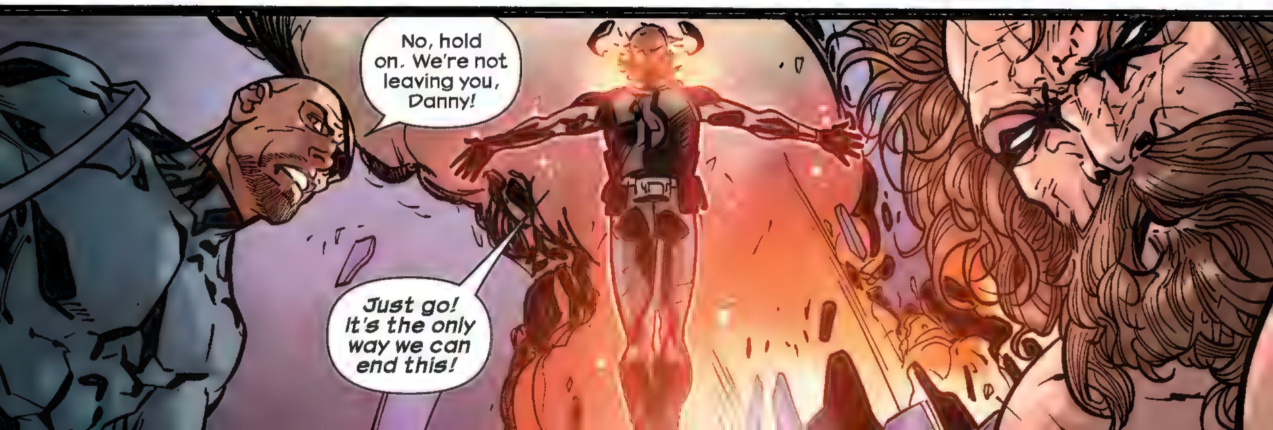

Hulk?
CRASH
Oops, sorry.
I caught as many people as I could.
Everyone okay?
My head is killing me, but yeah--
What happened to Castle?
He didn't make it.
We need to move out, team. They need us in New York.
Hey!

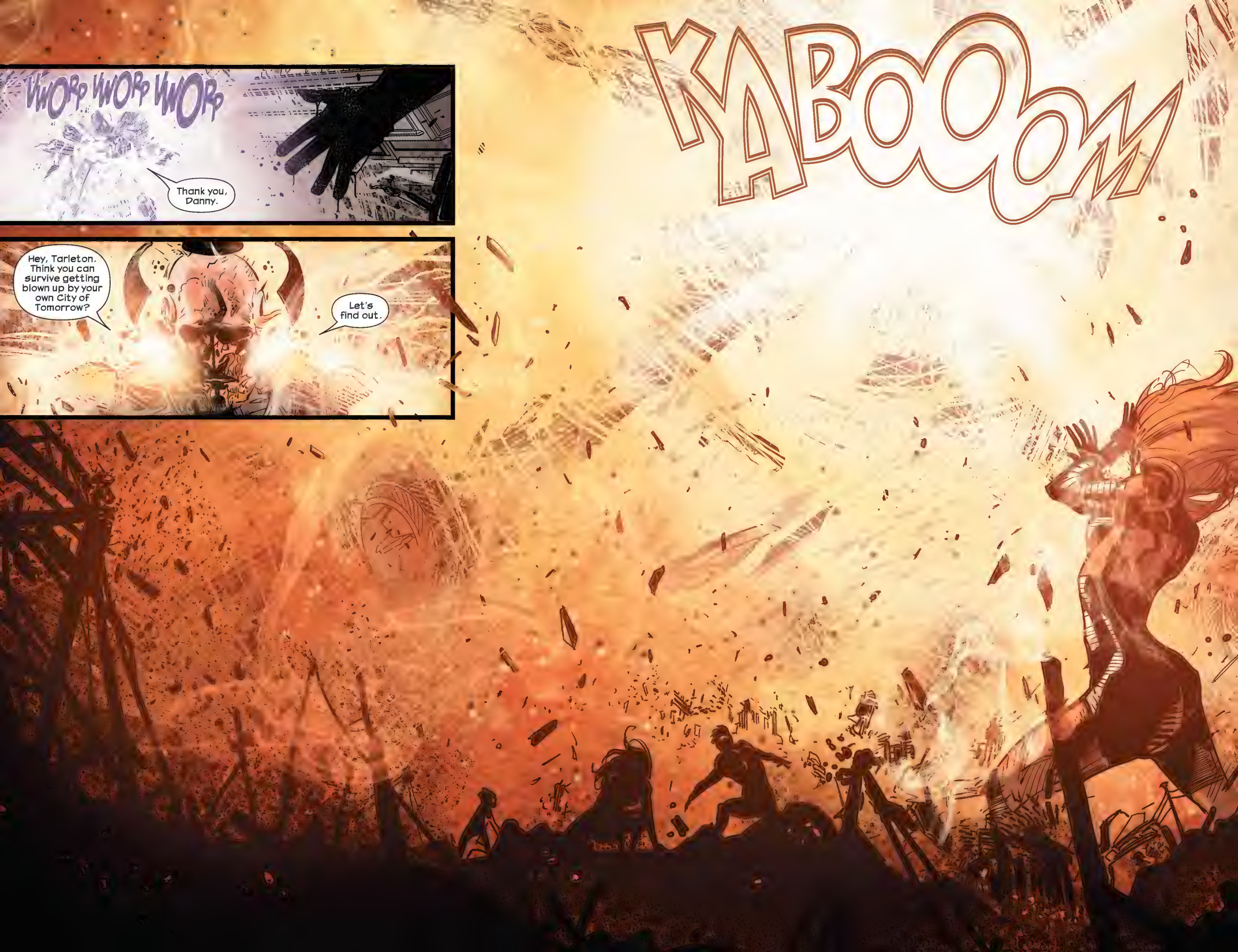

Tarleton's making a break for it!
Swarm. To me.

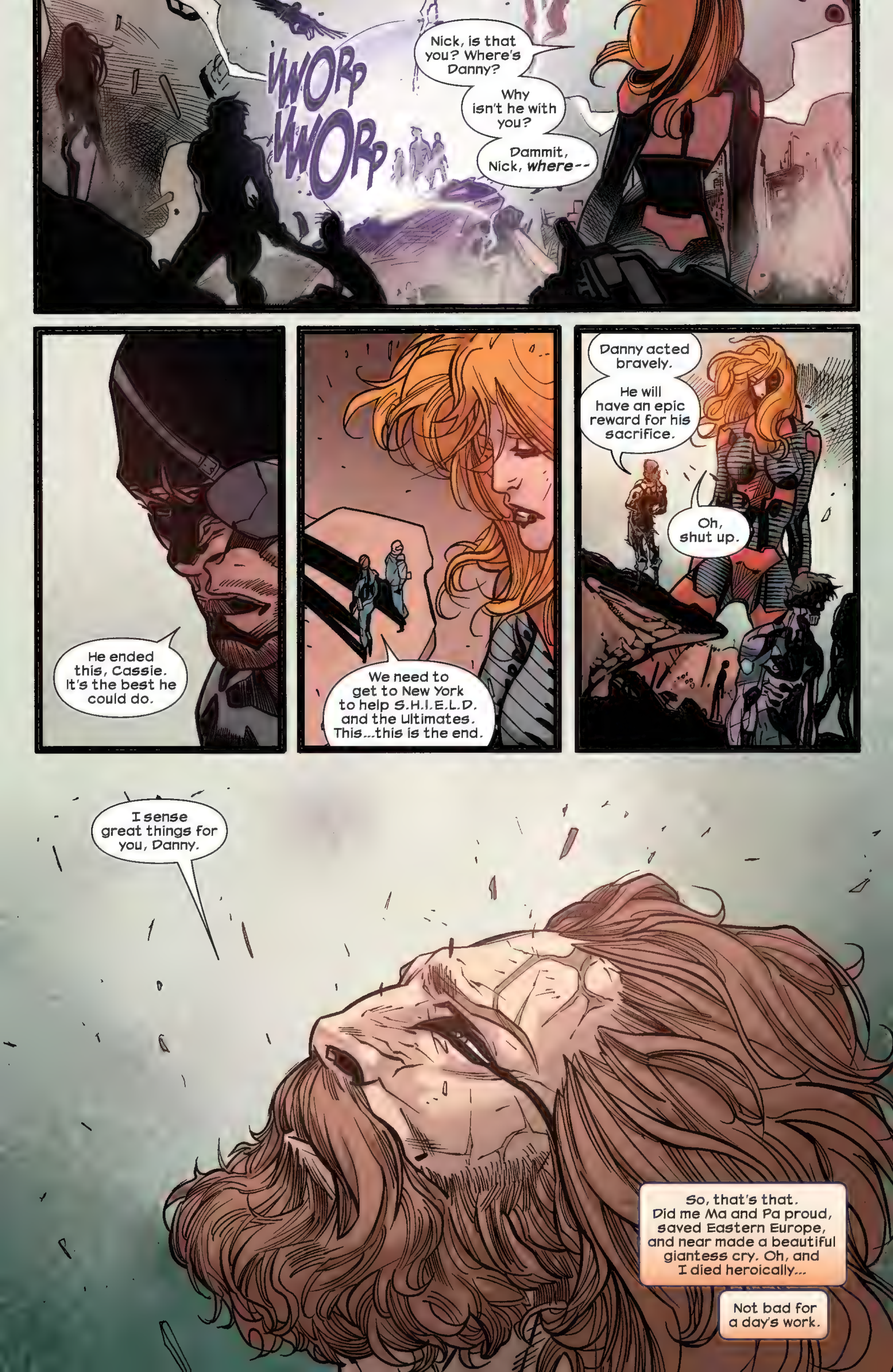

Like... hell...

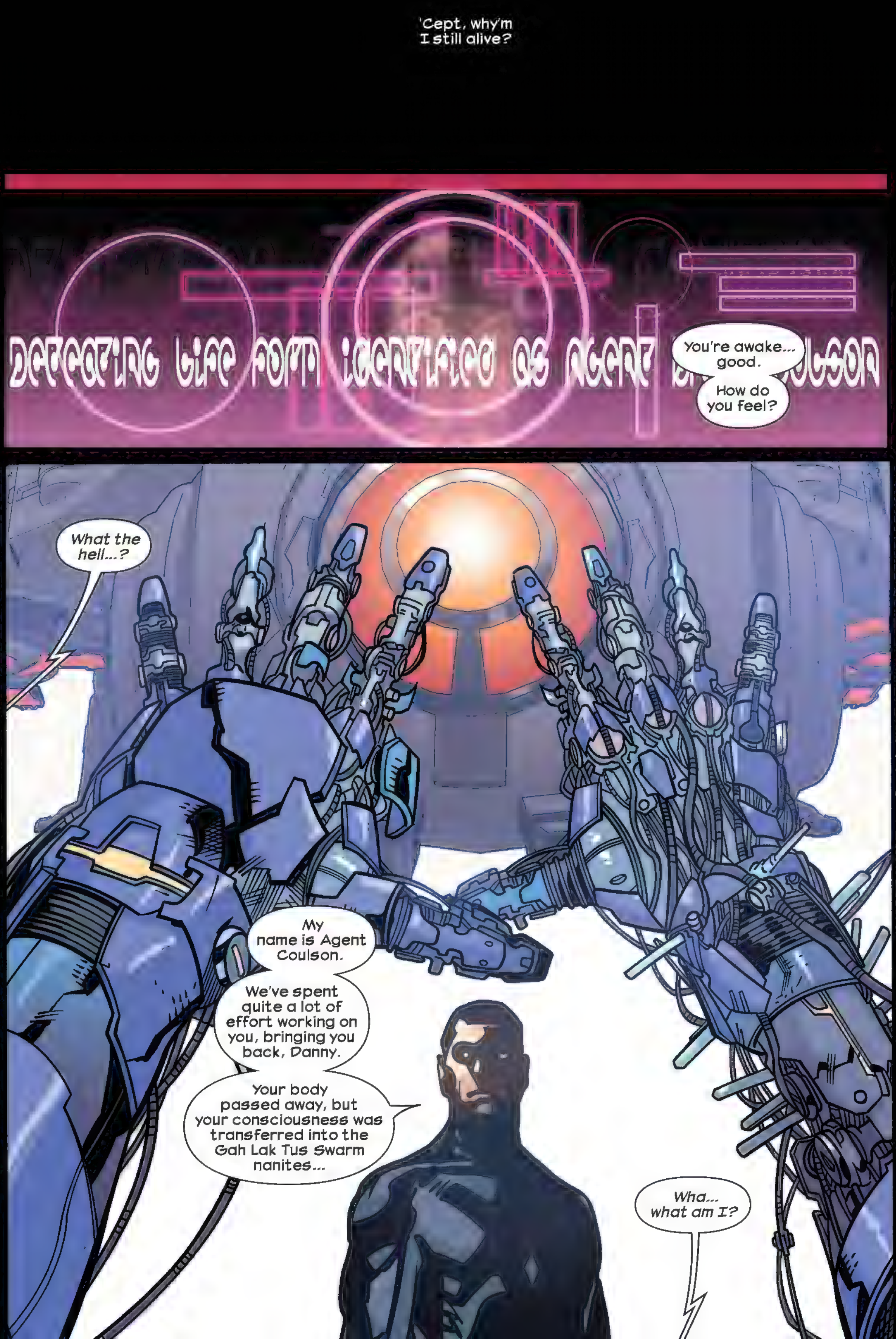

Consume.

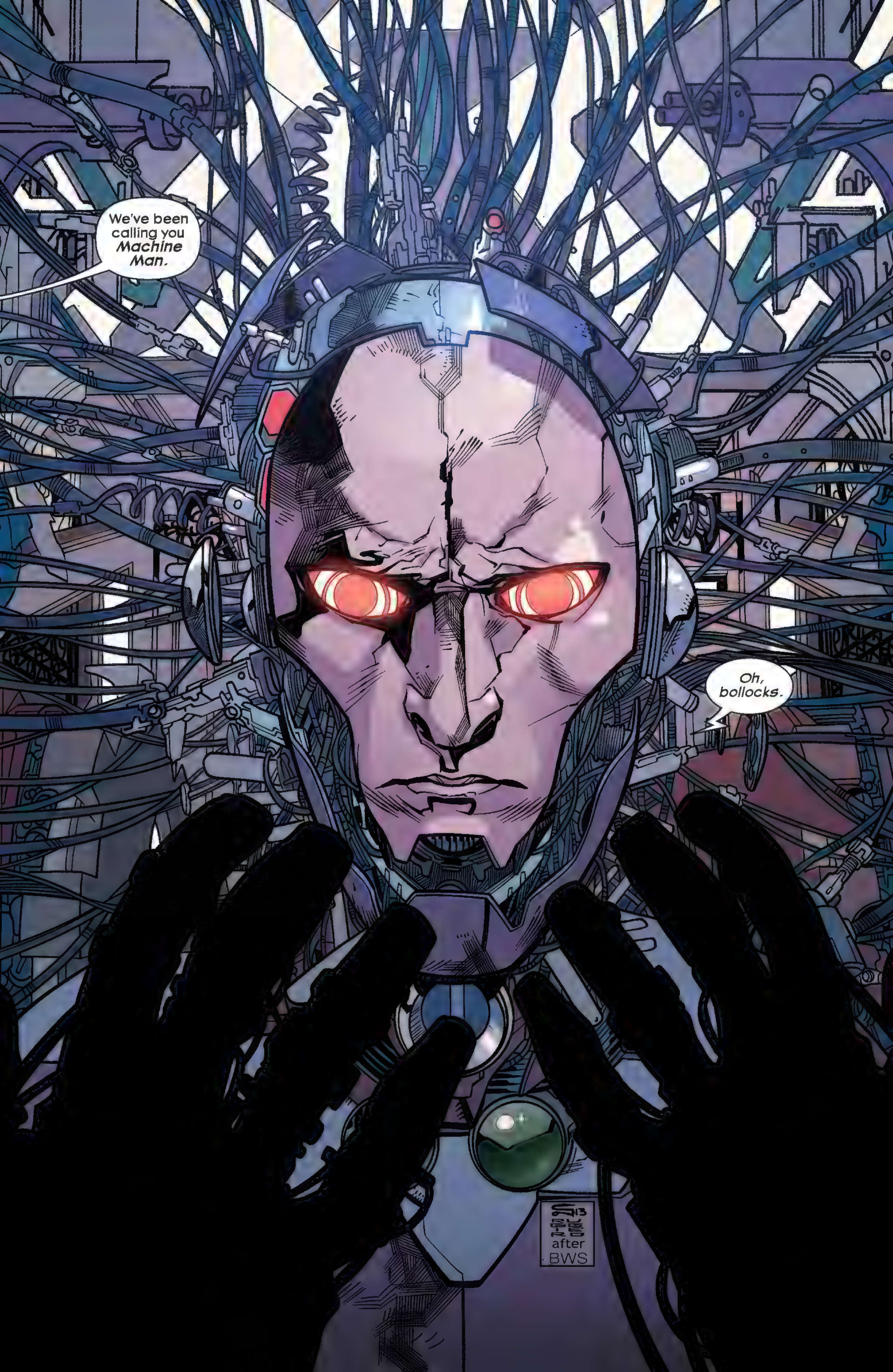

Nick...get... everyone...out... of here...


No, hold on. We're not leaving you, Danny!
Just go! It's the only way we can end this!


VWORP VWORP VWORP
Thank you, Danny.
Hey, Tarleton. Think you can survive getting blown up by your own City of Tomorrow?
Let's find out.
KABOOOOM


VWORP
VWORP
Nick, is that you? Where's Danny?
Why isn't he with you?
Dammit, Nick, *where*--
He ended this, Cassie. It's the best he could do.
We need to get to New York to help S.H.I.E.L.D. and the Ultimates. This...this is the end.
Danny acted bravely.
He will have an epic reward for his sacrifice.
Oh, shut up.
I sense great things for you, Danny.
So, that's that. Did me Ma and Pa proud, saved Eastern Europe, and near made a beautiful giantess cry. Oh, and I died heroically...
Not bad for a day's work.

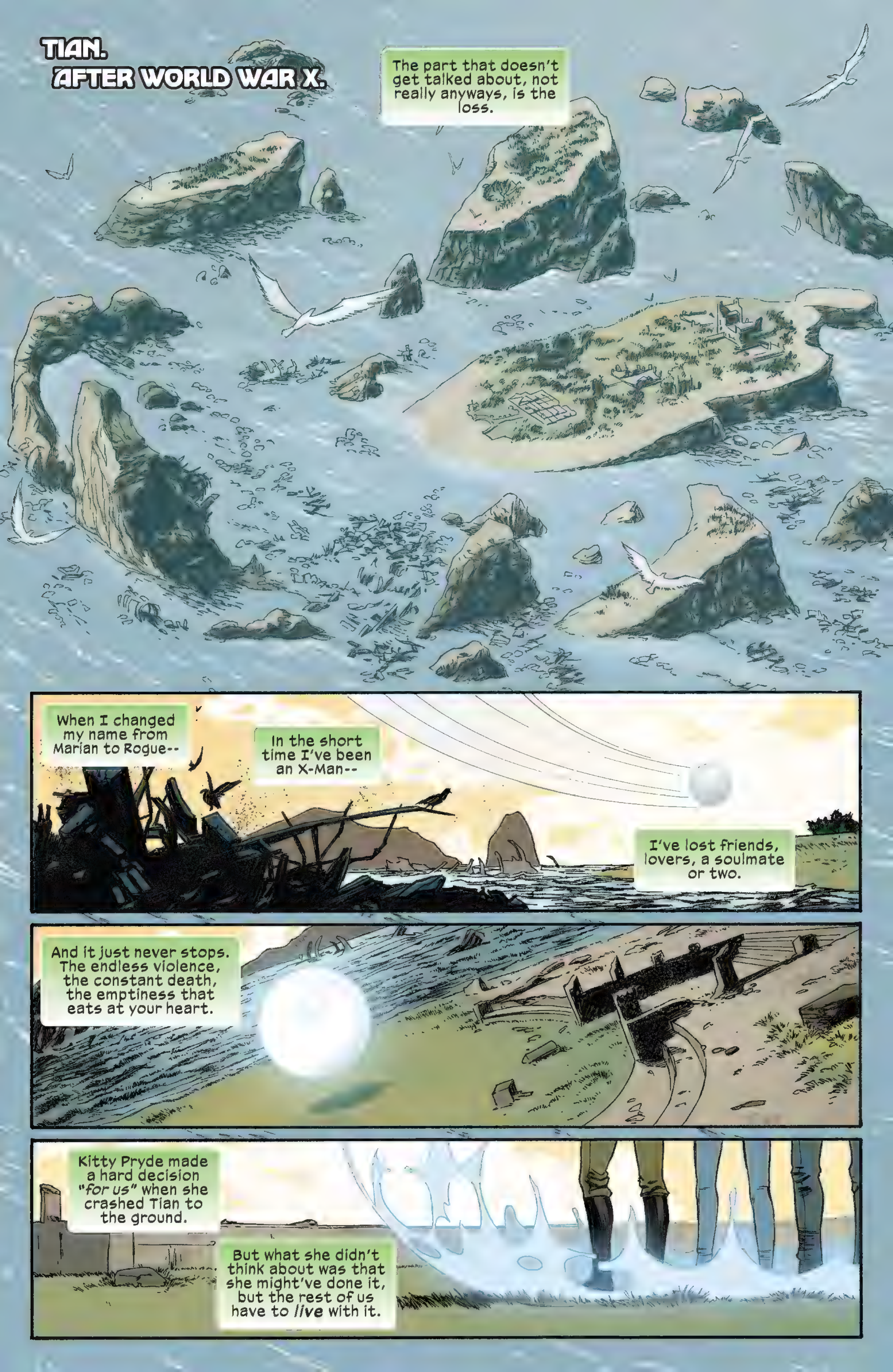

'Cept, why'm I still alive?
DETECTING LIFE FORM IDENTIFIED AS AGENT
OULSON
You're awake... good.
How do you feel?
What the hell...?
My name is Agent Coulson.
We've spent quite a lot of effort working on you, bringing you back, Danny.
Your body passed away, but your consciousness was transferred into the Gah Lak Tus Swarm nanites...
Wha... what am I?

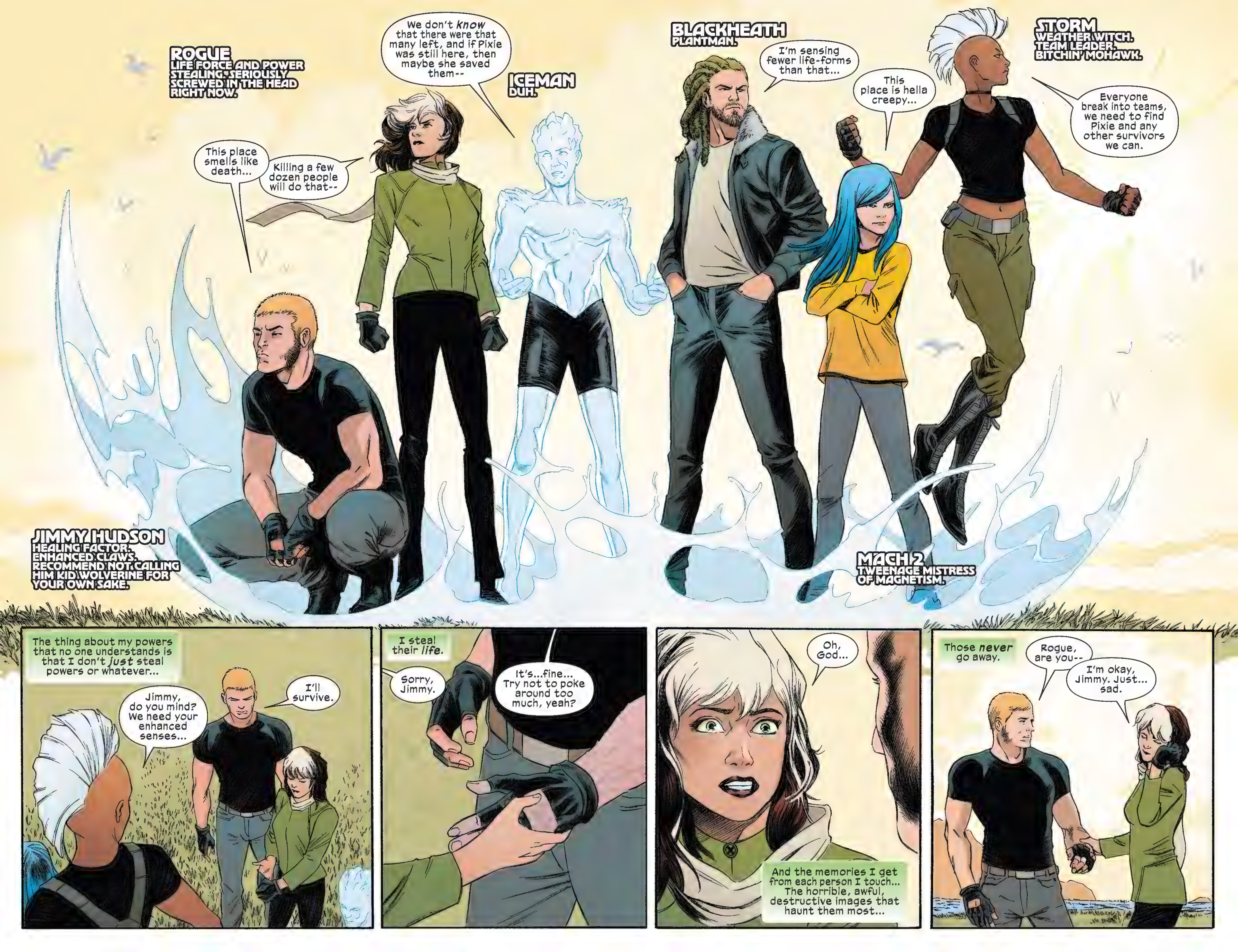

We've been calling you *Machine Man.*
Oh, bollocks.
S13 after BWS

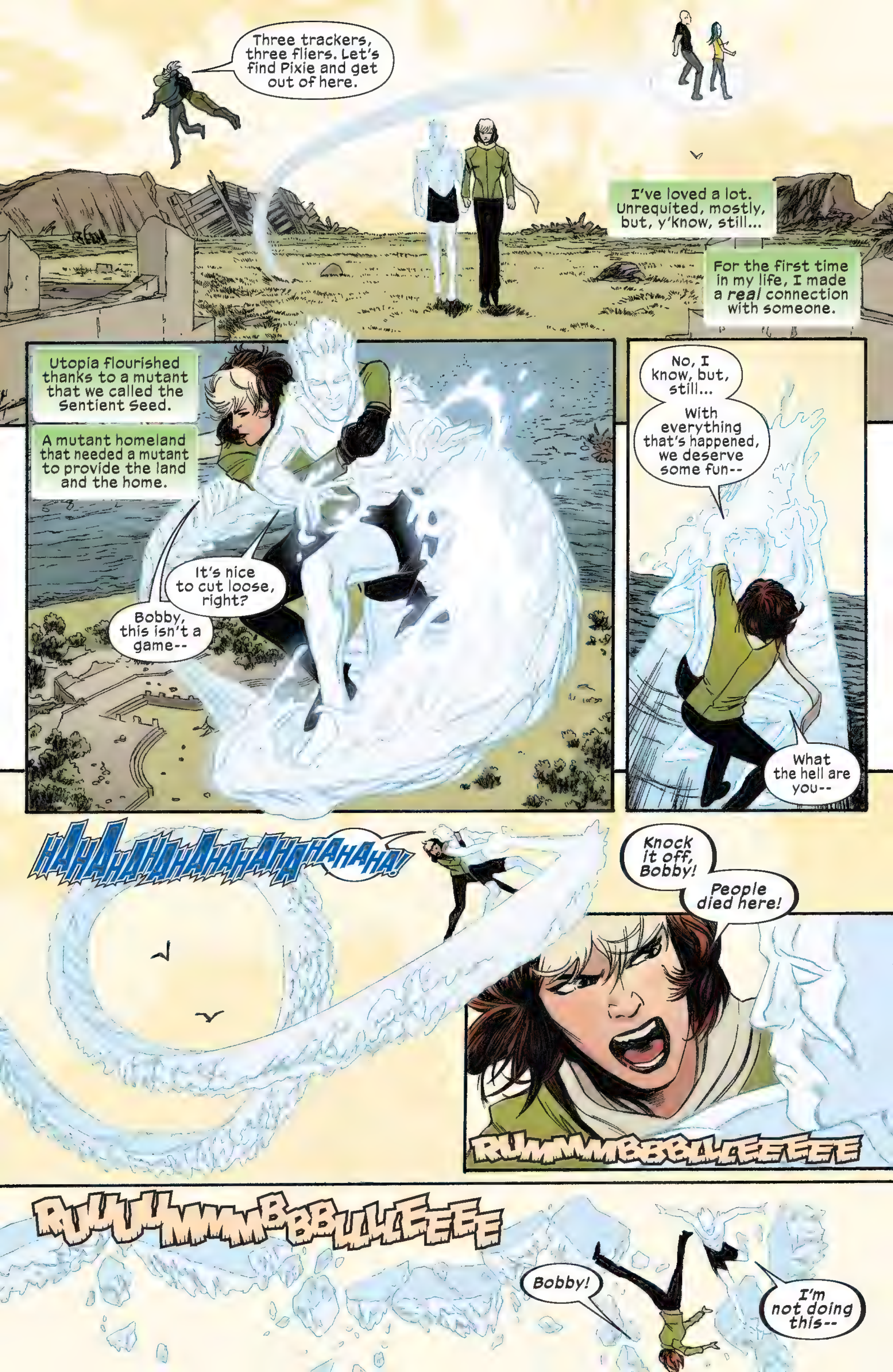
CATACLYSM: ULTIMATE X-MEN #1

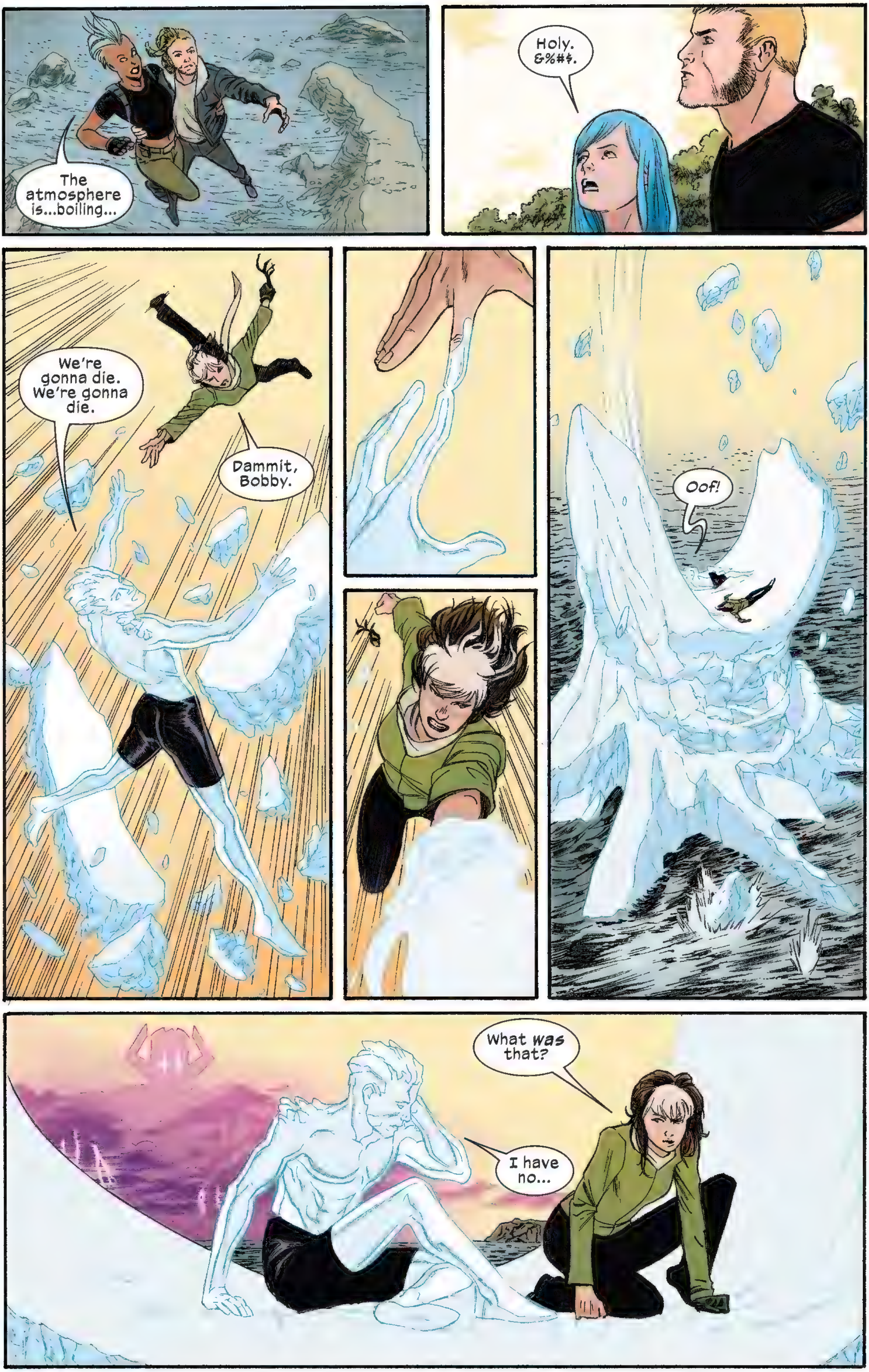
**Previously in Ultimate X-Men...**

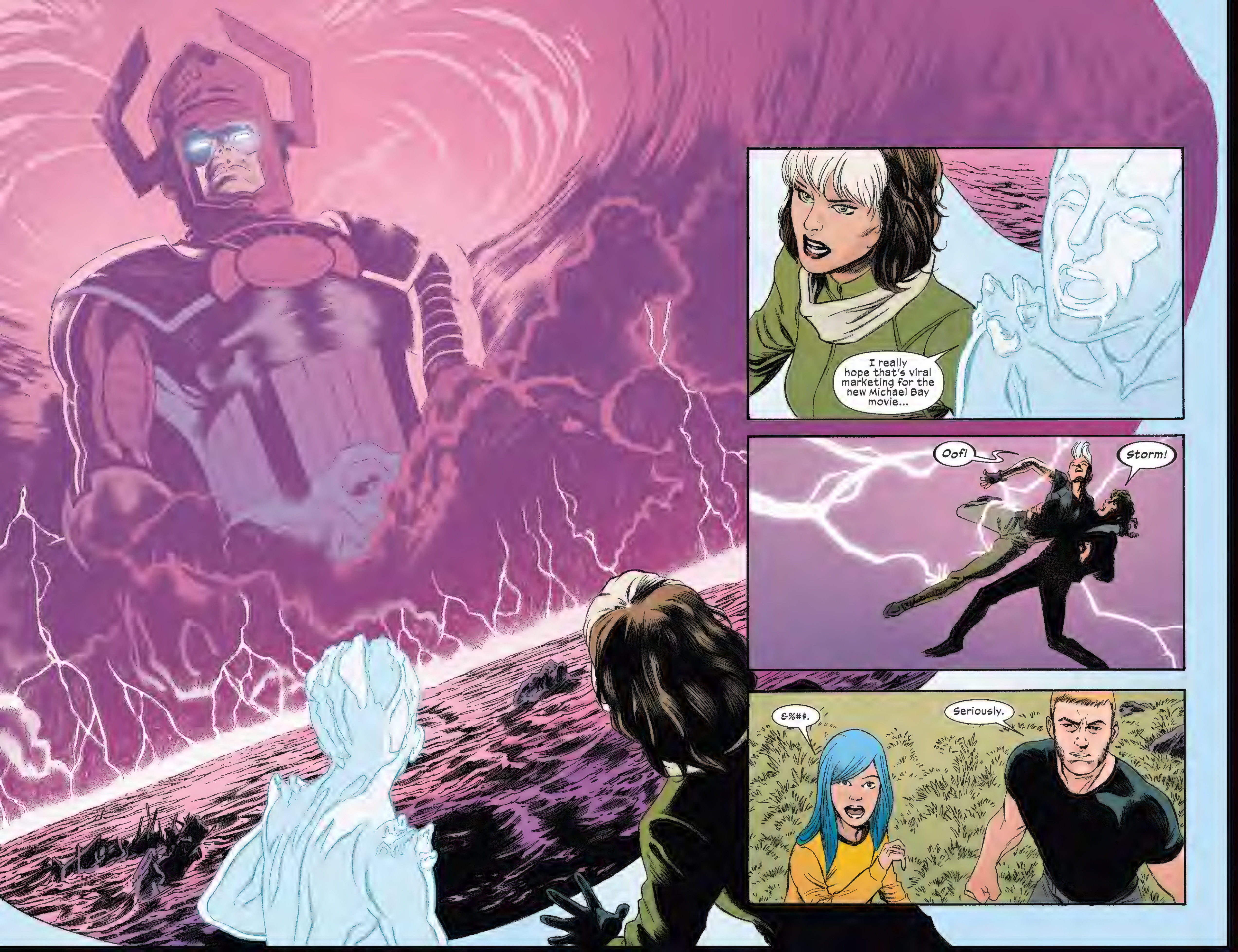
**World War X is over. Tian has been destroyed and its refugees welcomed into Utopia, but before there can be any celebration over a reunited mutant homeland, there are still dead to be buried and survivors to find. A new day is dawning for mutantkind, but will they ever get a chance to enjoy it?**

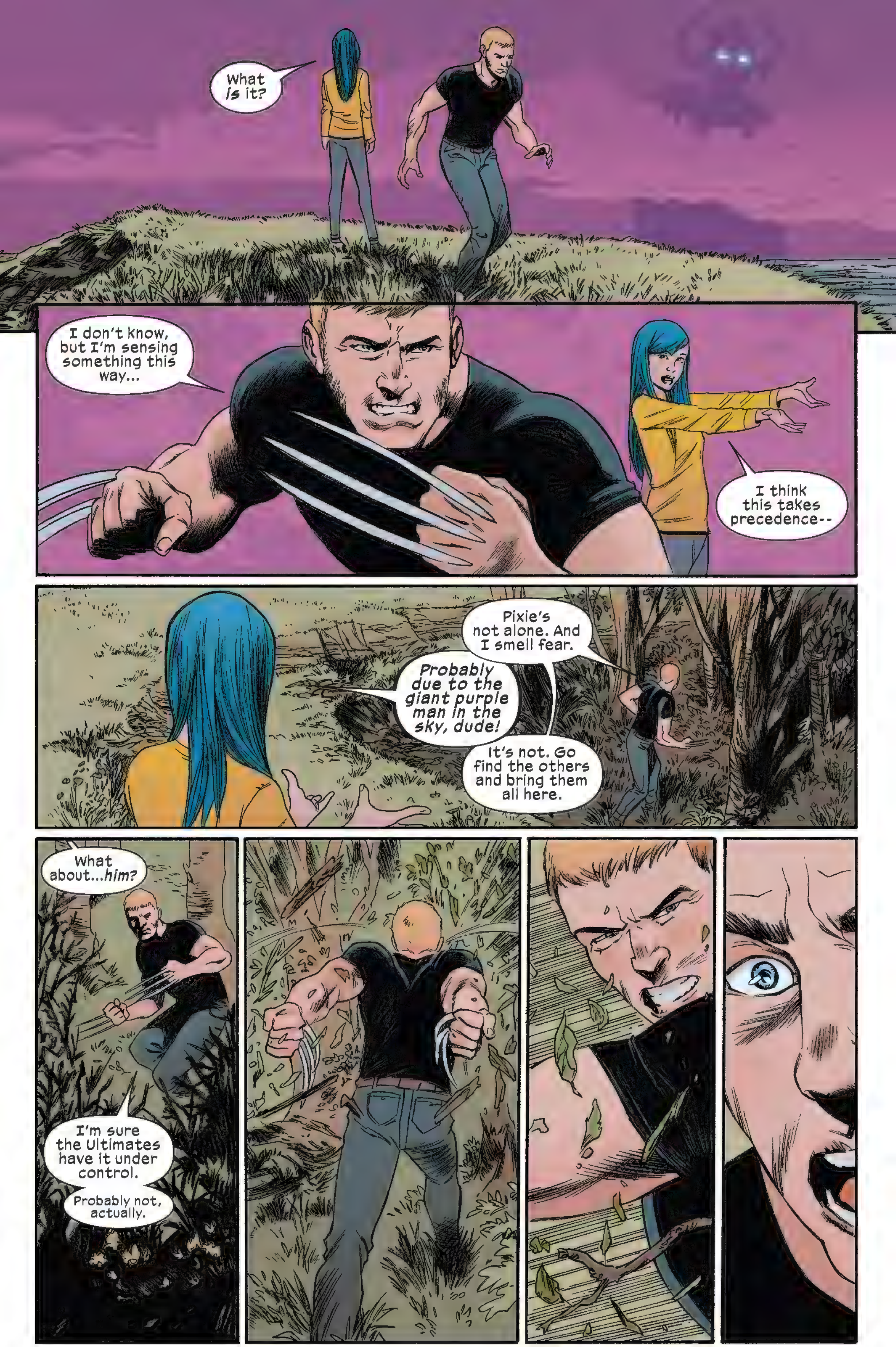

TIAN.
AFTER WORLD WAR X.
The part that doesn't get talked about, not really anyways, is the loss.
When I changed my name from Marian to Rogue--
In the short time I've been an X-Man--
I've lost friends, lovers, a soulmate or two.
And it just never stops. The endless violence, the constant death, the emptiness that eats at your heart.
Kitty Pryde made a hard decision *"for us"* when she crashed Tian to the ground.
But what she didn't think about was that she might've done it, but the rest of us have to *live* with it.

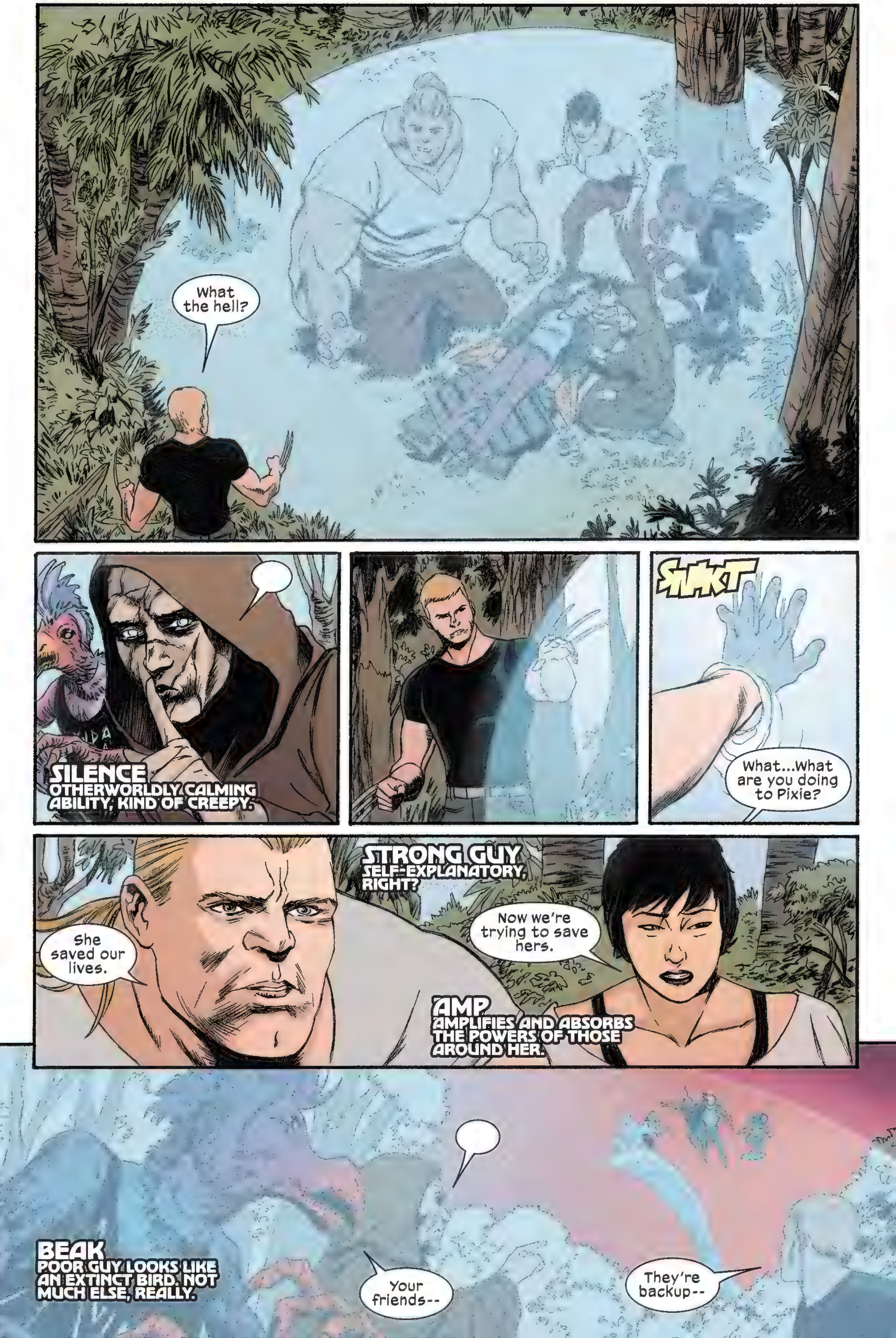

ROGUE
LIFE FORCE AND POWER STEALING. SERIOUSLY SCREWED IN THE HEAD RIGHT NOW.
We don't *know* that there were that many left, and if Pixie was still here, then maybe she saved them--
ICEMAN
DUH.
BLACKHEATH
PLANTMAN.
I'm sensing fewer life-forms than that...
This place is hella creepy...
STORM
WEATHER WITCH. TEAM LEADER. BITCHIN' MOHAWK.
Everyone break into teams, we need to find Pixie and any other survivors we can.
This place smells like death...
Killing a few dozen people will do that--
JIMMY HUDSON
HEALING FACTOR. ENHANCED CLAWS. RECOMMEND NOT CALLING HIM KID WOLVERINE FOR YOUR OWN SAKE.
MACH 2
TWEENAGE MISTRESS OF MAGNETISM.
The thing about my powers that no one understands is that I don't *just* steal powers or whatever...
Jimmy, do you mind? We need your enhanced senses...
I'll survive.
I steal their *life.*
Sorry, Jimmy.
It's...fine... Try not to poke around too much, yeah?
Oh, God...
And the memories I get from each person I touch... The horrible, awful, destructive images that haunt them most...
Those *never* go away.
Rogue, are you--
I'm okay, Jimmy. Just... sad.

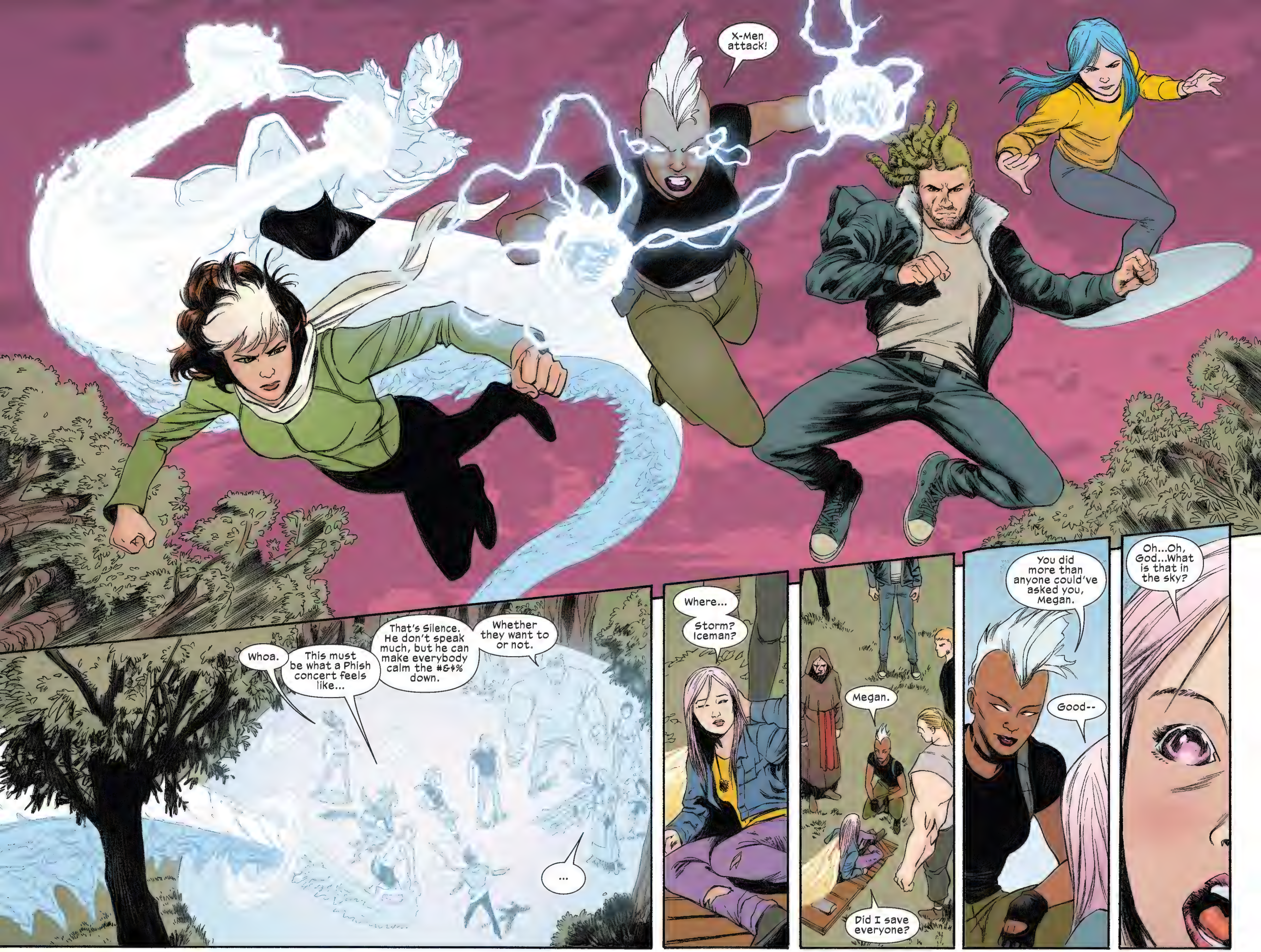

Three trackers, three fliers. Let's find Pixie and get out of here.
I've loved a lot. Unrequited, mostly, but, y'know, still...
For the first time in my life, I made a *real* connection with someone.
Utopia flourished thanks to a mutant that we called the Sentient Seed.
A mutant homeland that needed a mutant to provide the land and the home.
It's nice to cut loose, right?
Bobby, this isn't a game--
No, I know, but, still...
With everything that's happened, we deserve some fun--
What the hell are you--
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
Knock it off, Bobby!
People died here!
RUMMMMBBBLLLEEEEEE
RUUUUMMMMBBBLLLEEEE
Bobby!
I'm not doing this--

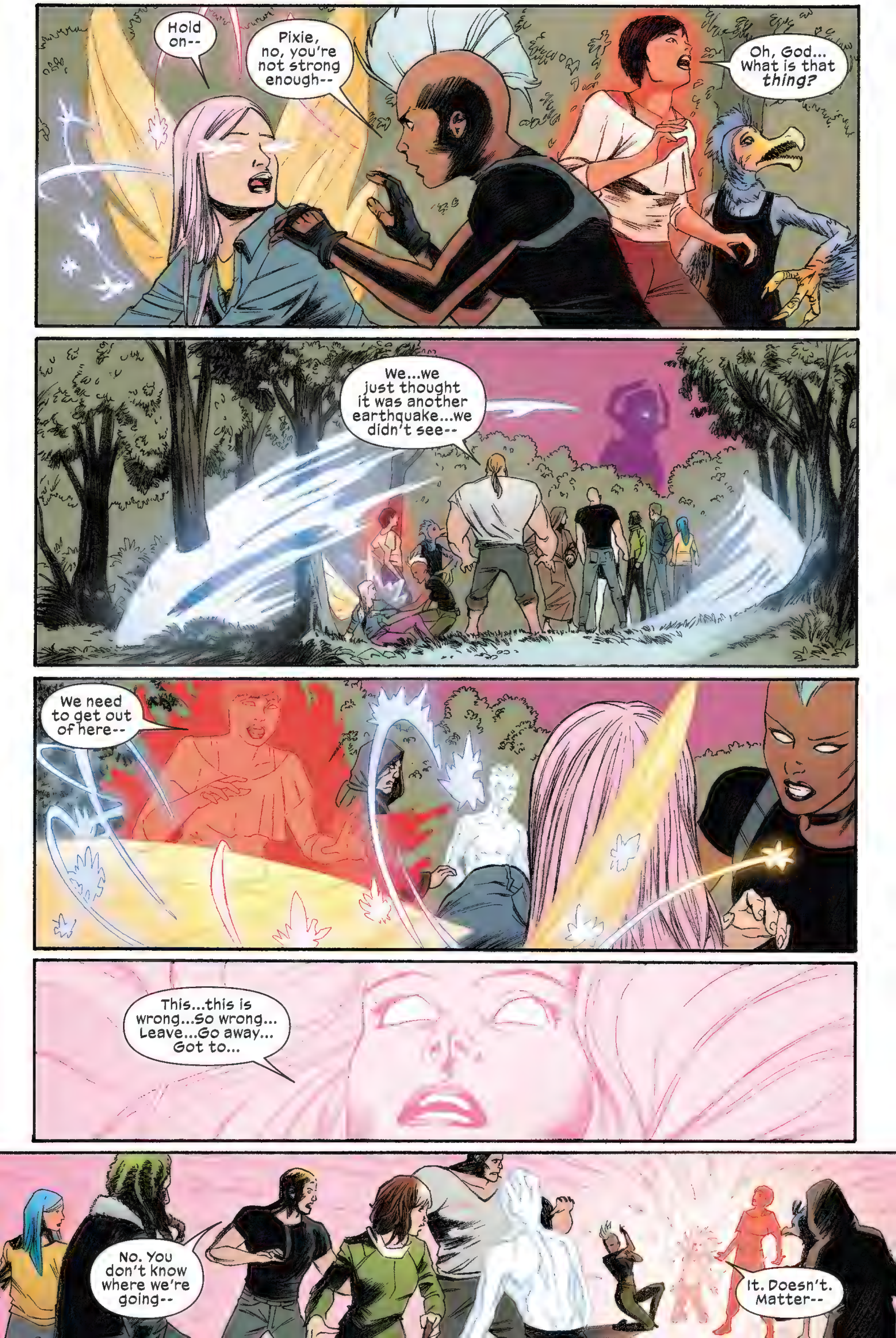

The atmosphere is...boiling...
Holy. &%#$.
We're gonna die. We're gonna die.
Dammit, Bobby.
Oof!
What *was* that?
I have no...

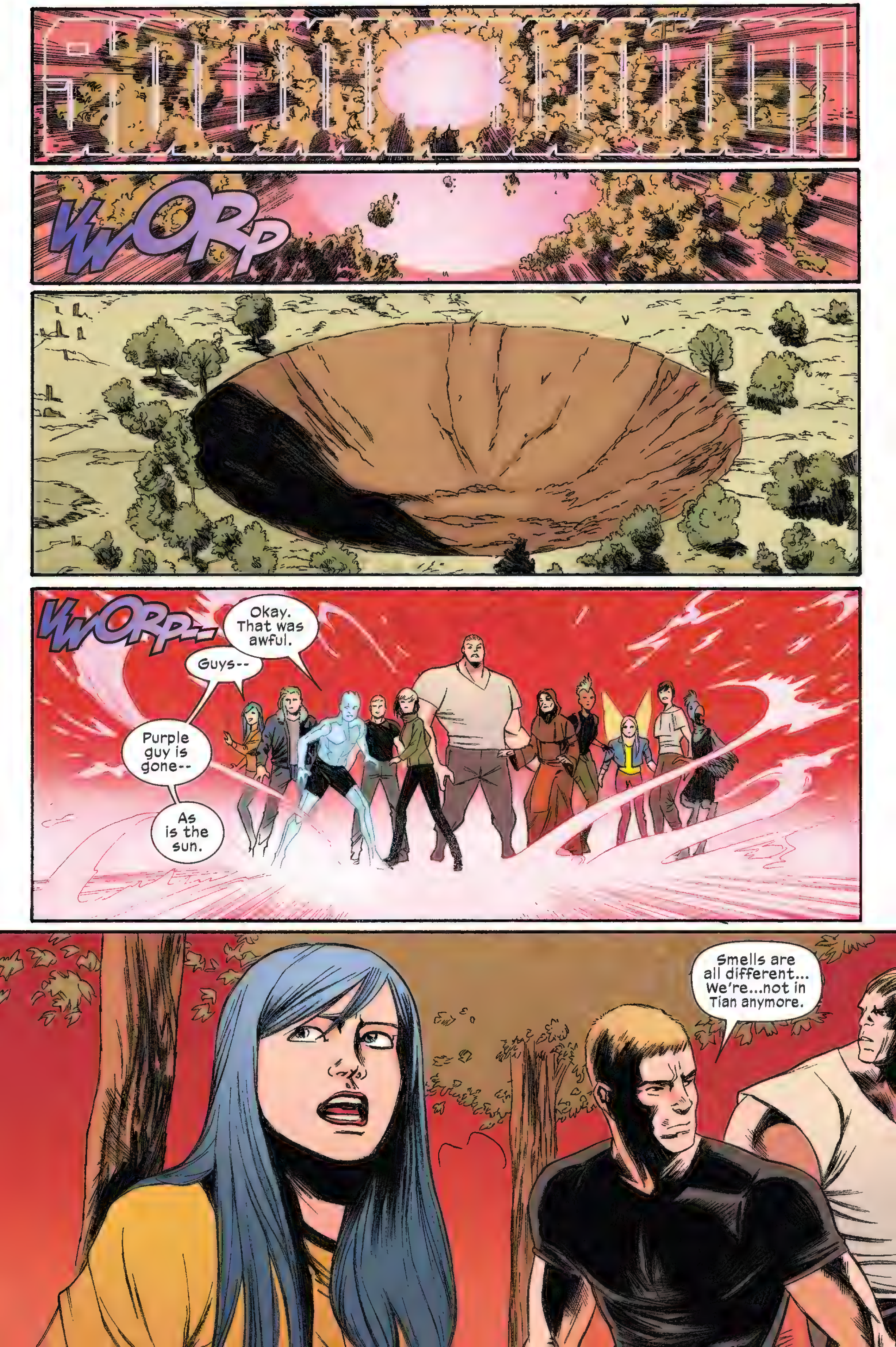

I really hope that's viral marketing for the new Michael Bay movie...
Oof!
Storm!
&%#$.
Seriously.

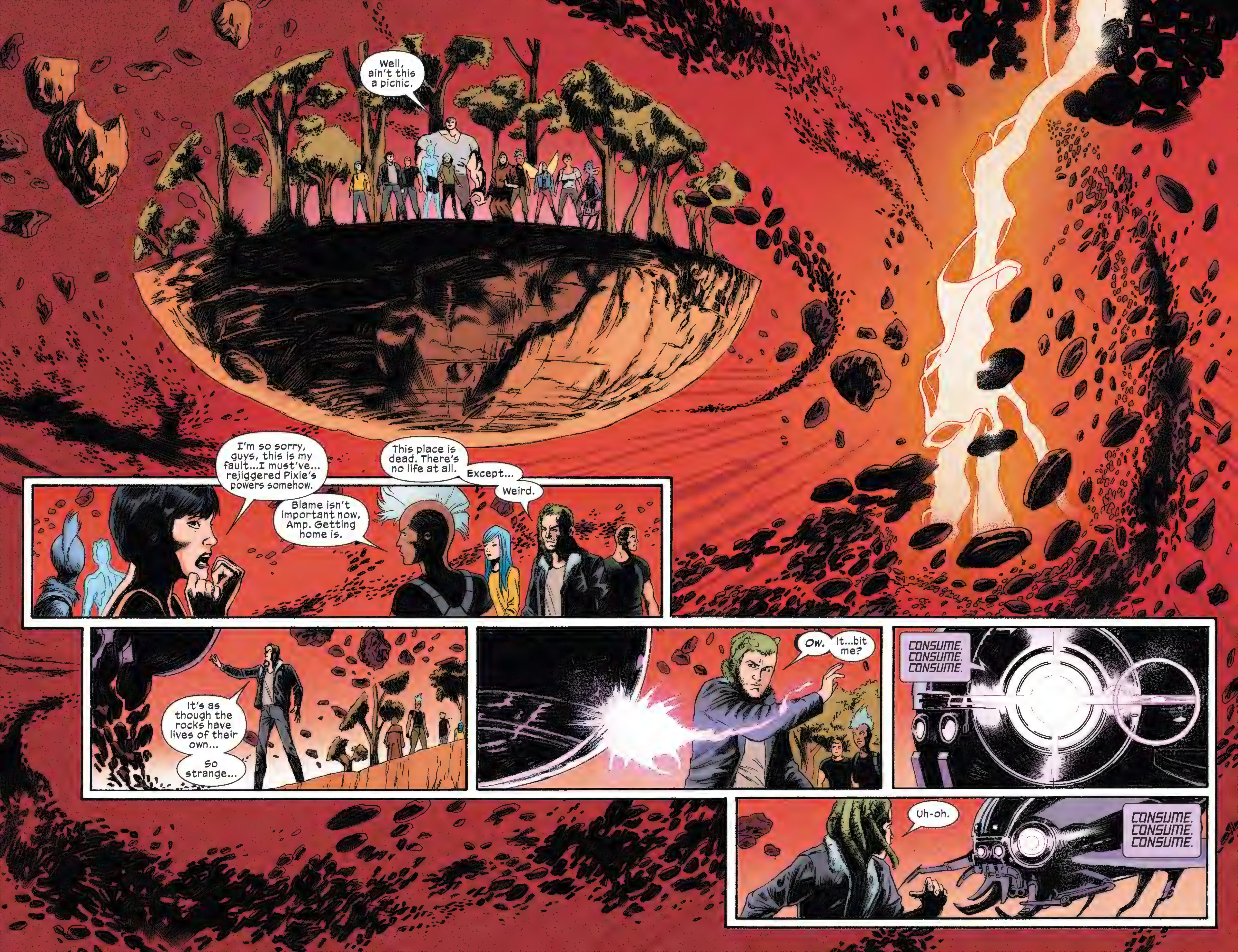

What *is* it?
I don't know, but I'm sensing something this way...
I think this takes precedence--
Pixie's not alone. And I smell fear.
*Probably due to the giant purple man in the sky, dude!*
It's not. Go find the others and bring them all here.
What about...*him?*
I'm sure the Ultimates have it under control.
Probably not, actually.

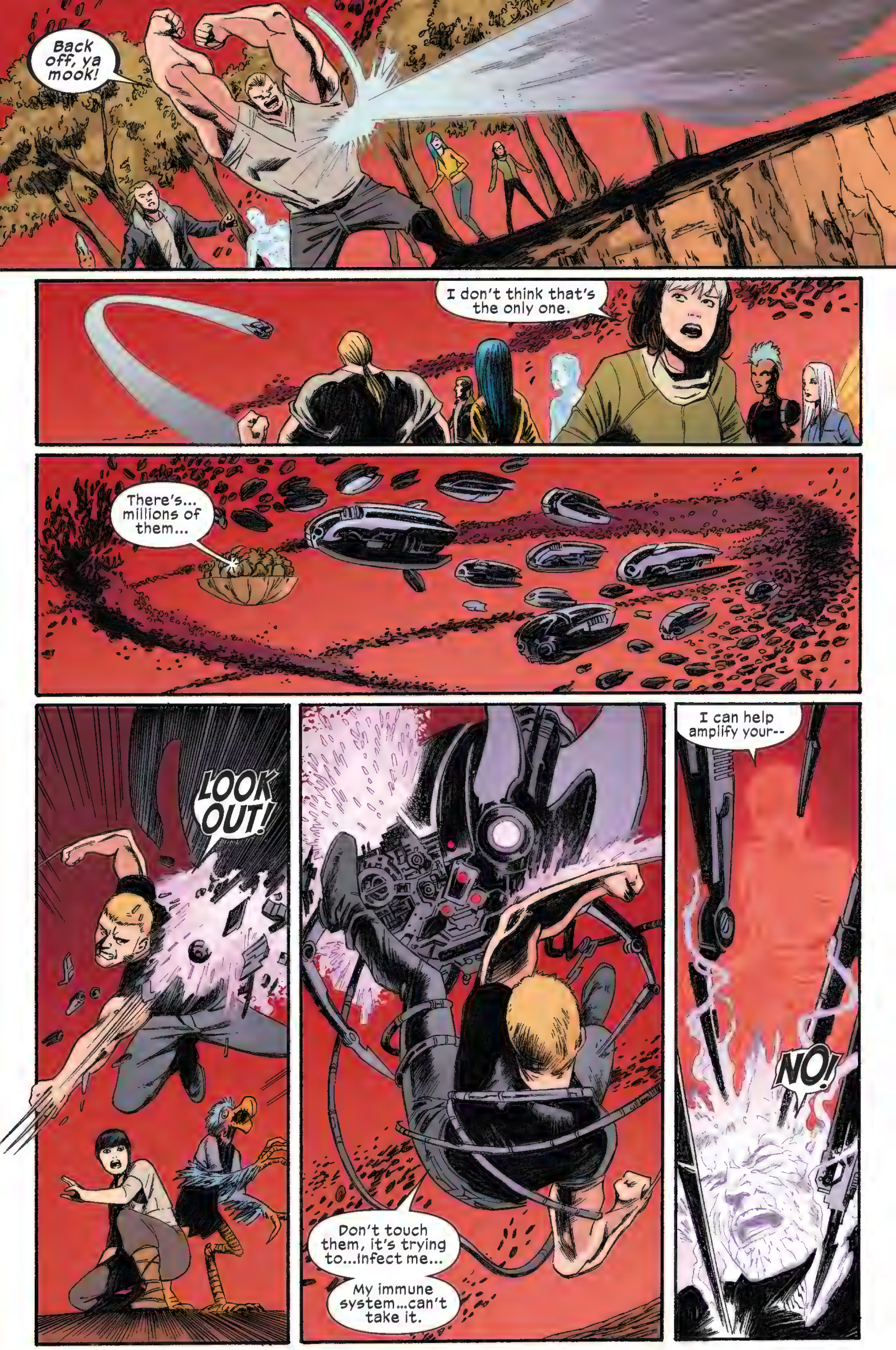

What the hell?
SILENCE
OTHERWORLDLY CALMING ABILITY, KIND OF CREEPY.
SNIKT
What...What are you doing to Pixie?
STRONG GUY
SELF-EXPLANATORY, RIGHT?
She saved our lives.
Now we're trying to save hers.
AMP
AMPLIFIES AND ABSORBS THE POWERS OF THOSE AROUND HER.
BEAK
POOR GUY LOOKS LIKE AN EXTINCT BIRD. NOT MUCH ELSE, REALLY.
Your friends--
They're backup--

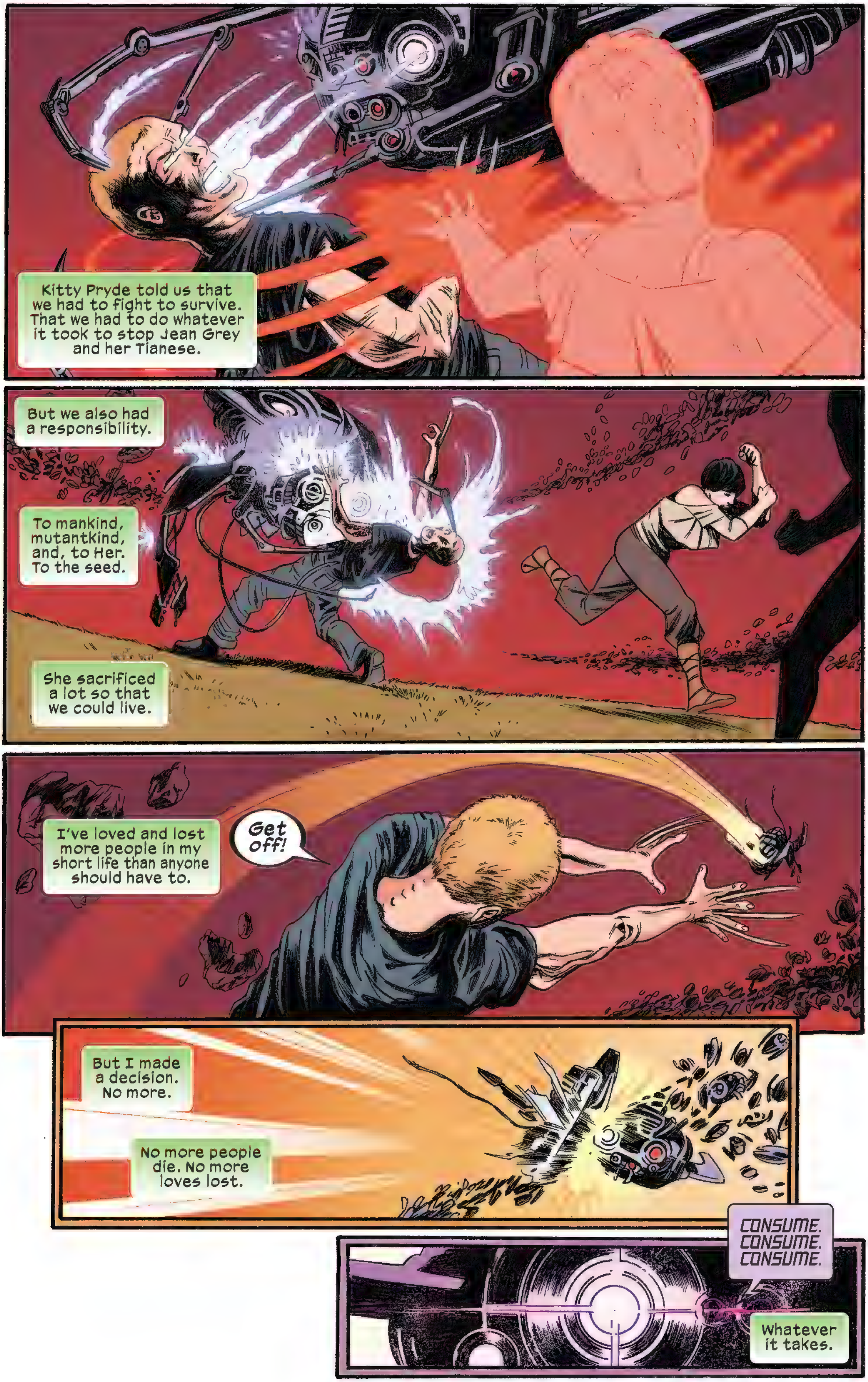

X-Men attack!
Whoa.
This must be what a Phish concert feels like...
That's Silence. He don't speak much, but he can make everybody calm the #&$% down.
Whether they want to or not.
...
Where...
Storm? Iceman?
Megan.
Did I save everyone?
You did more than anyone could've asked you, Megan.
Good--
Oh...Oh, God...What is that in the sky?

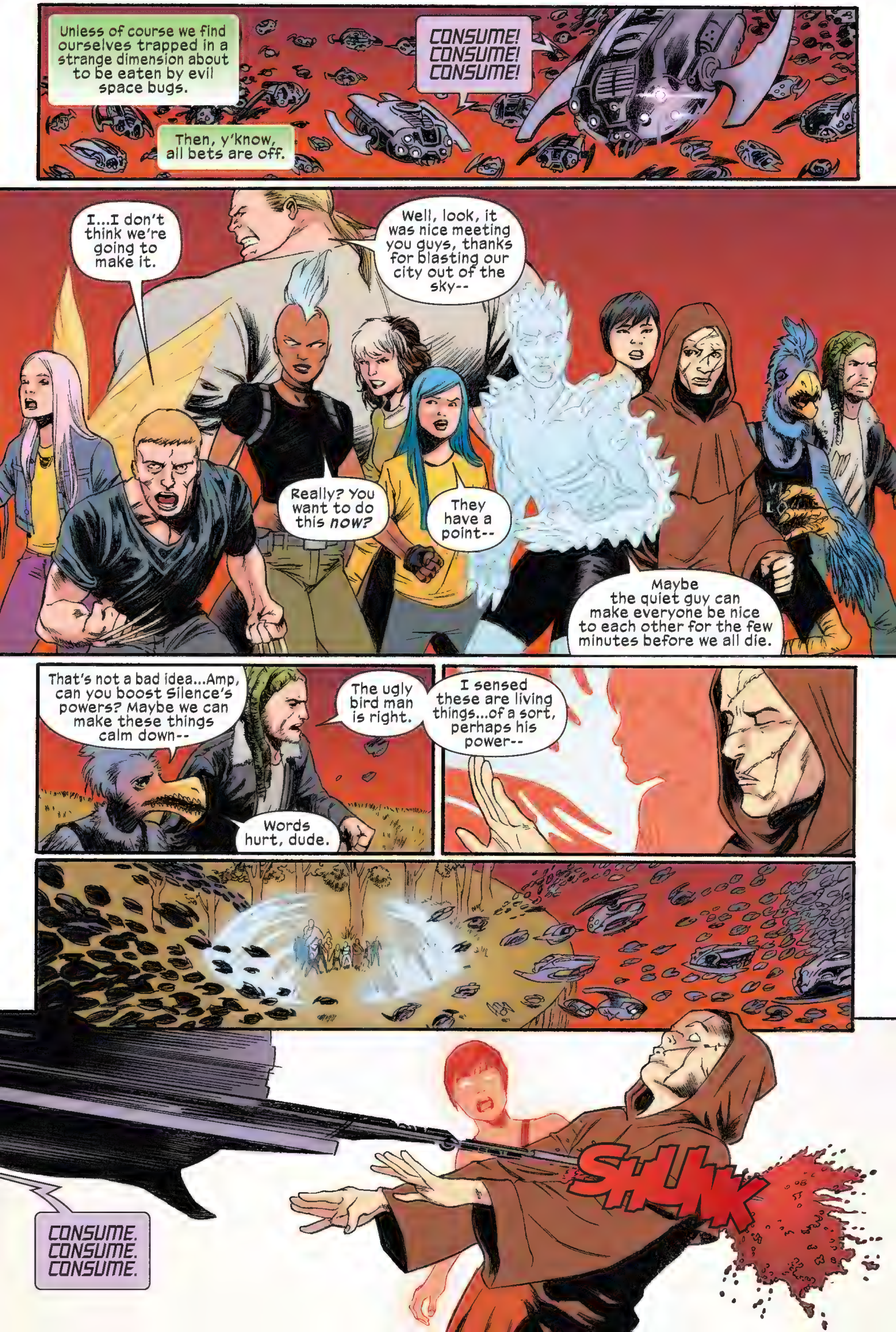

Hold on--
Pixie, no, you're not strong enough--
Oh, God... What is that *thing?*
We...we just thought it was another earthquake...we didn't see--
We need to get out of here--
This...this is wrong...So wrong... Leave...Go away... Got to...
No. You don't know where we're going--
It. Doesn't. Matter--

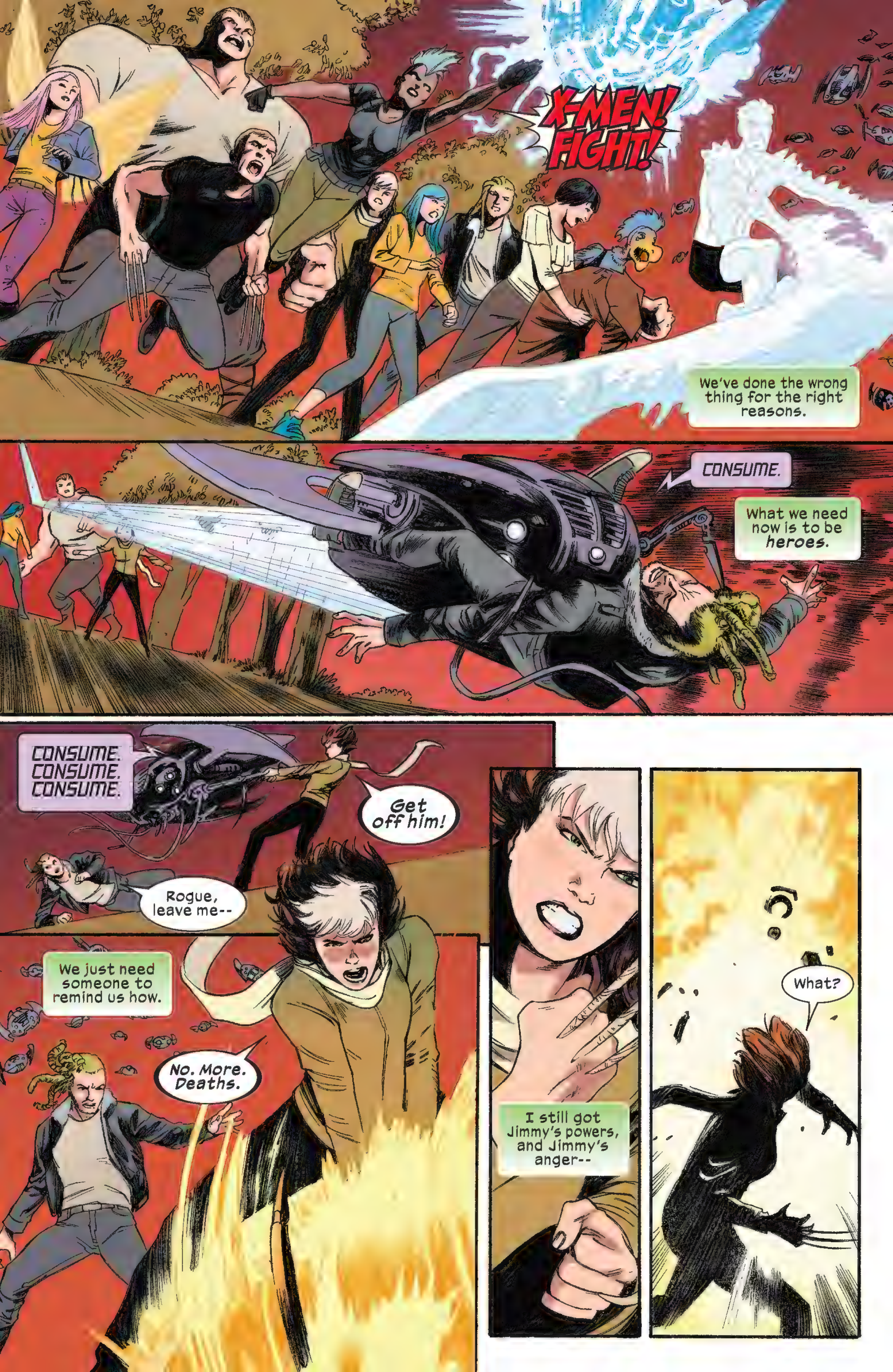

WWORP
WWORP--
Okay. That was awful.
Guys--
Purple guy is gone--
As is the sun.
Smells are all different... We're...not in Tian anymore.

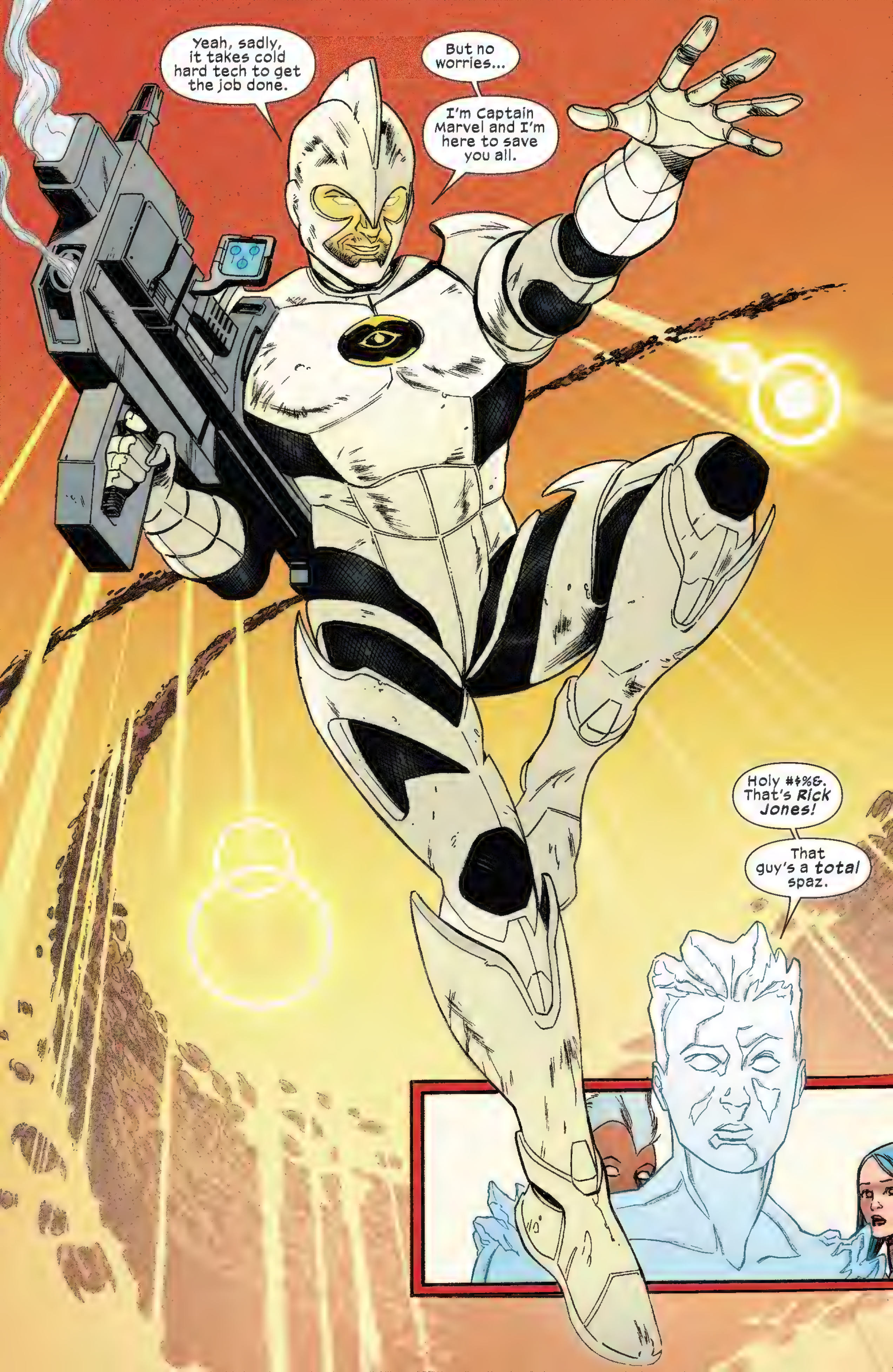

Well, ain't this a picnic.
I'm so sorry, guys, this is my fault...I must've... rejiggered Pixie's powers somehow.
Blame isn't important now, Amp. Getting home is.
This place is dead. There's no life at all.
Except...
Weird.
It's as though the rocks have lives of their own...
So strange...
Ow.
It...bit me?
CONSUME. CONSUME. CONSUME.
Uh-oh.
CONSUME. CONSUME. CONSUME.

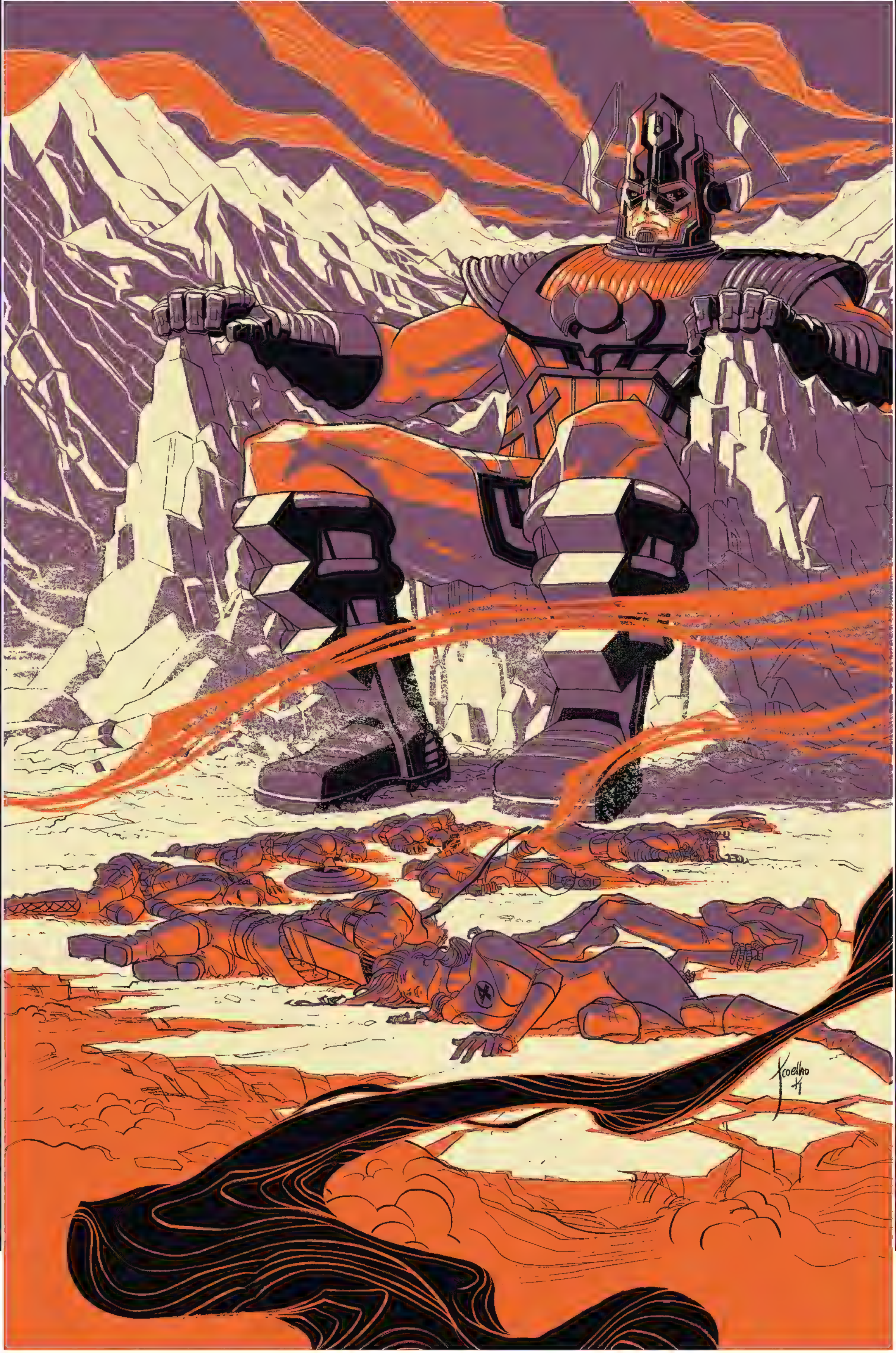

Back off, ya mook!
I don't think that's the only one.
There's... millions of them...
LOOK OUT!
Don't touch them, it's trying to...infect me...
My immune system...can't take it.
I can help amplify your--
NO!


Kitty Pryde told us that we had to fight to survive. That we had to do whatever it took to stop Jean Grey and her Tianese.
But we also had a responsibility.
To mankind, mutantkind, and, to Her. To the seed.
She sacrificed a lot so that we could live.
I've loved and lost more people in my short life than anyone should have to.
Get off!
But I made a decision. No more.
No more people die. No more loves lost.
CONSUME. CONSUME. CONSUME.
Whatever it takes.


Unless of course we find ourselves trapped in a strange dimension about to be eaten by evil space bugs.
Then, y'know, all bets are off.
CONSUME! CONSUME! CONSUME!
I...I don't think we're going to make it.
Well, look, it was nice meeting you guys, thanks for blasting our city out of the sky--
Really? You want to do this *now?*
They have a point--
Maybe the quiet guy can make everyone be nice to each other for the few minutes before we all die.
That's not a bad idea...Amp, can you boost Silence's powers? Maybe we can make these things calm down--
The ugly bird man is right.
Words hurt, dude.
I sensed these are living things...of a sort, perhaps his power--
SHUNK
CONSUME. CONSUME. CONSUME.

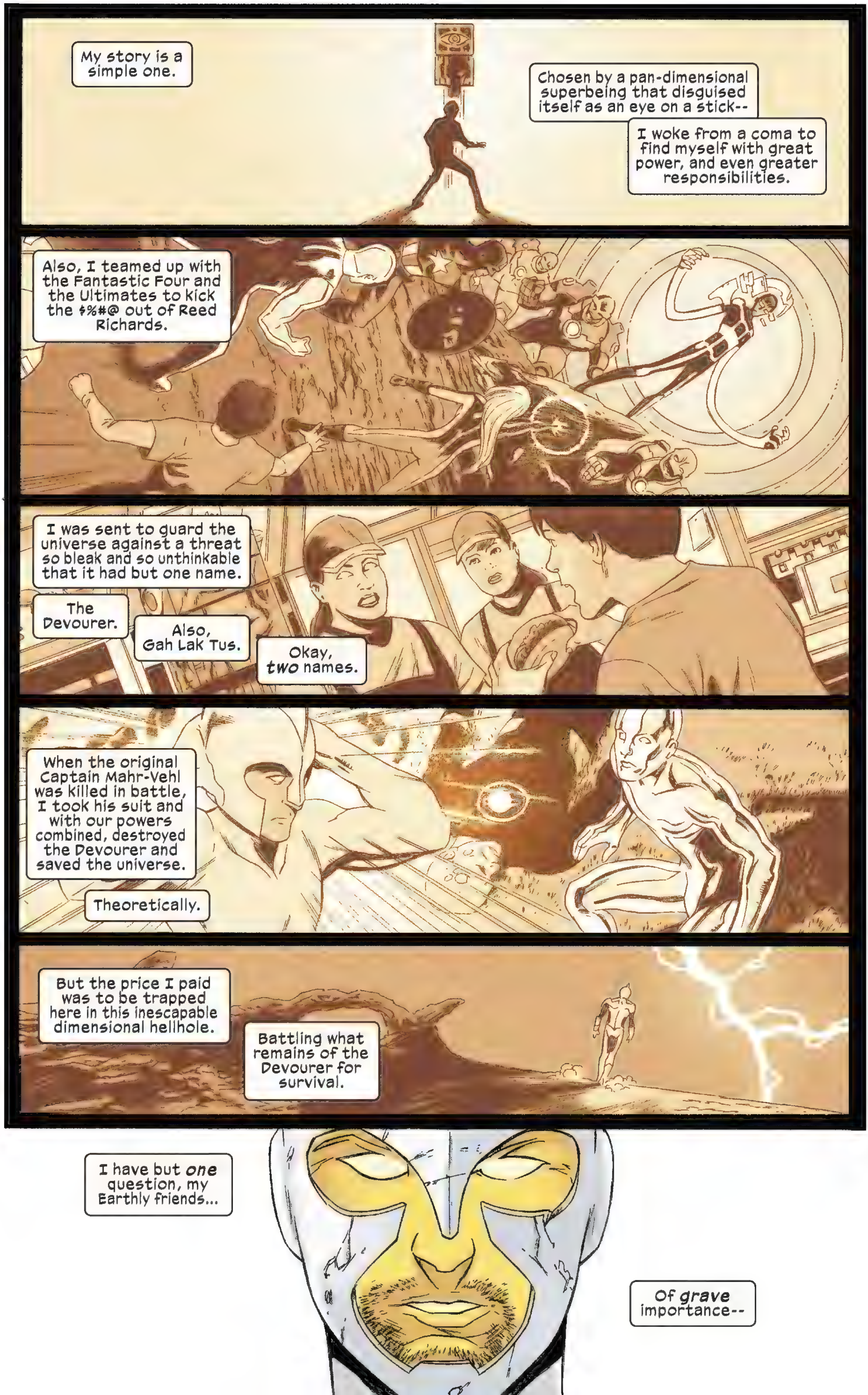

X-MEN! FIGHT!
We've done the wrong thing for the right reasons.
CONSUME.
What we need now is to be *heroes.*
CONSUME. CONSUME. CONSUME.
Get off him!
Rogue, leave me--
We just need someone to remind us how.
No. More. Deaths.
I still got Jimmy's powers, and Jimmy's anger--
What?

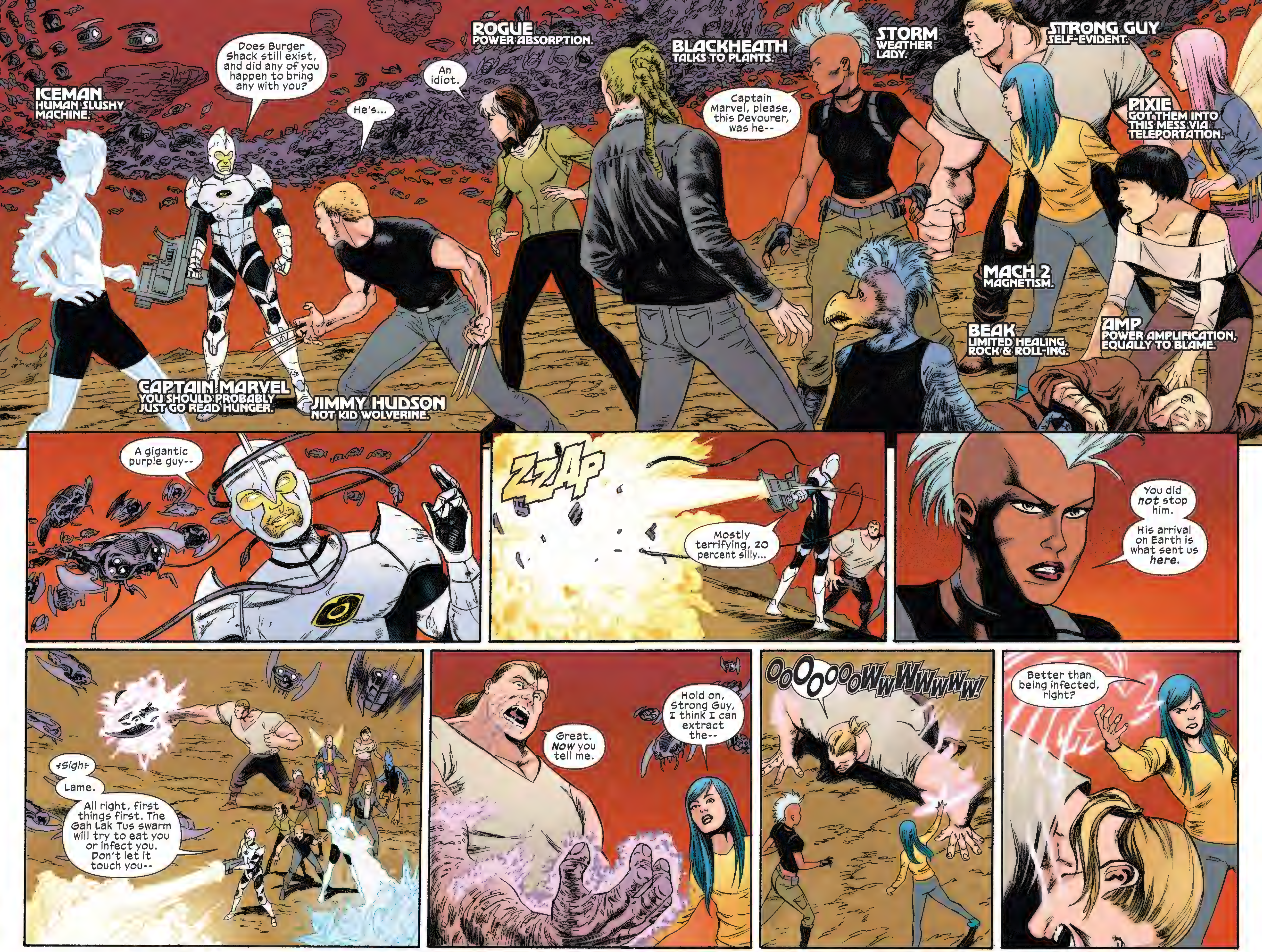

Yeah, sadly, it takes cold hard tech to get the job done.
But no worries...
I'm Captain Marvel and I'm here to save you all.
Holy #$%&. That's *Rick Jones!*
That guy's a *total* spaz.

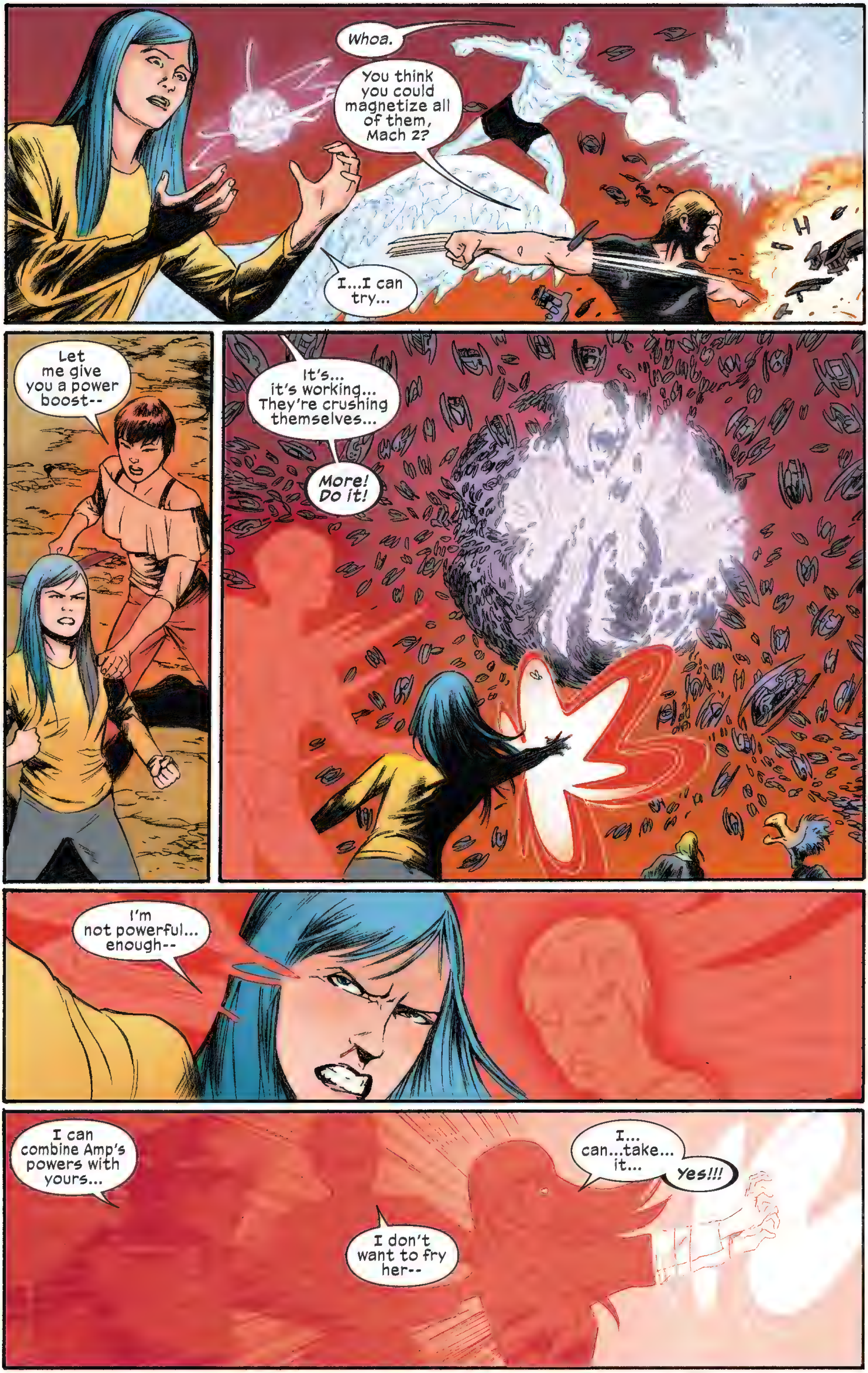


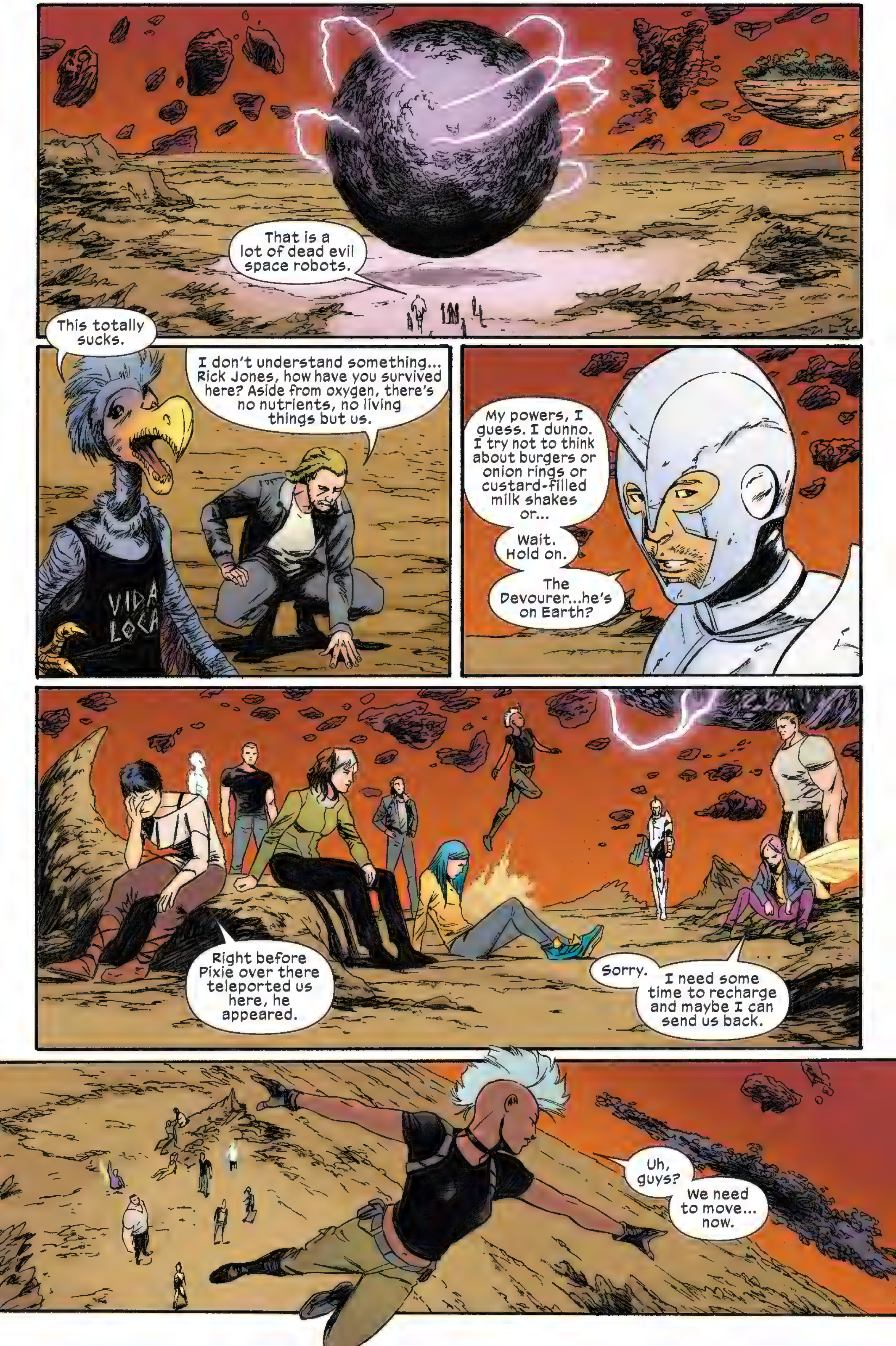
CATACLYSM: THE ULTIMATES' LAST STAND #5 VARIANT BY JORGE COEHLO

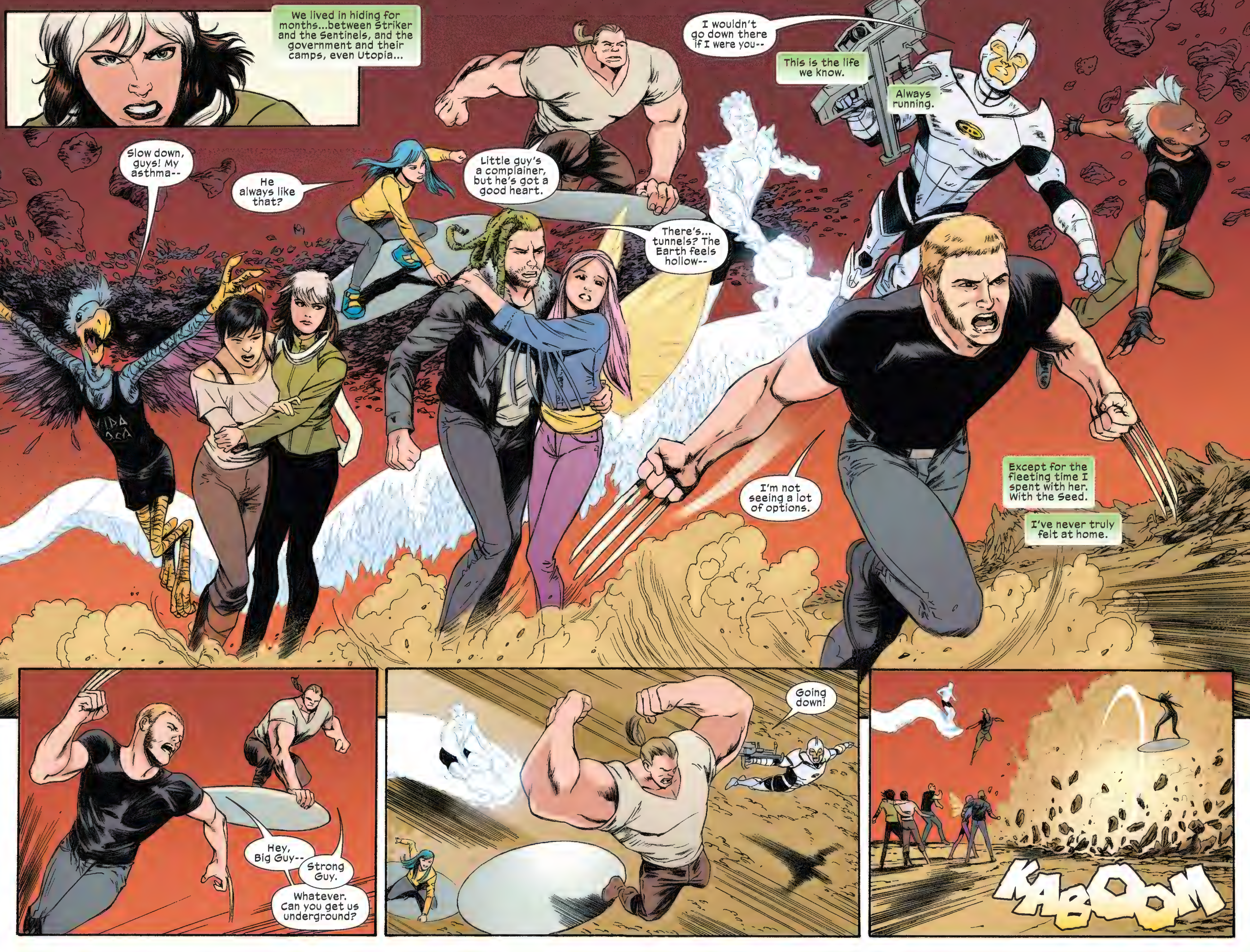
CATACLYSM: ULTIMATE X-MEN #2

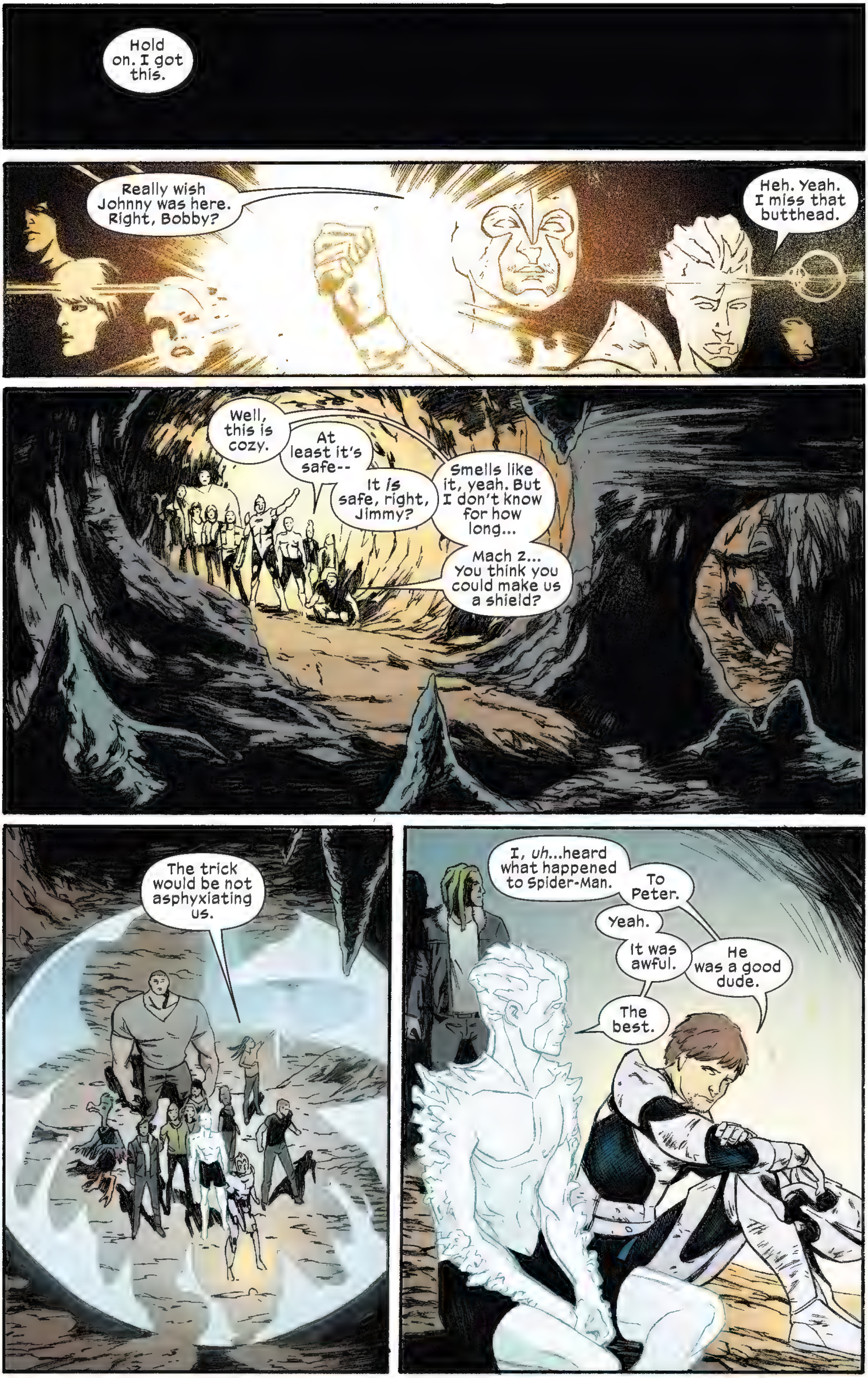

My story is a simple one.
Chosen by a pan-dimensional superbeing that disguised itself as an eye on a stick--
I woke from a coma to find myself with great power, and even greater responsibilities.
Also, I teamed up with the Fantastic Four and the Ultimates to kick the $%#@ out of Reed Richards.
I was sent to guard the universe against a threat so bleak and so unthinkable that it had but one name.
The Devourer.
Also, Gah Lak Tus.
Okay, *two* names.
When the original Captain Mahr-Vehl was killed in battle, I took his suit and with our powers combined, destroyed the Devourer and saved the universe.
Theoretically.
But the price I paid was to be trapped here in this inescapable dimensional hellhole.
Battling what remains of the Devourer for survival.
I have but *one* question, my Earthly friends...
Of *grave* importance--

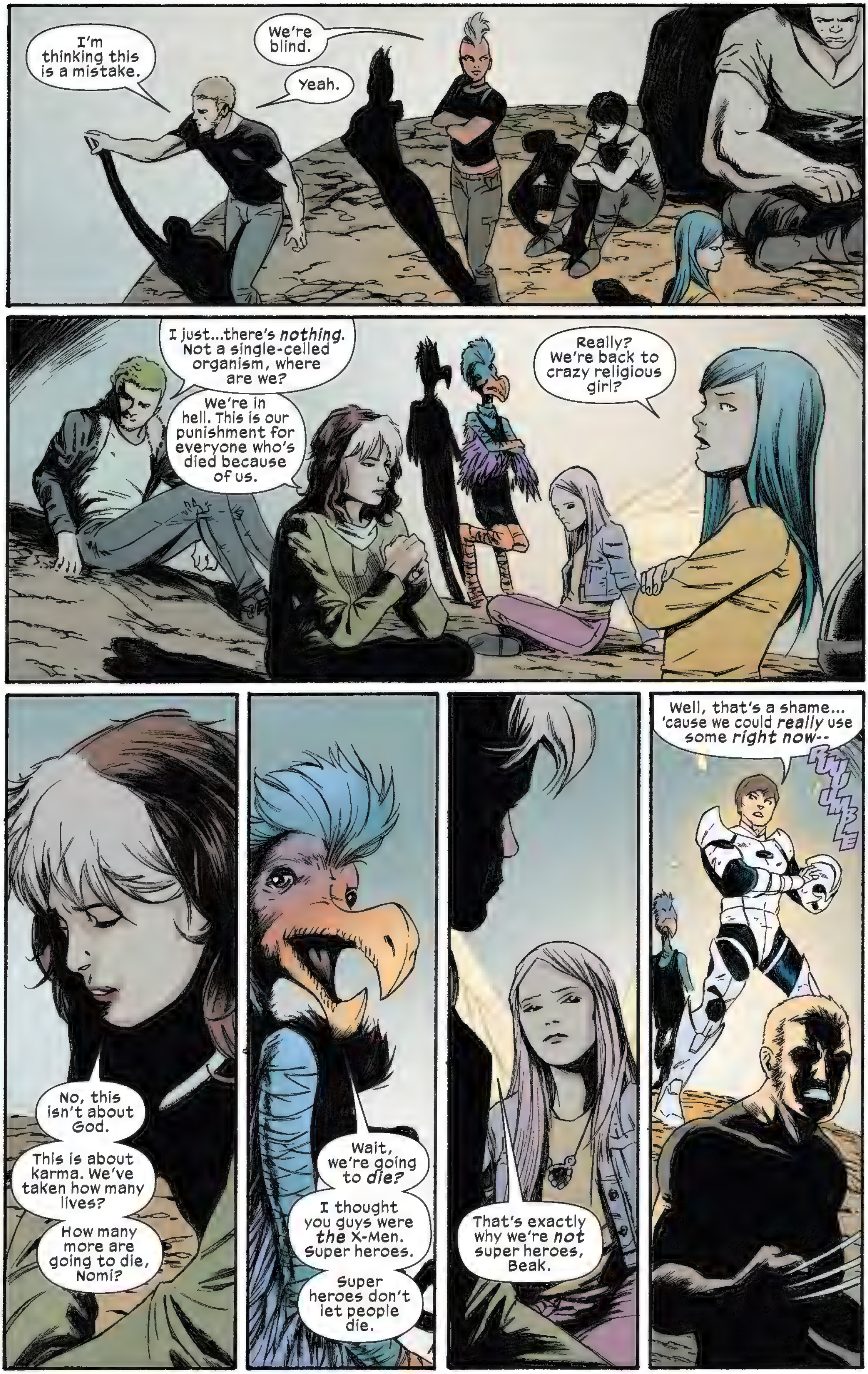

ICEMAN HUMAN SLUSHY MACHINE.
Does Burger Shack still exist, and did any of you happen to bring any with you?
He's...
An idiot.
ROGUE POWER ABSORPTION.
BLACKHEATH TALKS TO PLANTS.
Captain Marvel, please, this Devourer, was he--
STORM WEATHER LADY.
STRONG GUY SELF-EVIDENT.
PIXIE GOT THEM INTO THIS MESS VIA TELEPORTATION.
MACH 2 MAGNETISM.
BEAK LIMITED HEALING, ROCK & ROLL-ING.
AMP POWER AMPLIFICATION, EQUALLY TO BLAME.
CAPTAIN MARVEL YOU SHOULD PROBABLY JUST GO READ HUNGER.
JIMMY HUDSON NOT KID WOLVERINE.
A gigantic purple guy--
ZZAP
Mostly terrifying, 20 percent silly...
You did not stop him.
His arrival on Earth is what sent us here.
Sigh
Lame.
All right, first things first. The Gah Lak Tus swarm will try to eat you or infect you. Don't let it touch you--
Great. Now you tell me.
Hold on, Strong Guy, I think I can extract the--
OOOOOOOWWWWWWW!
Better than being infected, right?

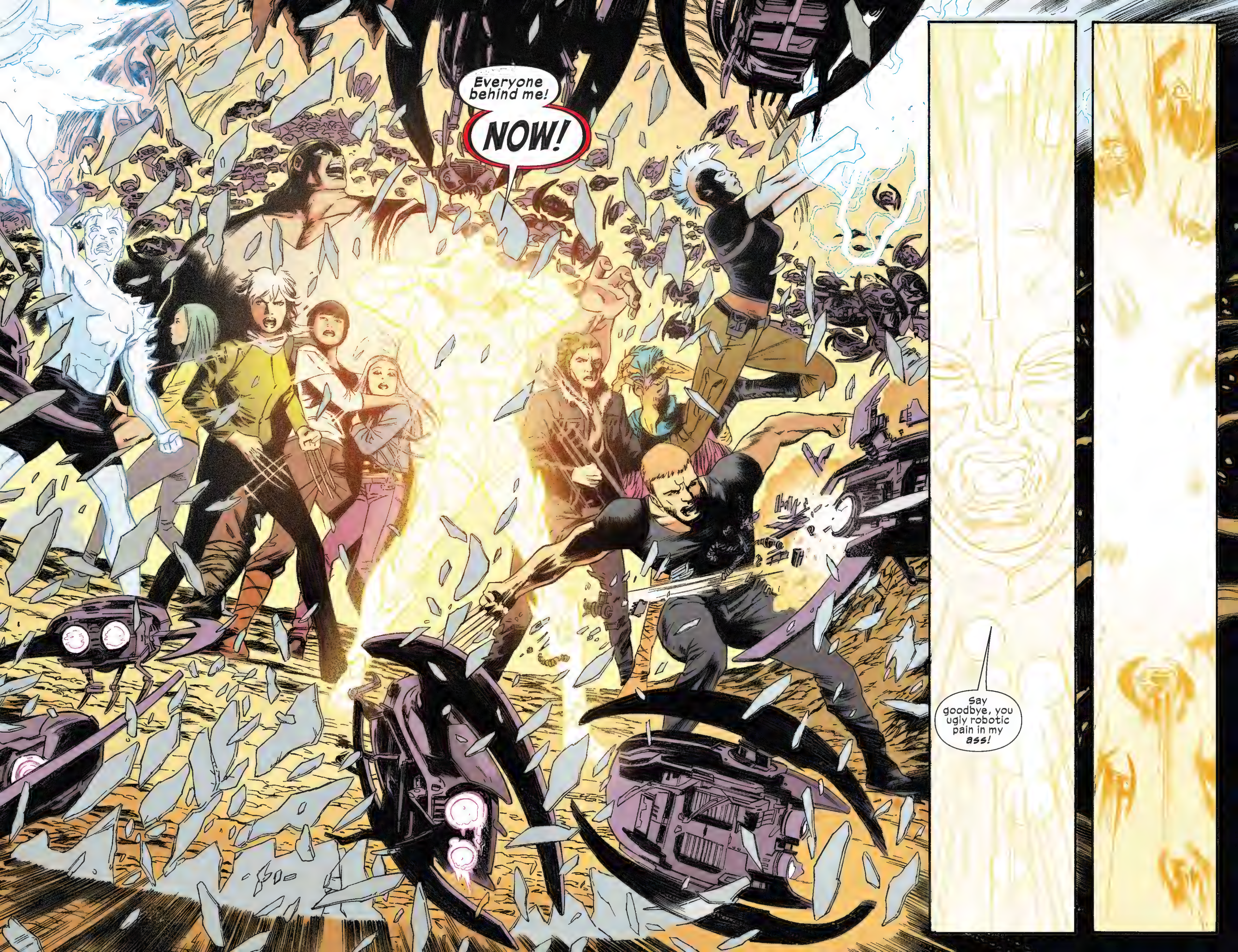

Whoa.
You think you could magnetize all of them, Mach 2?
I...I can try...
Let me give you a power boost--
It's... it's working... They're crushing themselves...
More! Do it!
I'm not powerful... enough--
I can combine Amp's powers with yours...
I don't want to fry her--
I... can...take... it...
Yes!!!

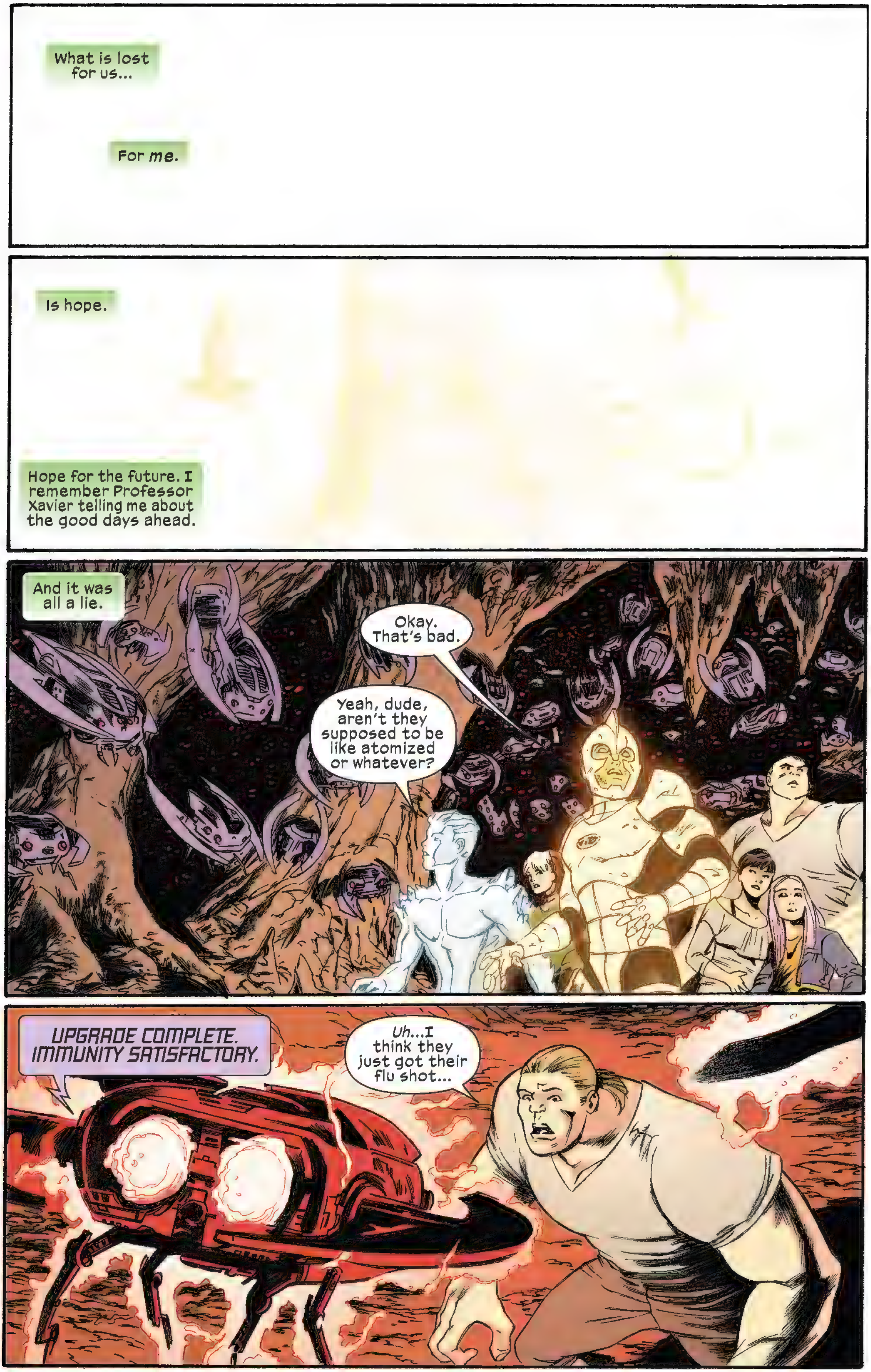

That is a lot of dead evil space robots.
This totally sucks.
I don't understand something... Rick Jones, how have you survived here? Aside from oxygen, there's no nutrients, no living things but us.
VIDA LOCA
My powers, I guess. I dunno. I try not to think about burgers or onion rings or custard-filled milk shakes or...
Wait. Hold on.
The Devourer...he's on Earth?
Right before Pixie over there teleported us here, he appeared.
Sorry.
I need some time to recharge and maybe I can send us back.
Uh, guys?
We need to move... now.

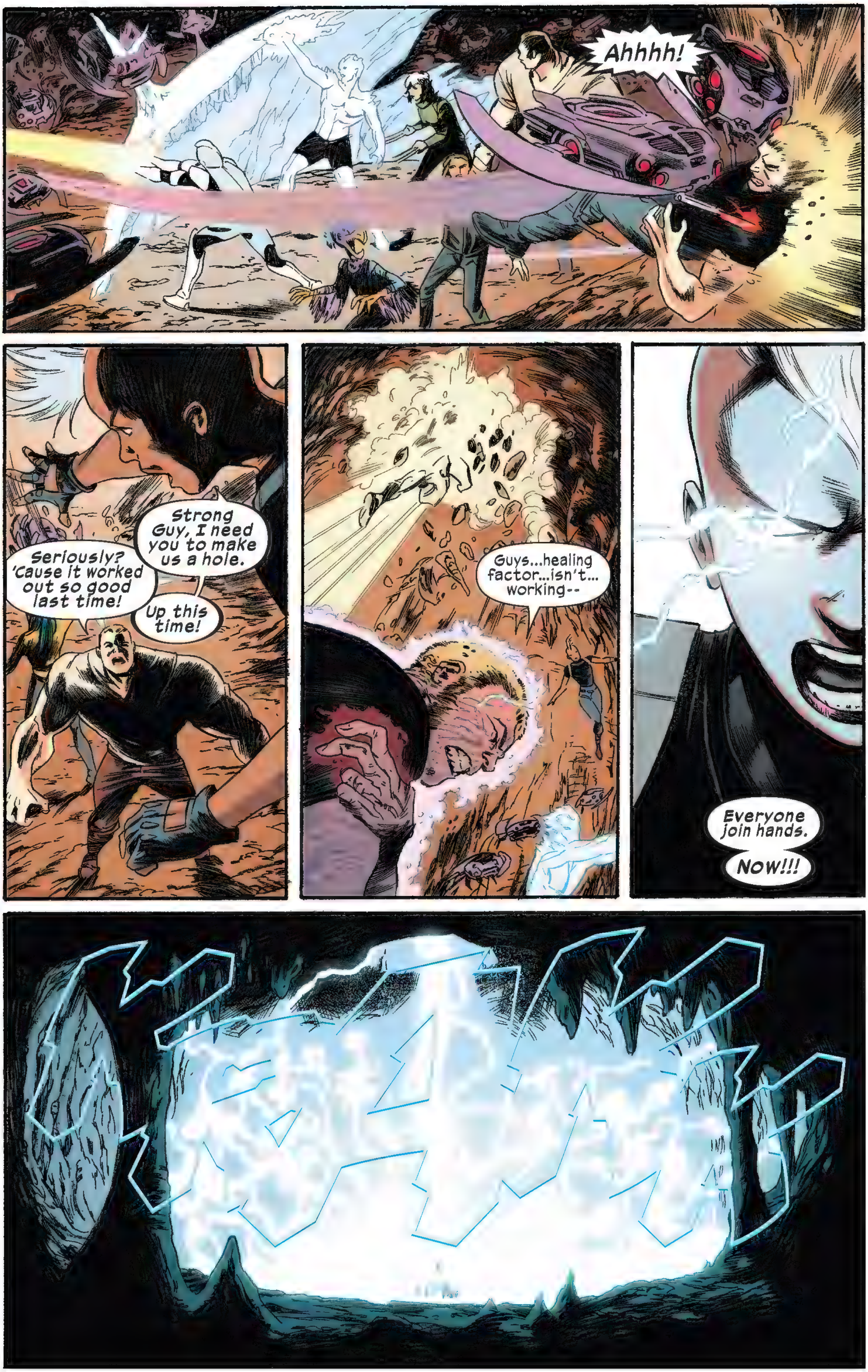

We lived in hiding for months...between Striker and the Sentinels, and the government and their camps, even Utopia...
Slow down, guys! My asthma--
He always like that?
Little guy's a complainer, but he's got a good heart.
There's... tunnels? The Earth feels hollow--
I wouldn't go down there if I were you--
This is the life we know.
Always running.
I'm not seeing a lot of options.
Except for the fleeting time I spent with her. With the Seed.
I've never truly felt at home.
Hey, Big Guy--
Strong Guy.
Whatever. Can you get us underground?
Going down!
KABOOM

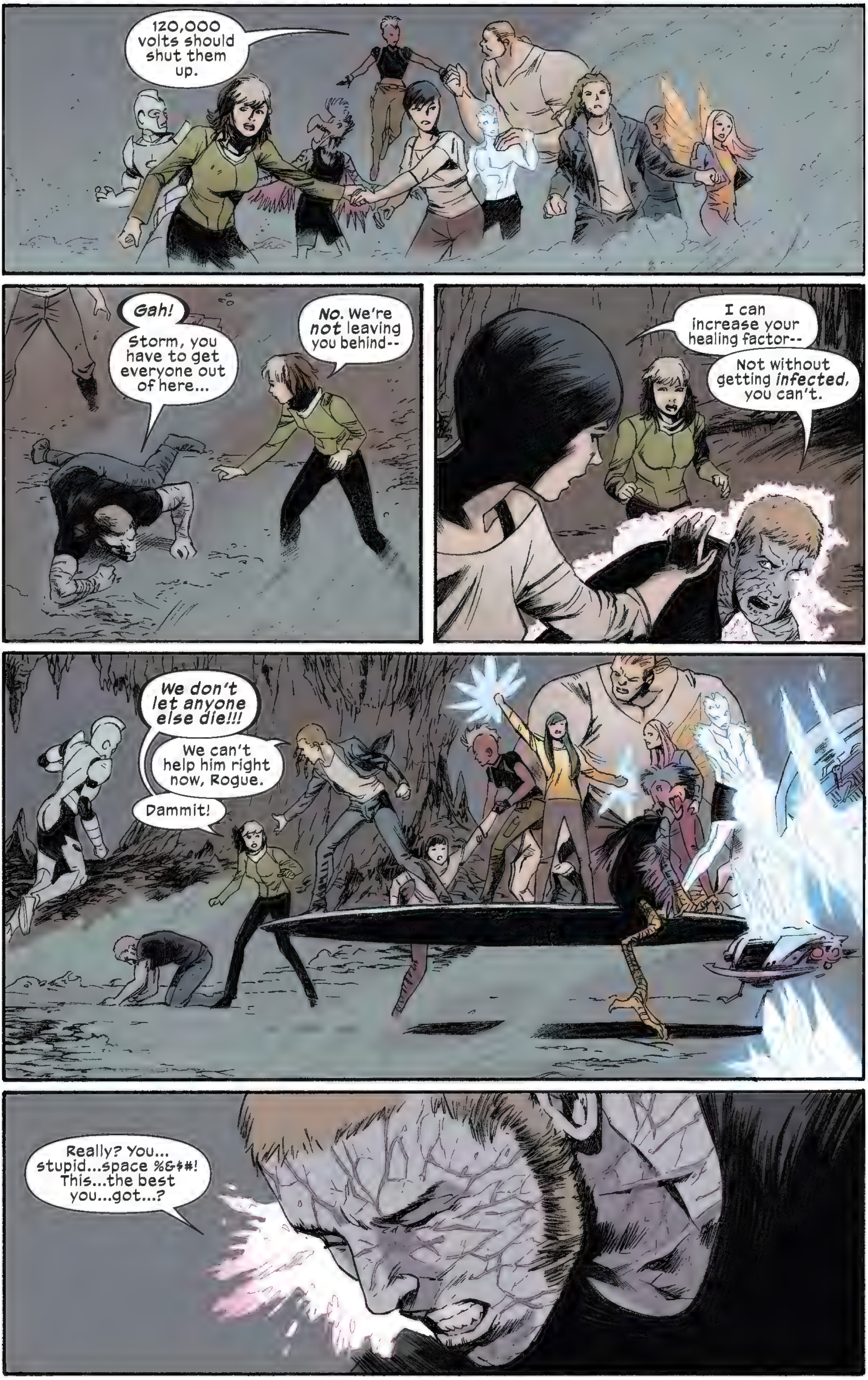

Hold on. I got this.
Really wish Johnny was here. Right, Bobby?
Heh. Yeah. I miss that butthead.
Well, this is cozy.
At least it's safe--
It *is* safe, right, Jimmy?
Smells like it, yeah. But I don't know for how long...
Mach 2... You think you could make us a shield?
The trick would be not asphyxiating us.
I, *uh*...heard what happened to Spider-Man.
To Peter.
Yeah.
It was awful.
He was a good dude.
The best.

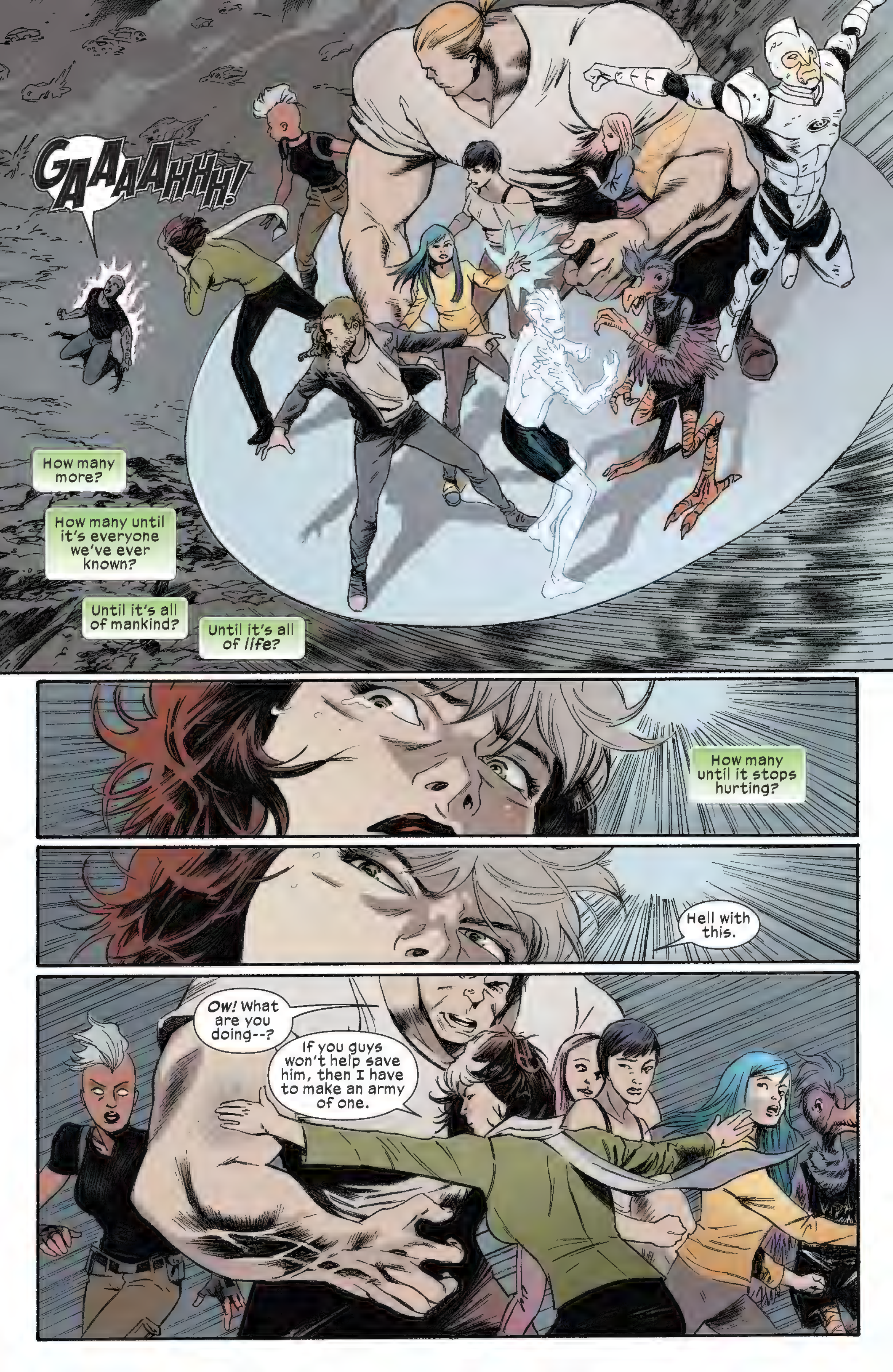

I'm thinking this is a mistake.
We're blind.
Yeah.
I just...there's *nothing*. Not a single-celled organism, where are we?
We're in hell. This is our punishment for everyone who's died because of us.
Really? We're back to crazy religious girl?
No, this isn't about God.
This is about karma. We've taken how many lives?
How many more are going to die, Nomi?
Wait, we're going to *die?*
I thought you guys were *the* X-Men. Super heroes.
Super heroes don't let people die.
That's exactly why we're *not* super heroes, Beak.
Well, that's a shame... 'cause we could *really* use some *right now--*
RUUUMBLE

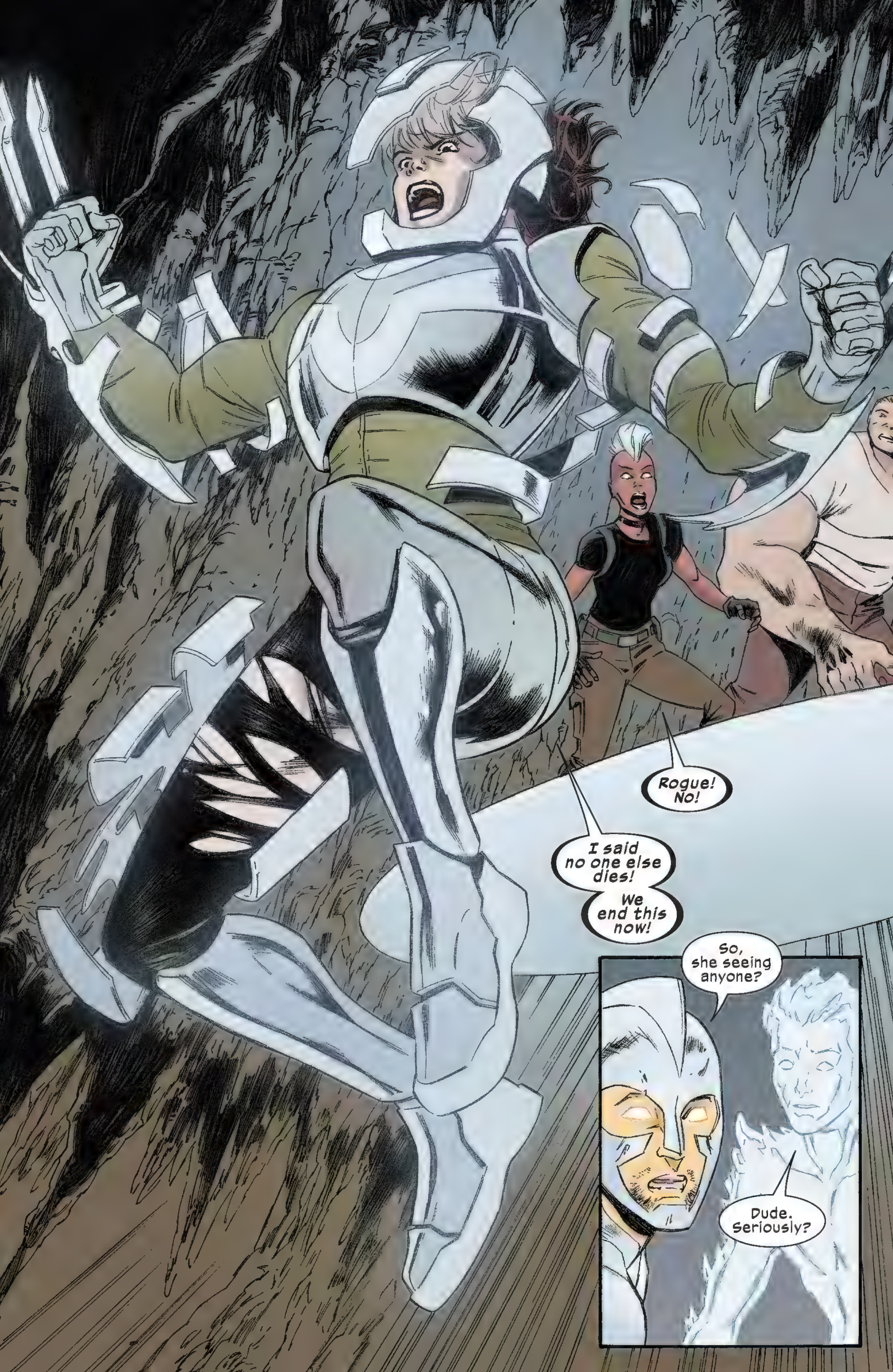

Everyone behind me!
NOW!
Say goodbye, you ugly robotic pain in my *ass!*

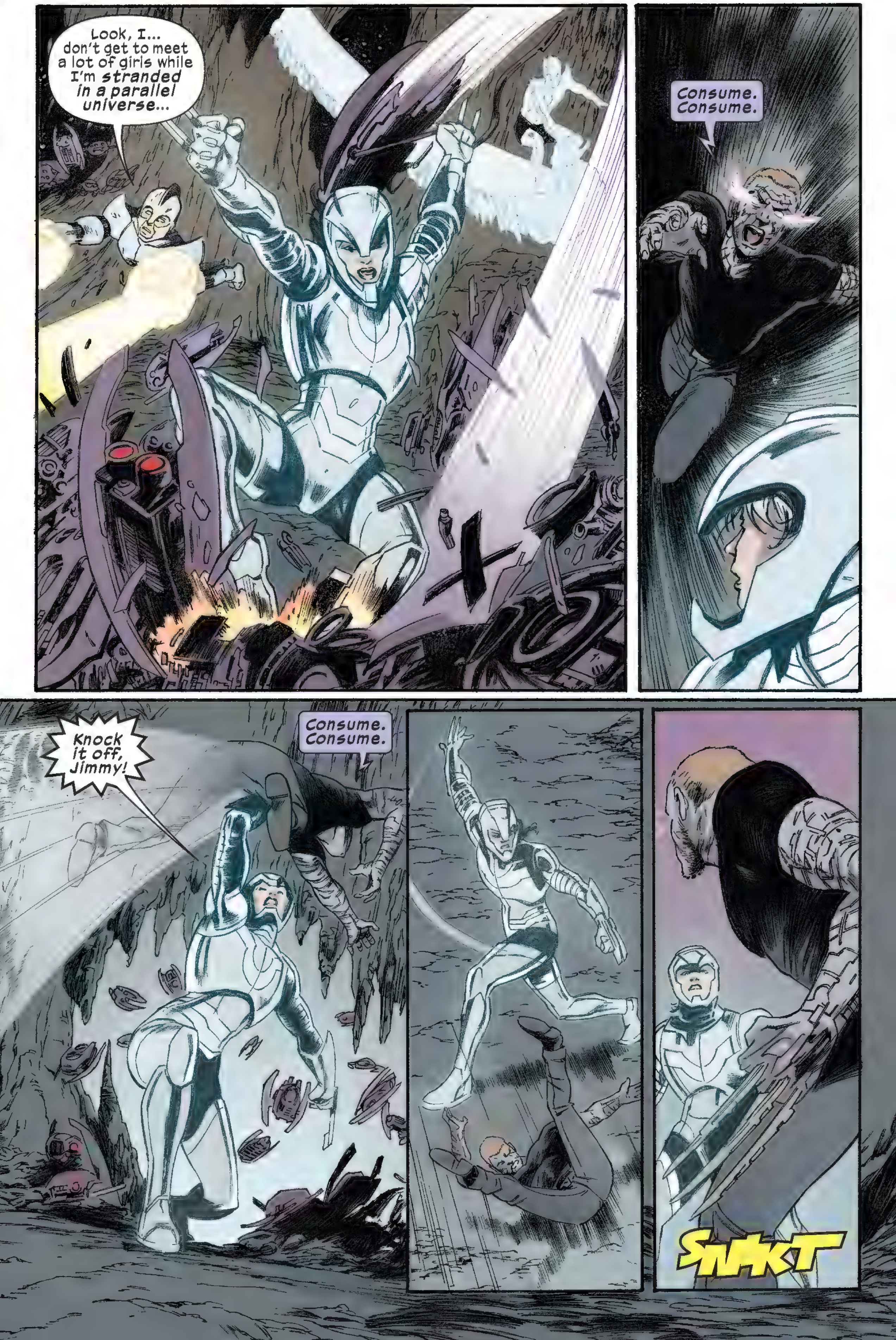

What is lost for us...
For me.
Is hope.
Hope for the future. I remember Professor Xavier telling me about the good days ahead.
And it was all a lie.
Okay. That's bad.
Yeah, dude, aren't they supposed to be like atomized or whatever?
UPGRADE COMPLETE. IMMUNITY SATISFACTORY.
Uh...I think they just got their flu shot...

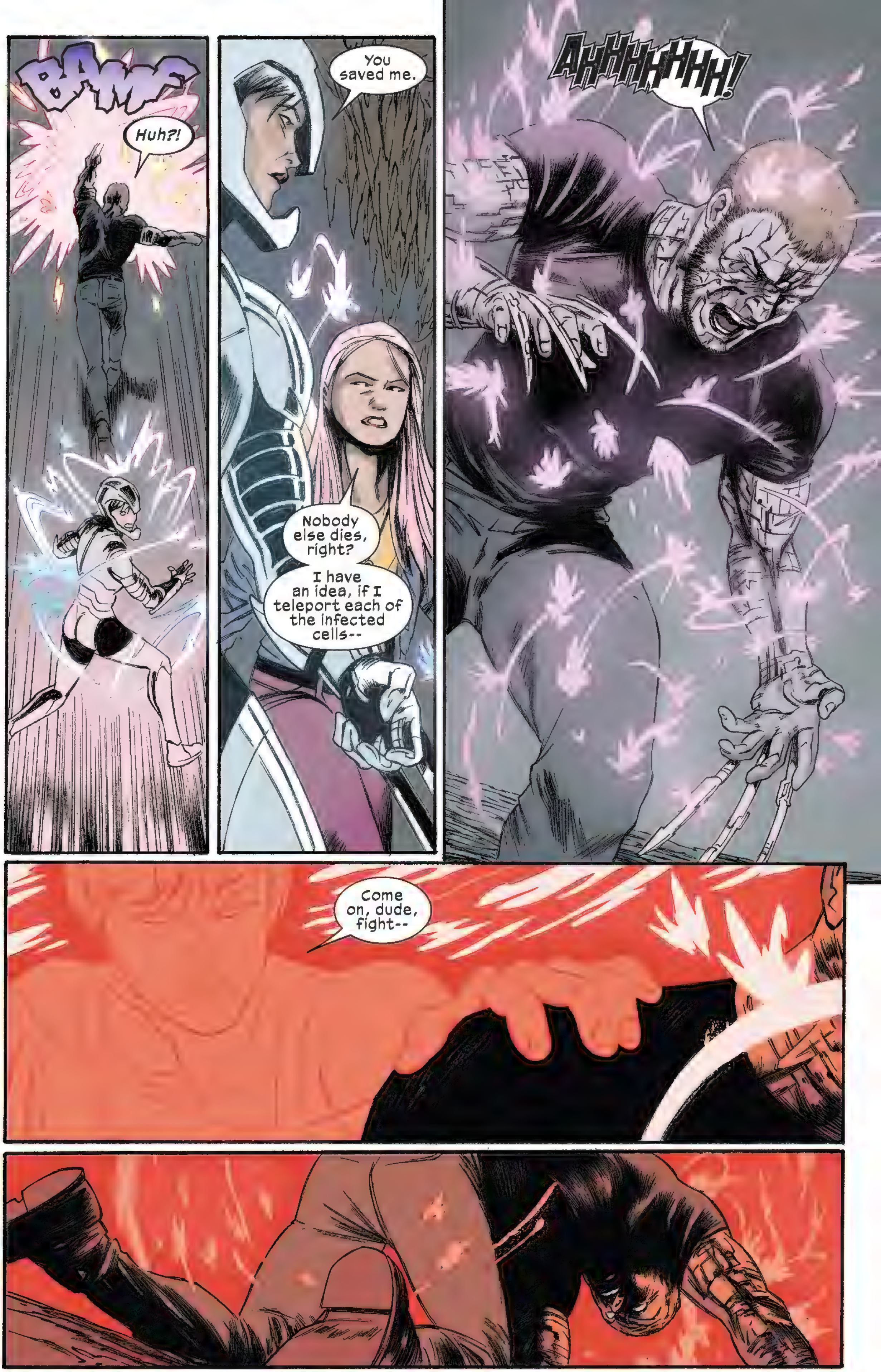

Ahhhh!
Strong Guy, I need you to make us a hole.
Seriously? 'Cause it worked out so good last time!
Up this time!
Guys...healing factor...isn't...working--
Everyone join hands.
Now!!!

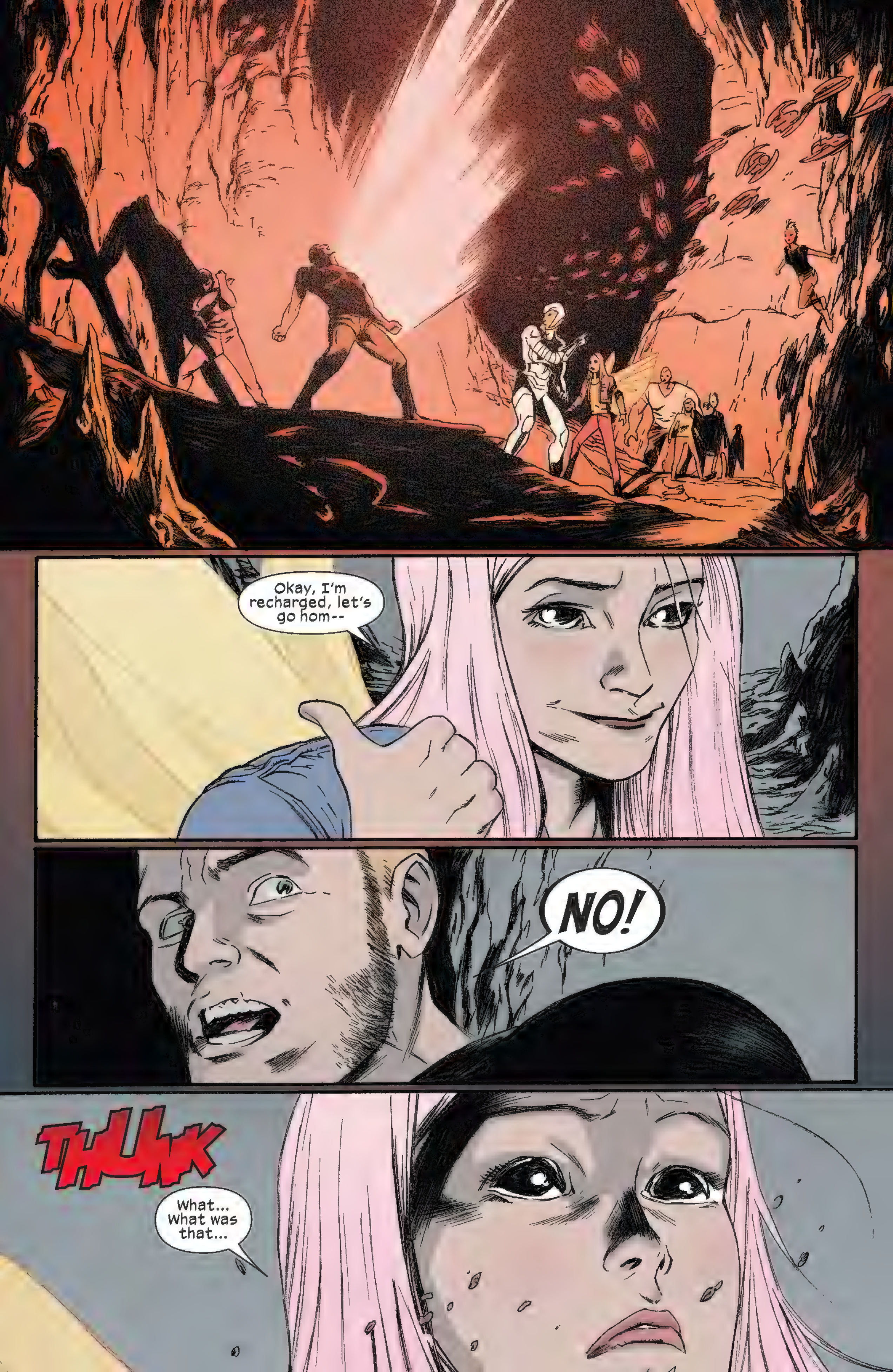

120,000 volts should shut them up.
Gah!
Storm, you have to get everyone out of here...
*No.* We're *not* leaving you behind--
I can increase your healing factor--
Not without getting *infected,* you can't.
*We don't let anyone else die!!!*
We can't help him right now, Rogue.
Dammit!
Really? You... stupid...space %&$#! This...the best you...got...?

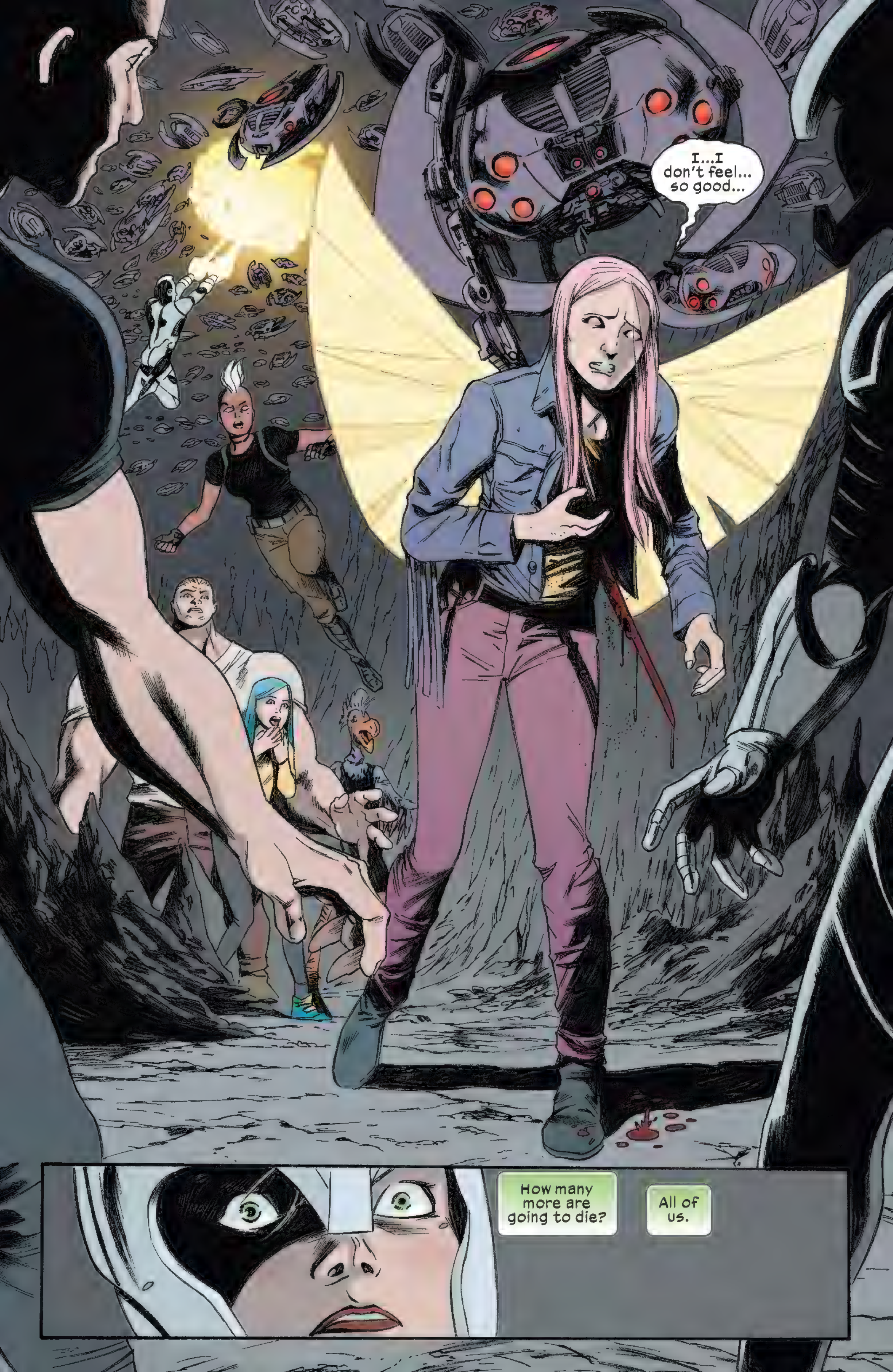

GAAAAHHH!
How many more?
How many until it's everyone we've ever known?
Until it's all of mankind?
Until it's all of *life?*
How many until it stops hurting?
Hell with this.
*Ow!* What are you doing--?
If you guys won't help save him, then I have to make an army of one.


Rogue! No!
I said no one else dies!
We end this now!
So, she seeing anyone?
Dude. Seriously?


Look, I... don't get to meet a lot of girls while I'm *stranded* in a parallel universe...
Consume. Consume.
Knock it off, Jimmy!
Consume. Consume.
SNIKT

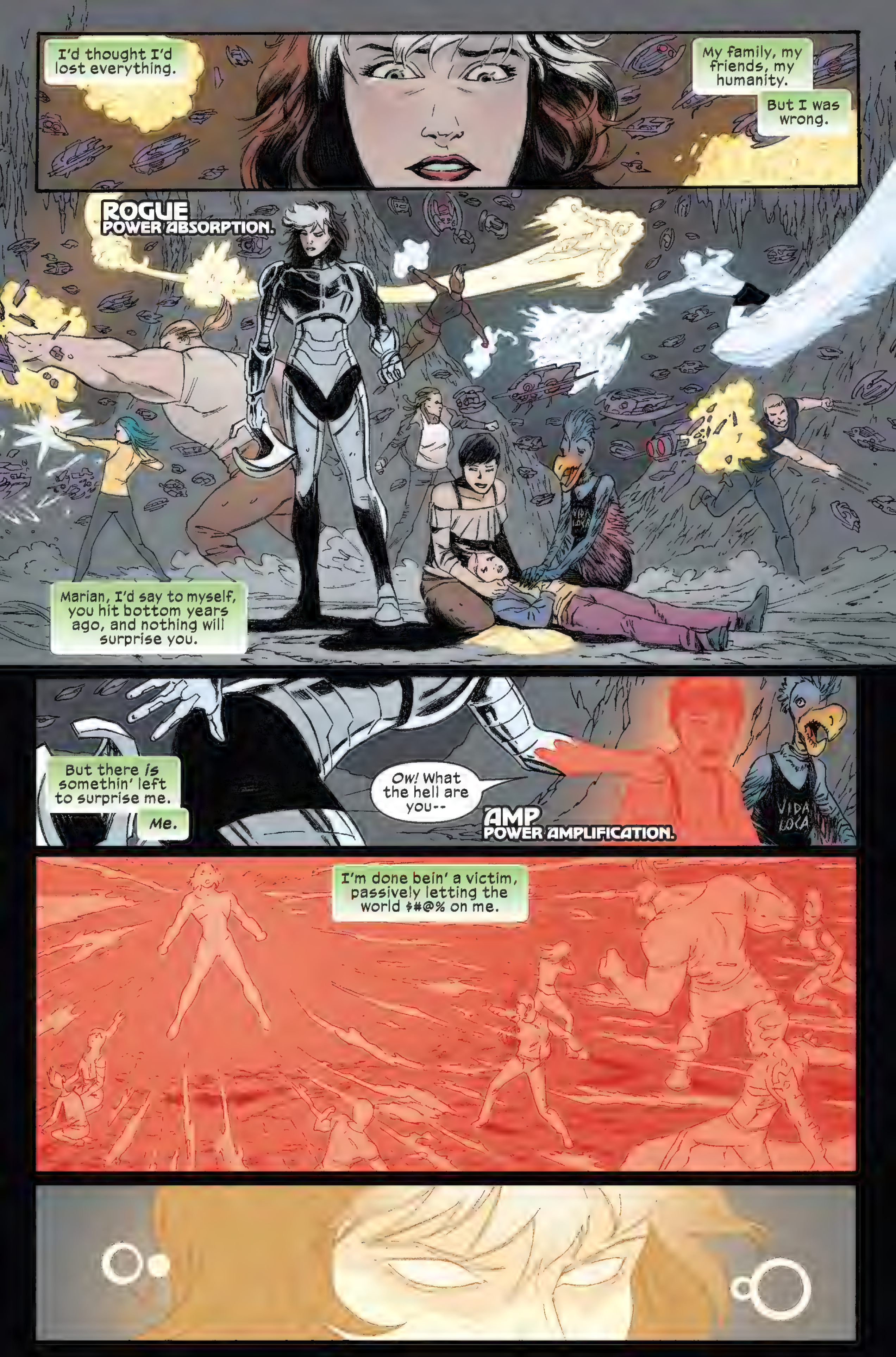

BAMF
Huh?!
You saved me.
Nobody else dies, right?
I have an idea, if I teleport each of the infected cells--
AHHHHHHHH!
Come on, dude, fight--

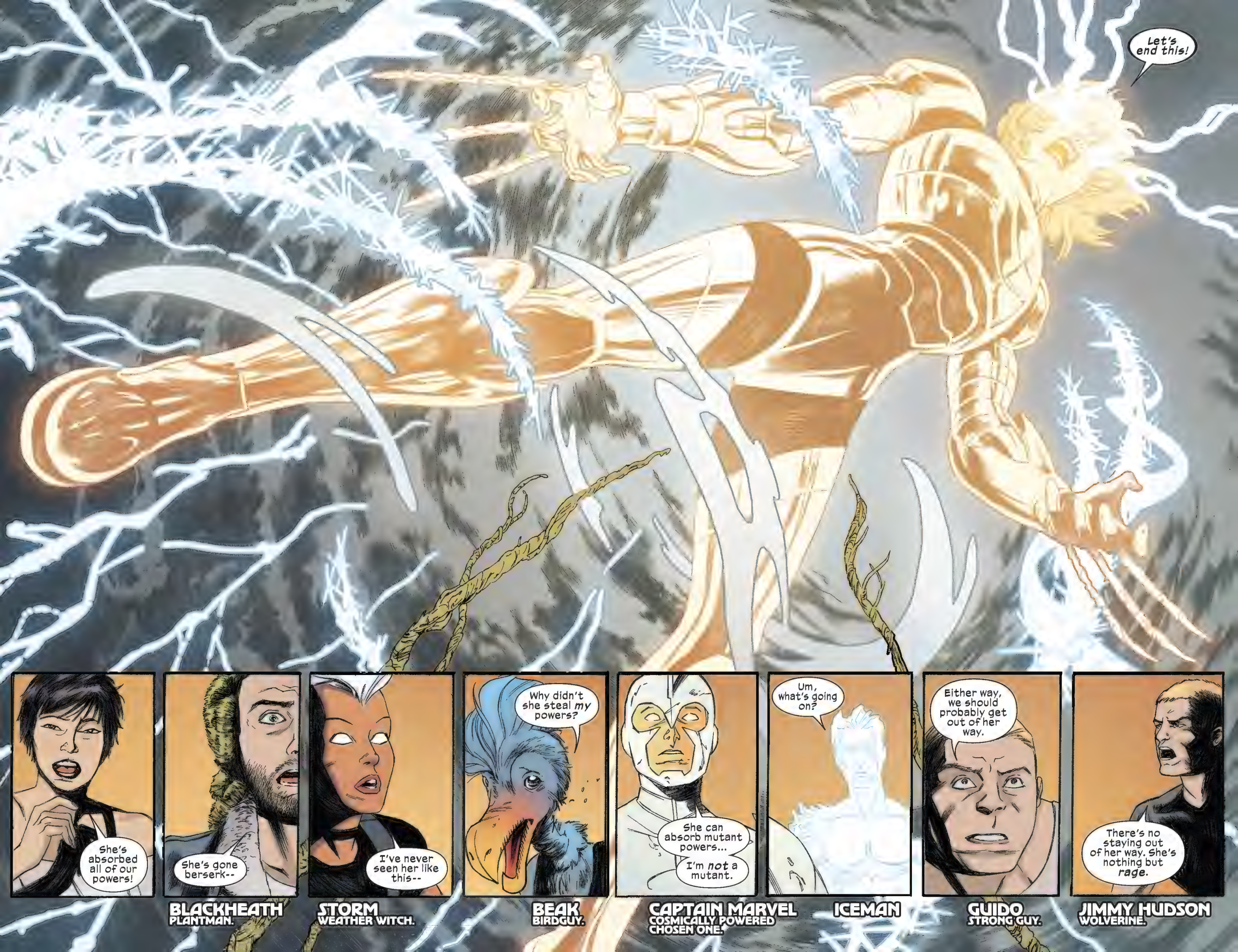

Okay, I'm recharged, let's go hom--
NO!
THUNK
What... What was that...

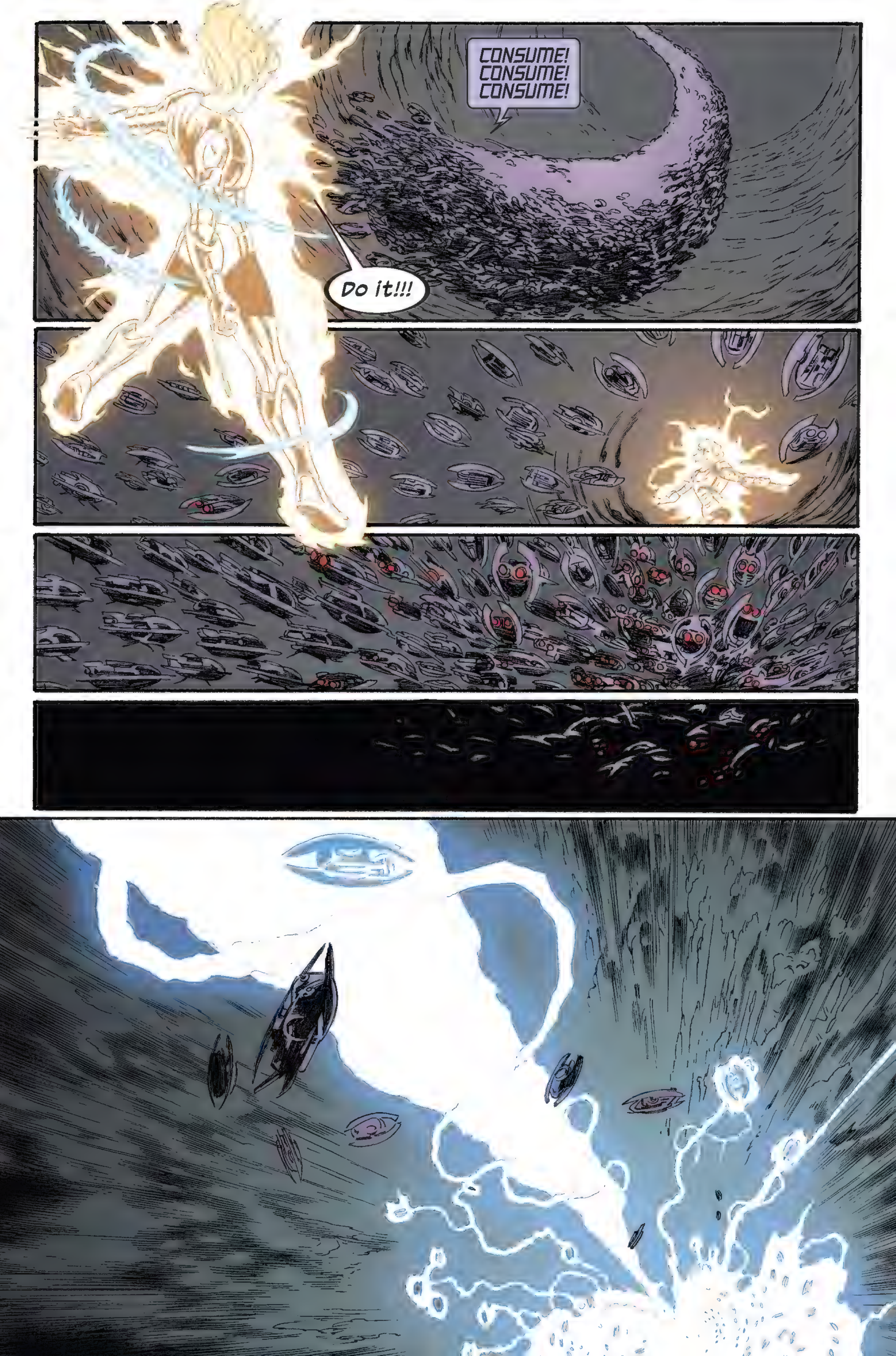

I...I don't feel... so good...
How many more are going to die?
All of us.

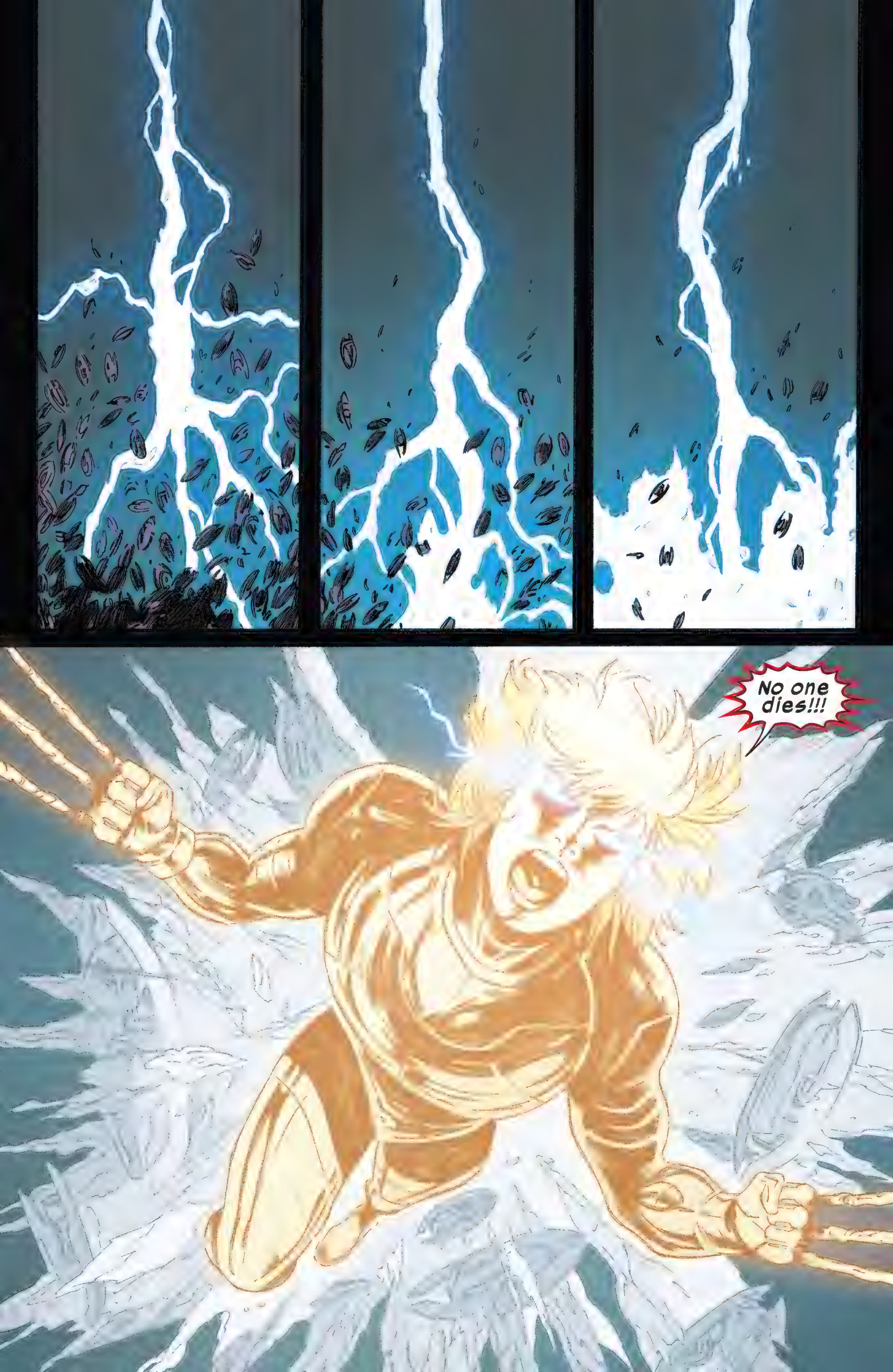
SURVIVE! #1 VARIANT BY JOE QUINONES

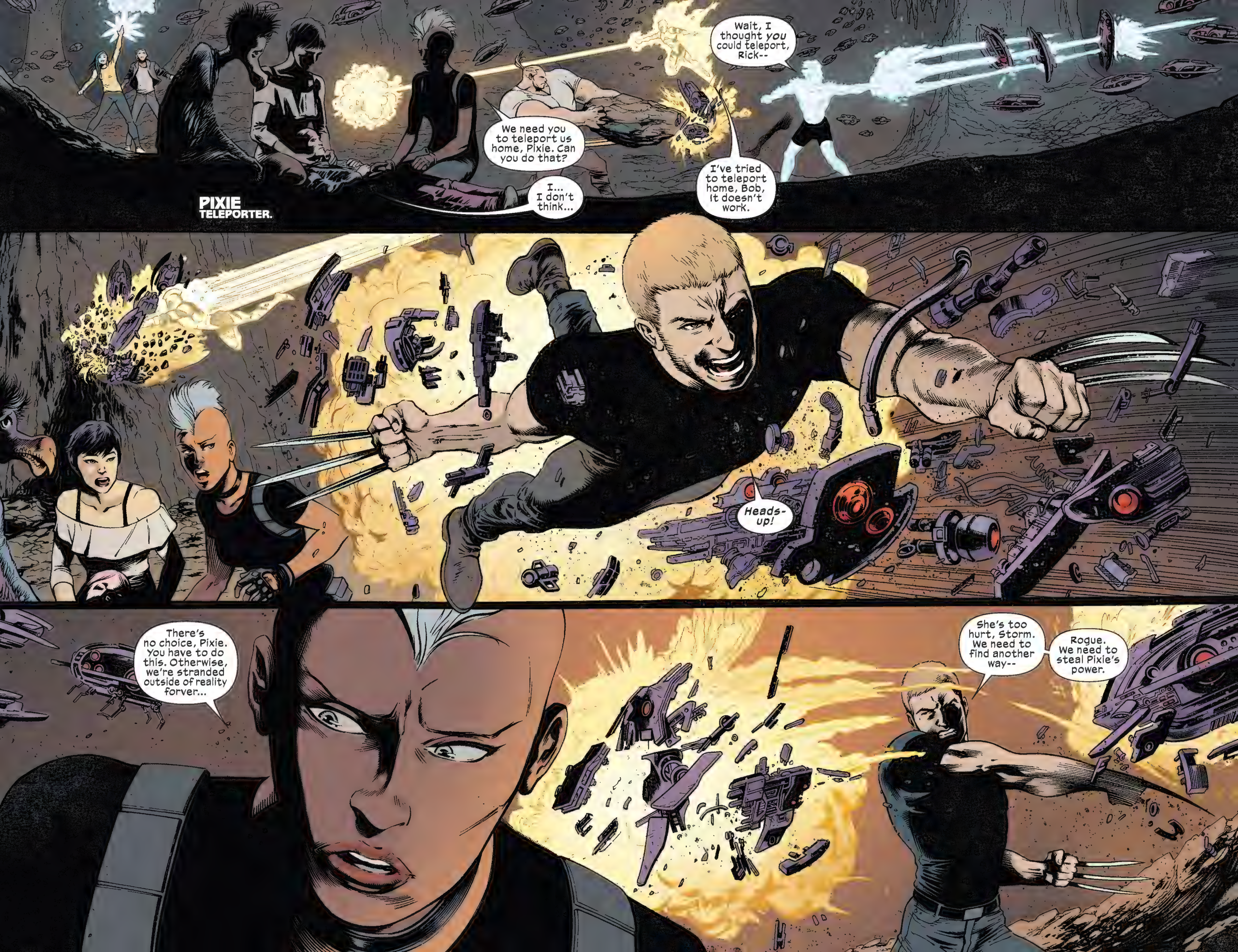
CATACLYSM: ULTIMATE X-MEN #3

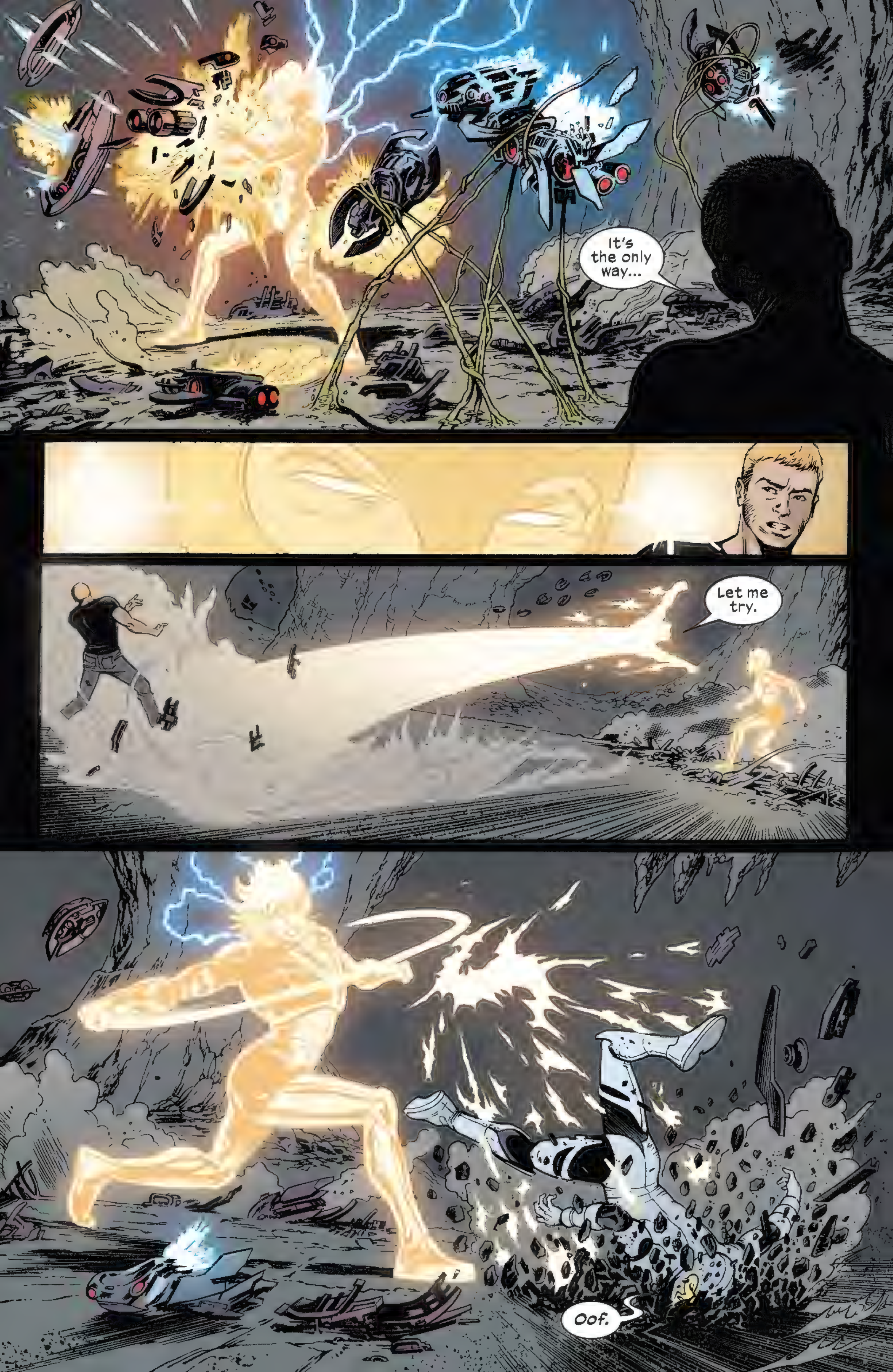

I'd thought I'd lost everything.
My family, my friends, my humanity.
But I was wrong.
ROGUE
POWER ABSORPTION.
Marian, I'd say to myself, you hit bottom years ago, and nothing will surprise you.
VIDA LOCA
But there *is* somethin' left to surprise me.
Me.
*Ow!* What the hell are you--
AMP
POWER AMPLIFICATION.
VIDA LOCA
I'm done bein' a victim, passively letting the world $#@% on me.

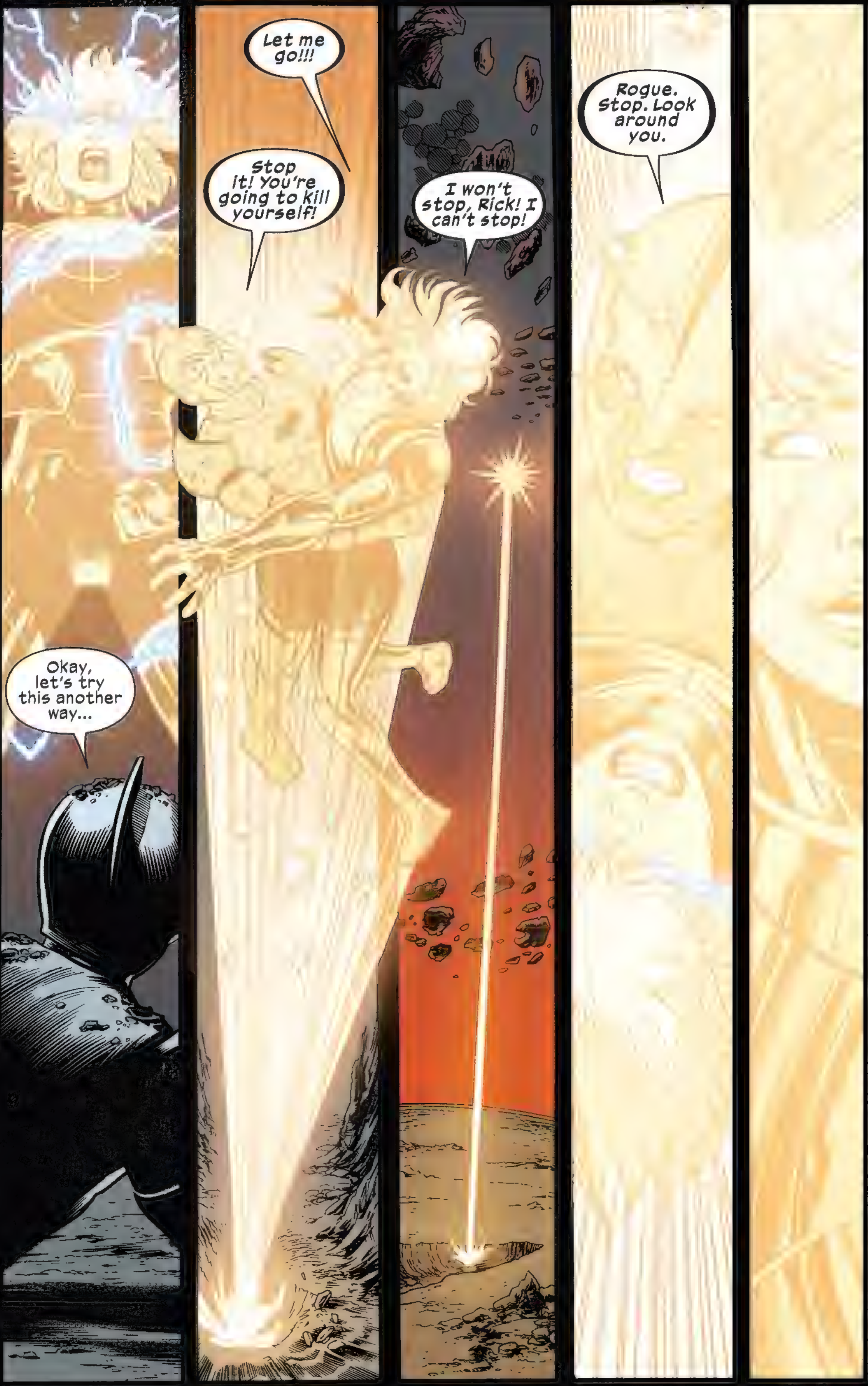

Let's end this!
She's absorbed all of our powers!
She's gone berserk--
BLACKHEATH PLANTMAN.
I've never seen her like this--
STORM WEATHER WITCH.
Why didn't she steal *my* powers?
BEAK BIRDGUY.
She can absorb mutant powers...
I'm *not* a mutant.
CAPTAIN MARVEL COSMICALLY POWERED CHOSEN ONE.
Um, what's going on?
ICEMAN
Either way, we should probably get out of her way.
GUIDO STRONG GUY.
There's no staying out of her way. She's nothing but *rage*.
JIMMY HUDSON WOLVERINE.

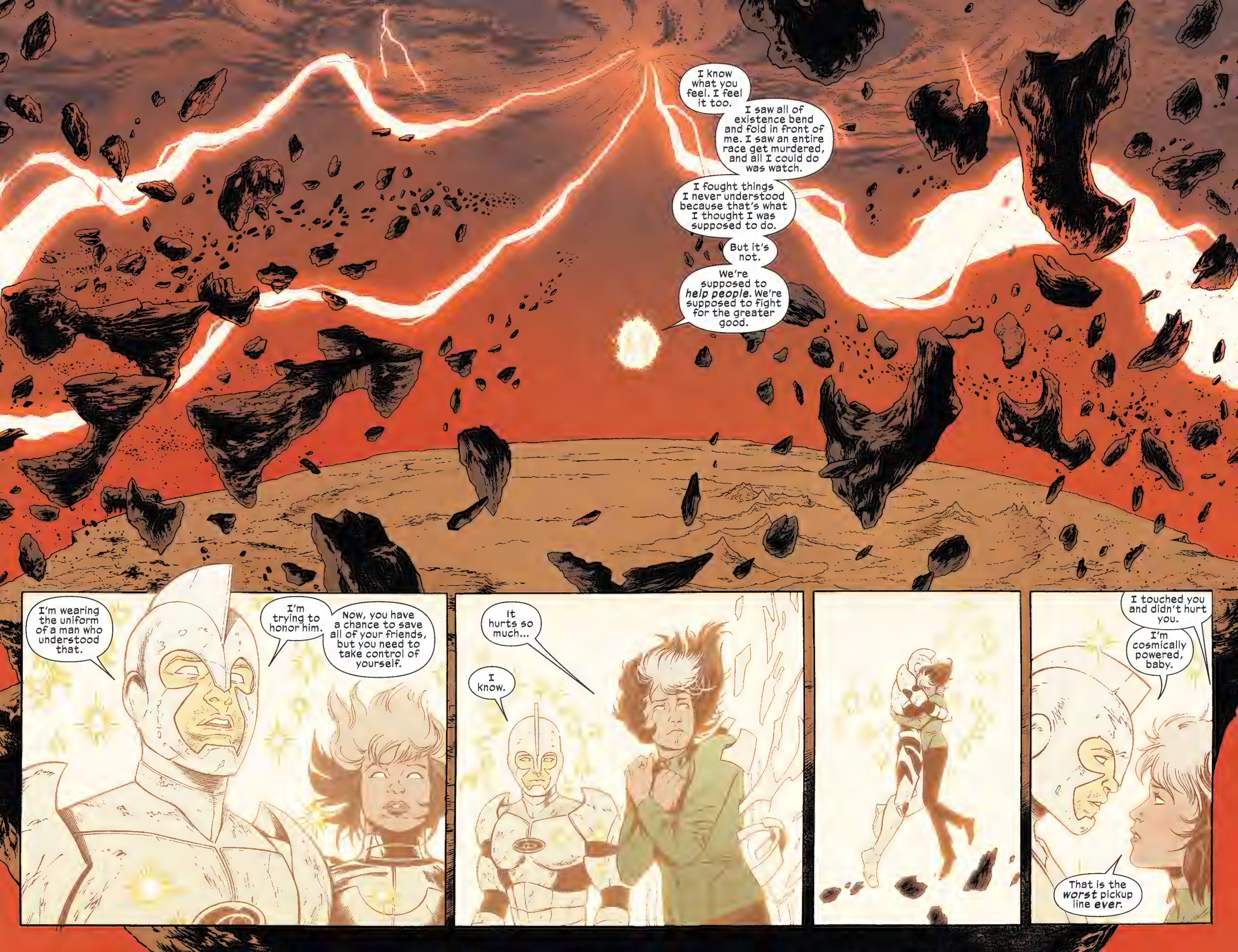

CONSUME!
CONSUME!
CONSUME!
Do it!!!

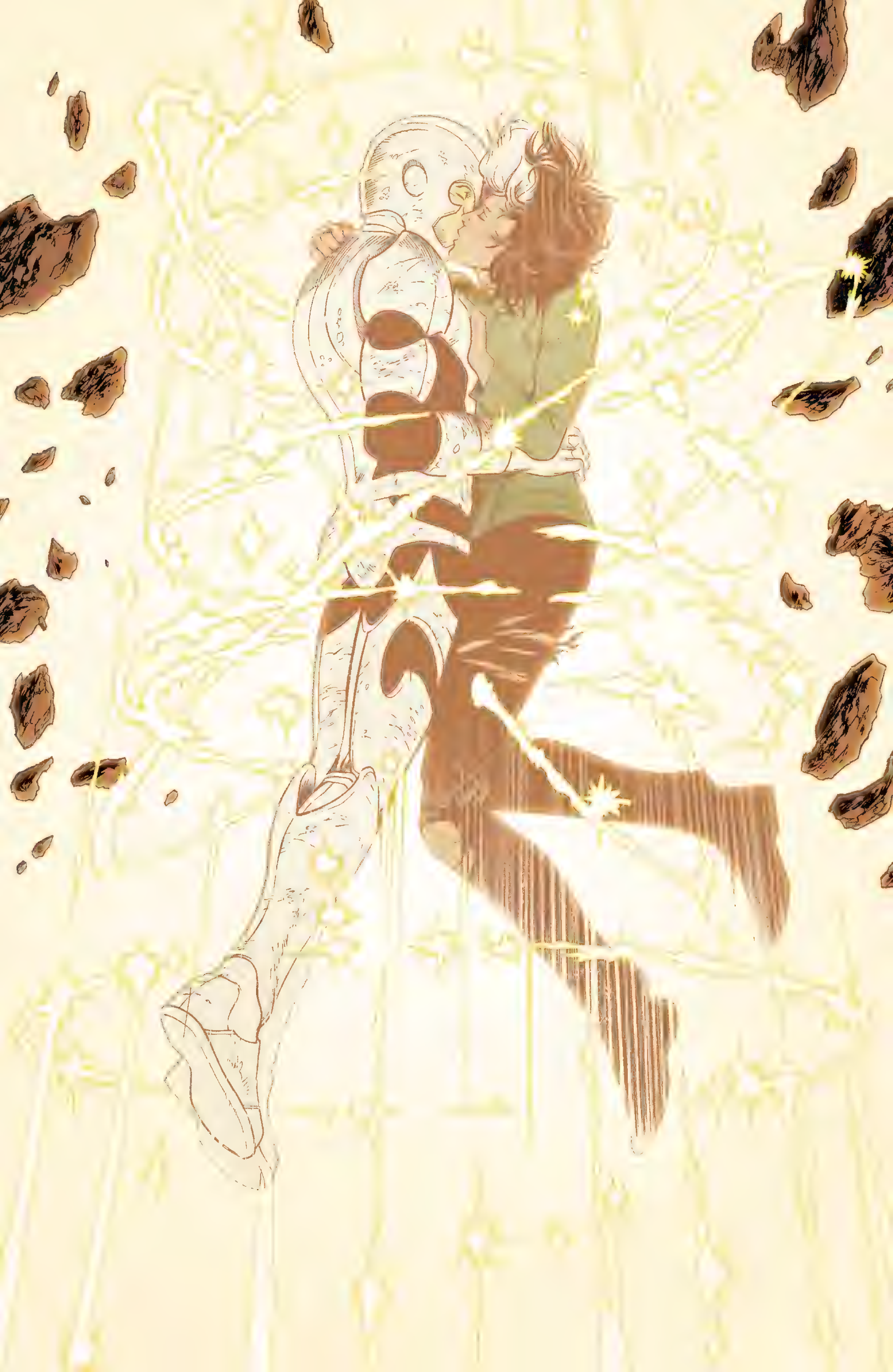

No one dies!!!

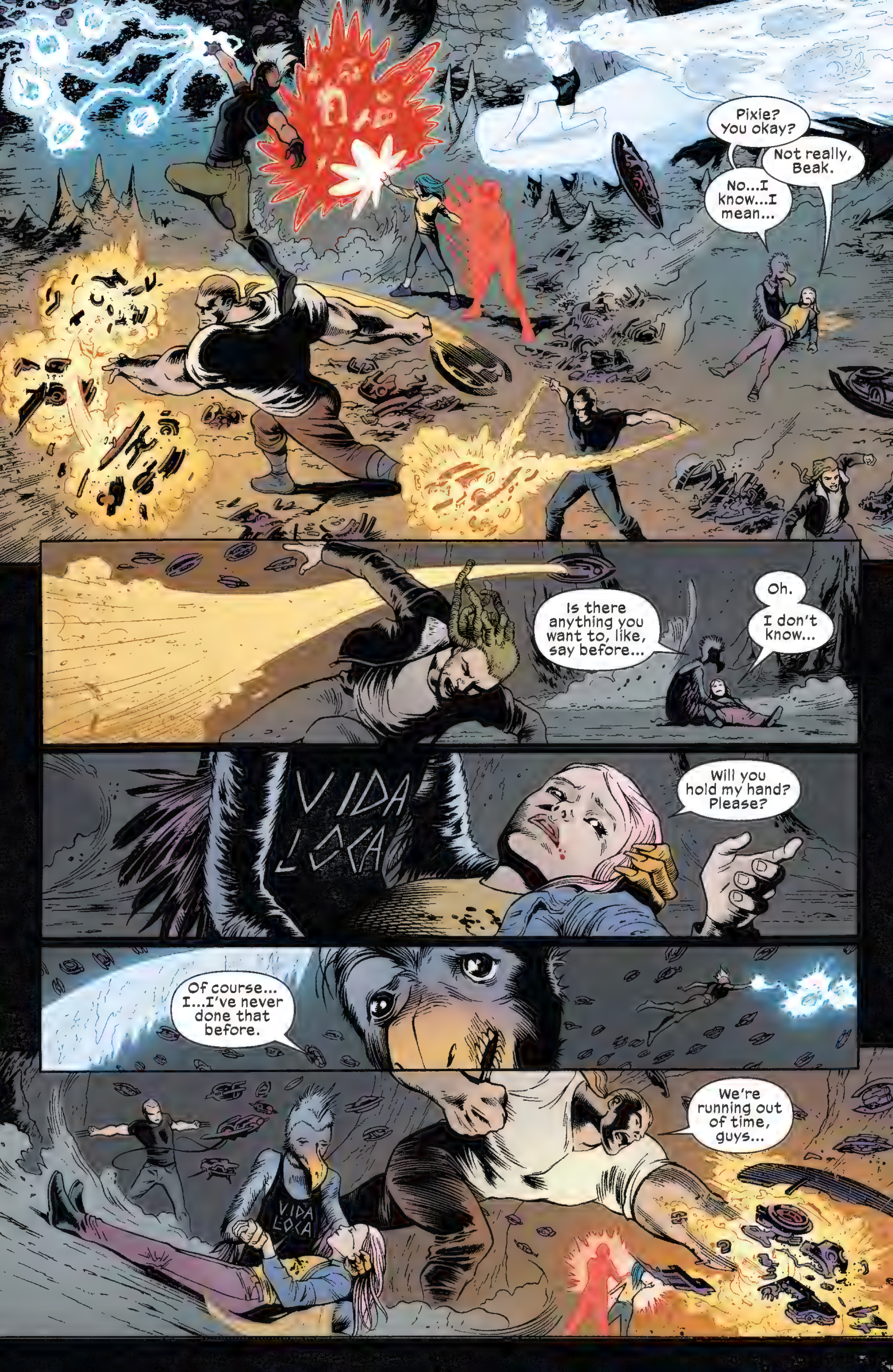

We need you to teleport us home, Pixie. Can you do that?
I... I don't think...
PIXIE TELEPORTER.
Wait, I thought *you* could teleport, Rick--
I've tried to teleport home, Bob, It doesn't work.
Heads-up!
There's no choice, Pixie. You have to do this. Otherwise, we're stranded outside of reality forver...
She's too hurt, Storm. We need to find another way--
Rogue. We need to steal Pixie's power.

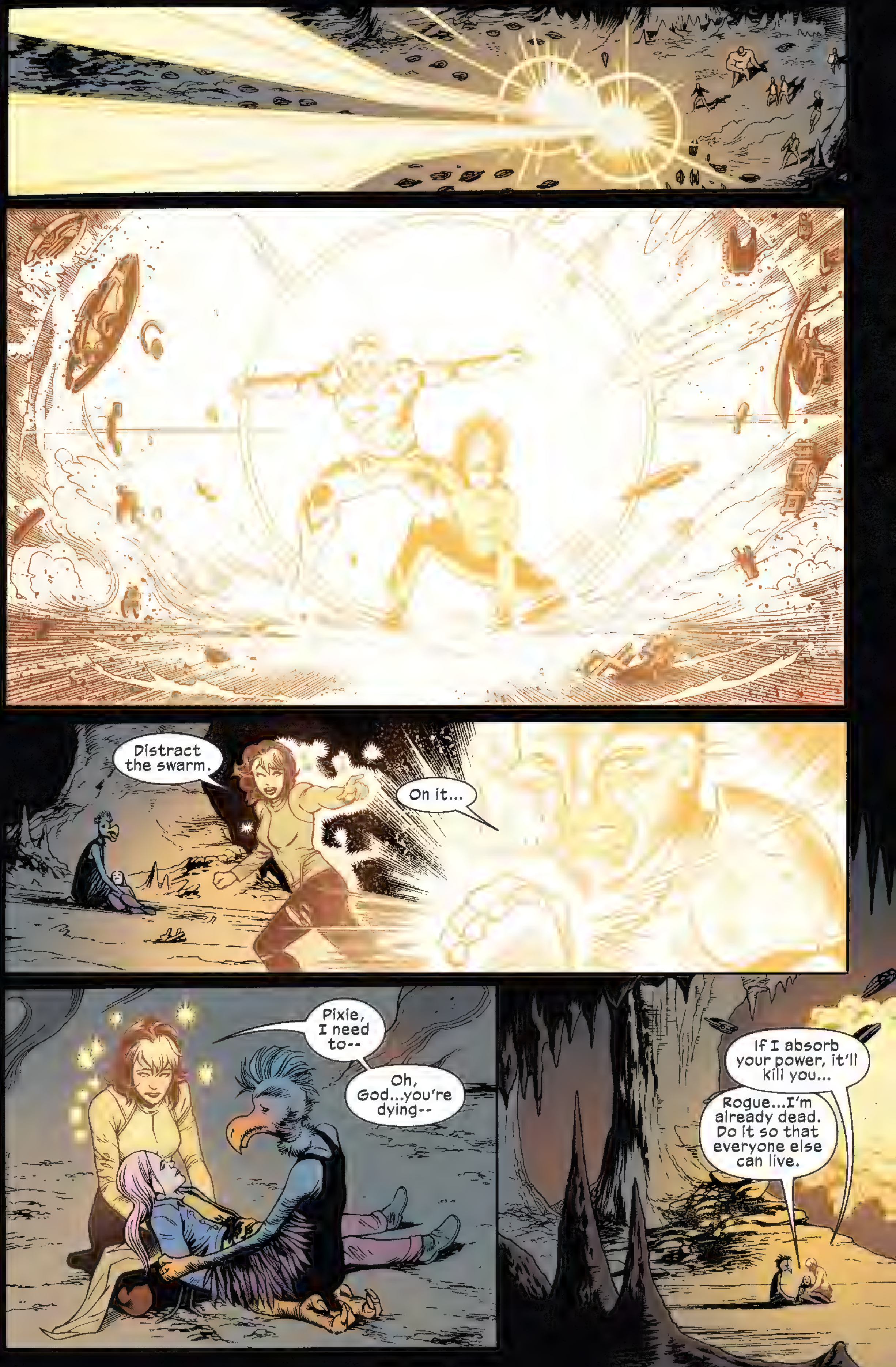

It's the only way...
Let me try.
Oof.

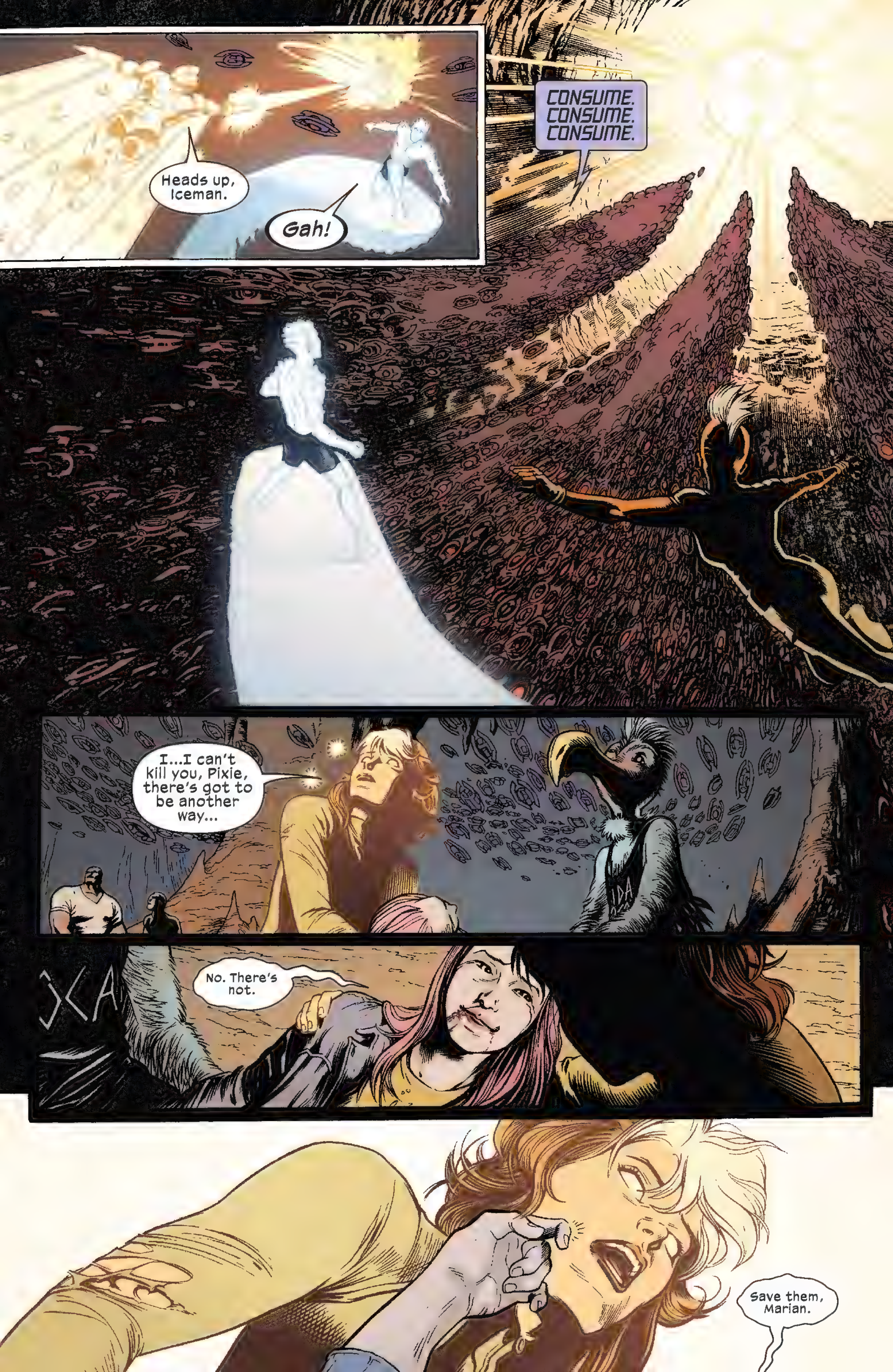

Okay, let's try this another way...
Let me go!!!
Stop it! You're going to kill yourself!
I won't stop, Rick! I can't stop!
Rogue. Stop. Look around you.

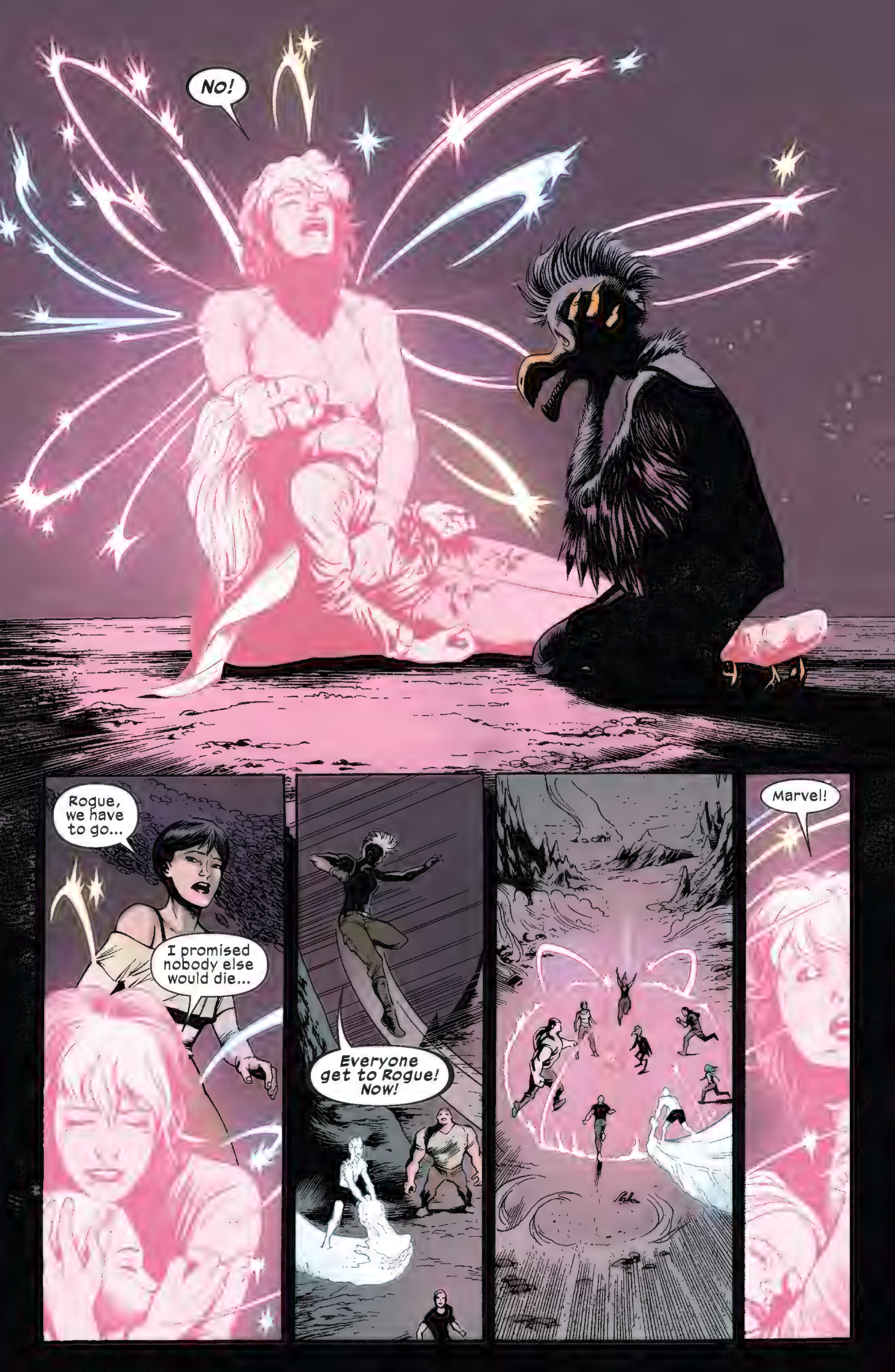

I know what you feel. I feel it too.
I saw all of existence bend and fold in front of me. I saw an entire race get murdered, and all I could do was watch.
I fought things I never understood because that's what I thought I was supposed to do.
But it's not.
We're supposed to *help people*. We're supposed to fight for the greater good.
I'm wearing the uniform of a man who understood that.
I'm trying to honor him.
Now, you have a chance to save all of your friends, but you need to take control of yourself.
It hurts so much...
I know.
I touched you and didn't hurt you.
I'm cosmically powered, baby.
That is the *worst* pickup line *ever*.

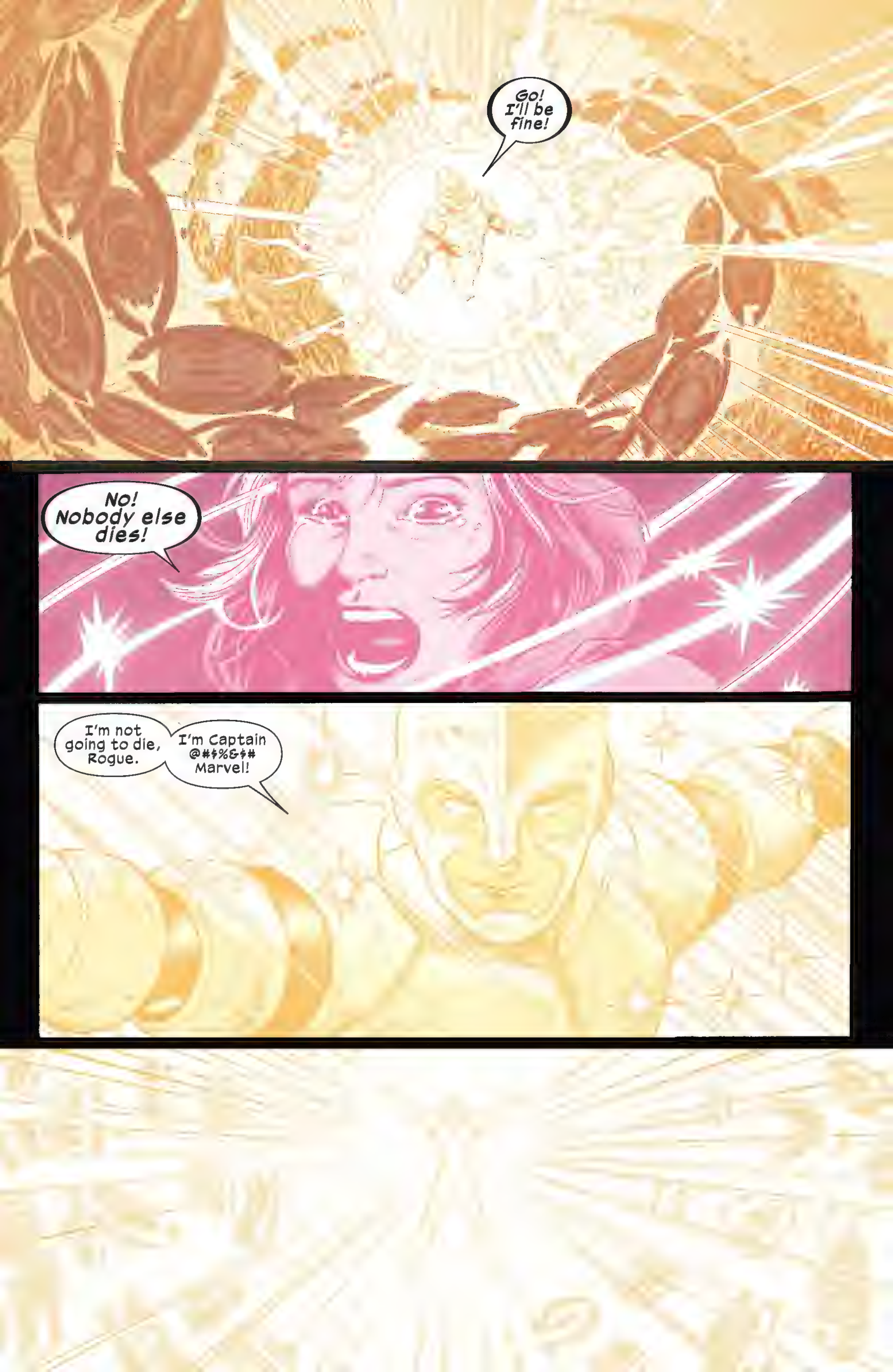


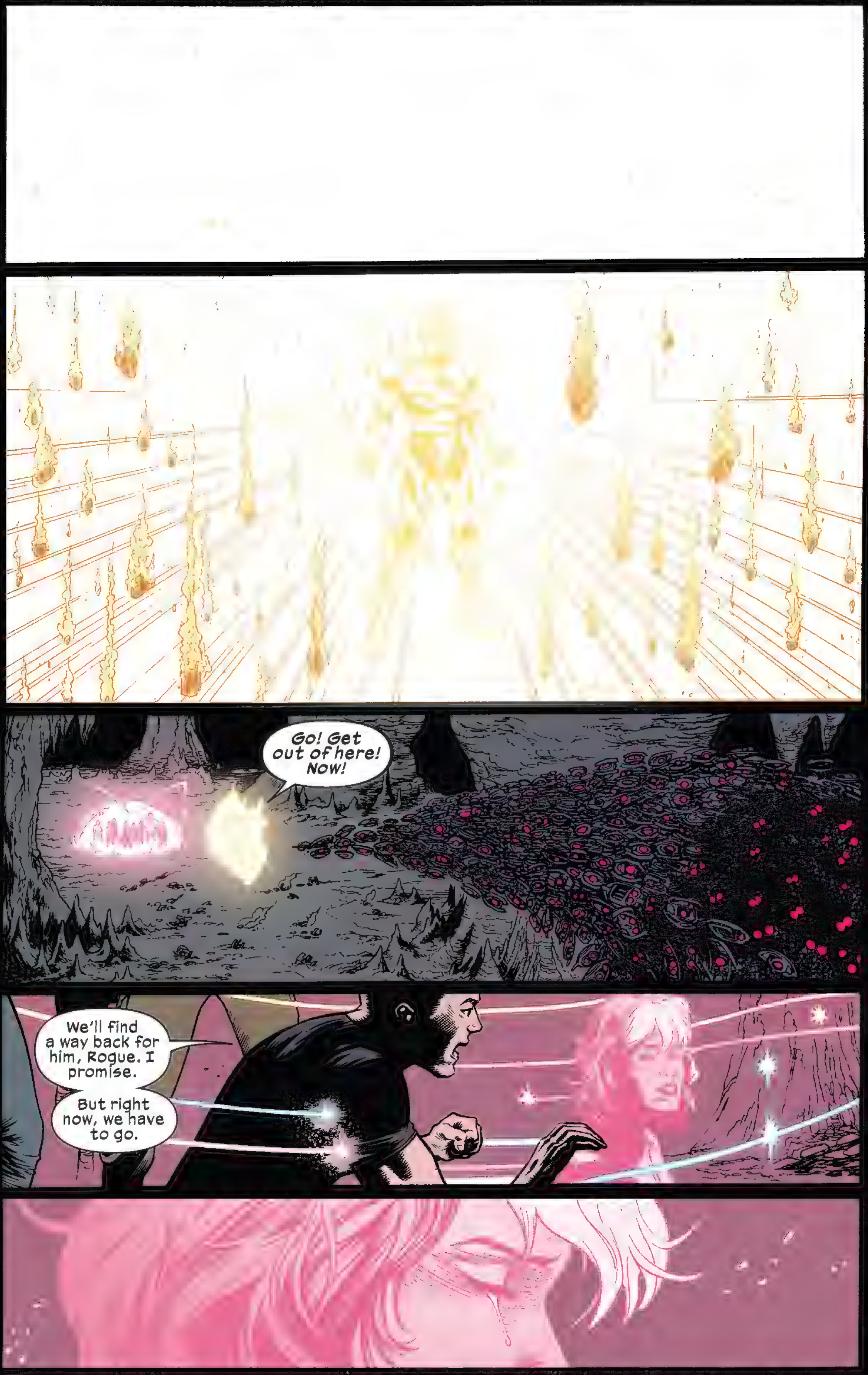

Pixie? You okay?
Not really, Beak.
No...I know...I mean...
Is there anything you want to, like, say before...
Oh.
I don't know...
VIDA LOCA
Will you hold my hand? Please?
Of course... I...I've never done that before.
VIDA LOCA
We're running out of time, guys...

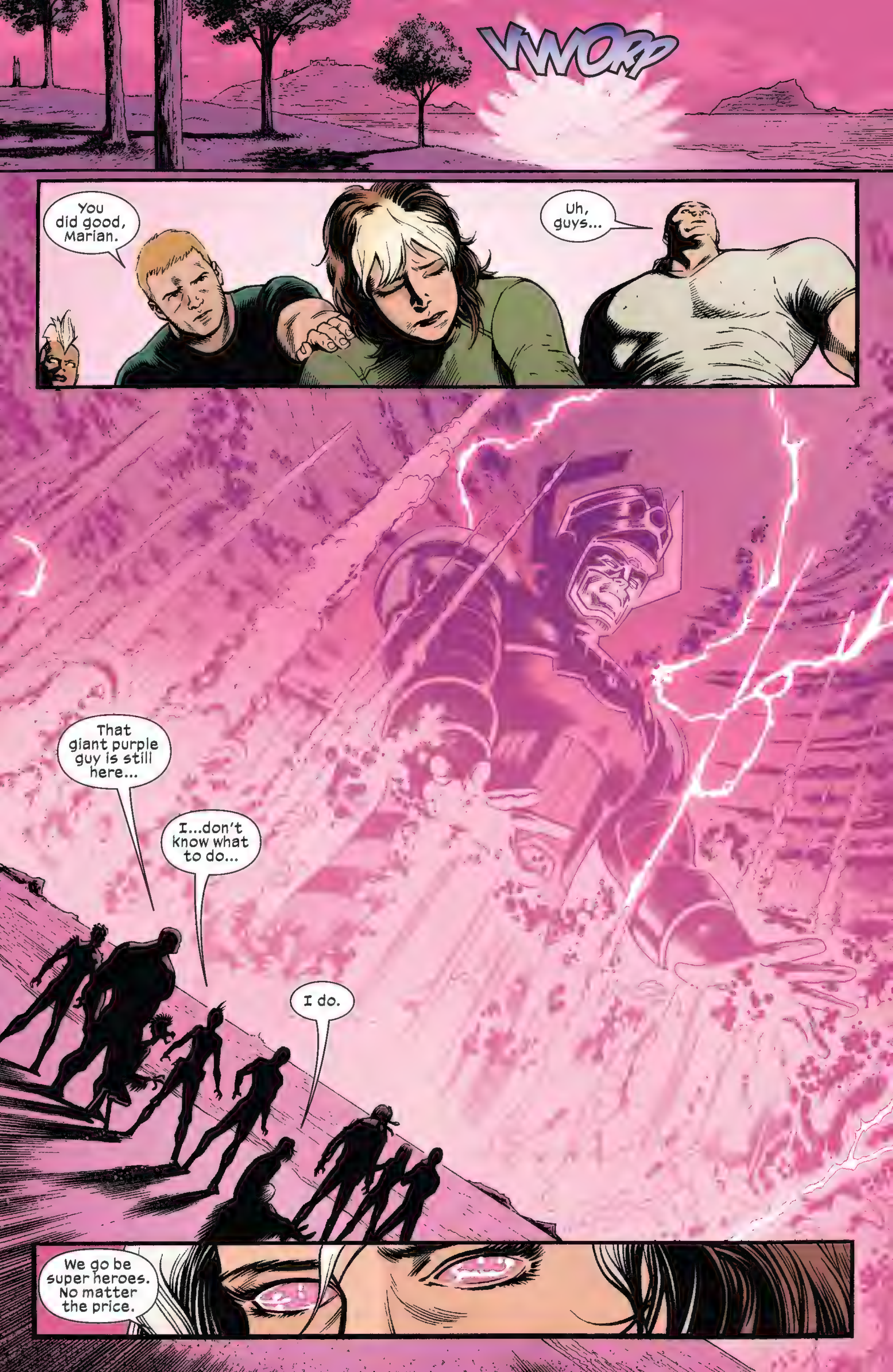

Distract the swarm.
On it...
Pixie, I need to--
Oh, God...you're dying--
If I absorb your power, it'll kill you...
Rogue...I'm already dead. Do it so that everyone else can live.


Heads up, Iceman.
Gah!
CONSUME. CONSUME. CONSUME.
I...I can't kill you, Pixie, there's got to be another way...
No. There's not.
Save them, Marian.

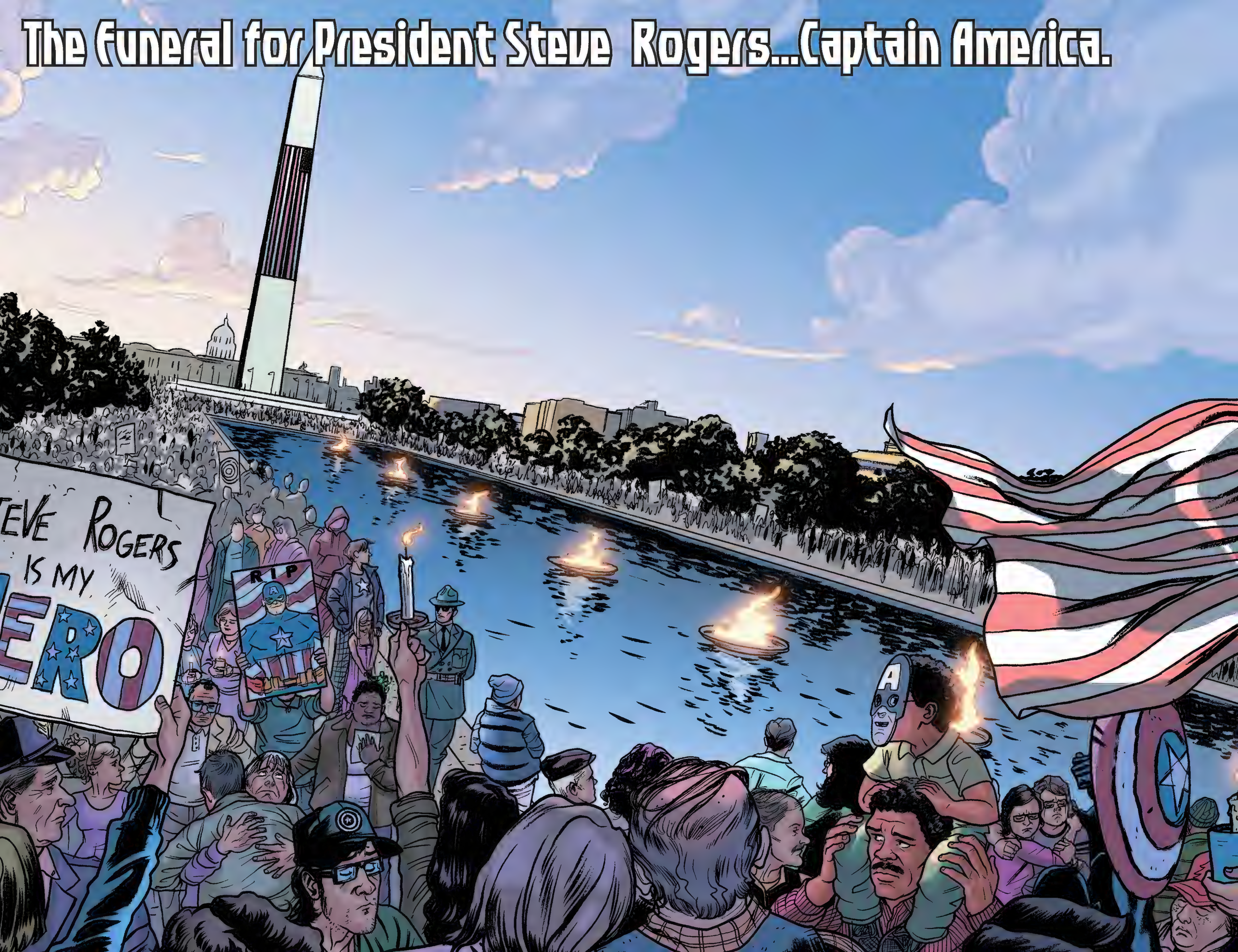

No!
Rogue, we have to go...
I promised nobody else would die...
Everyone get to Rogue! Now!
Marvel!

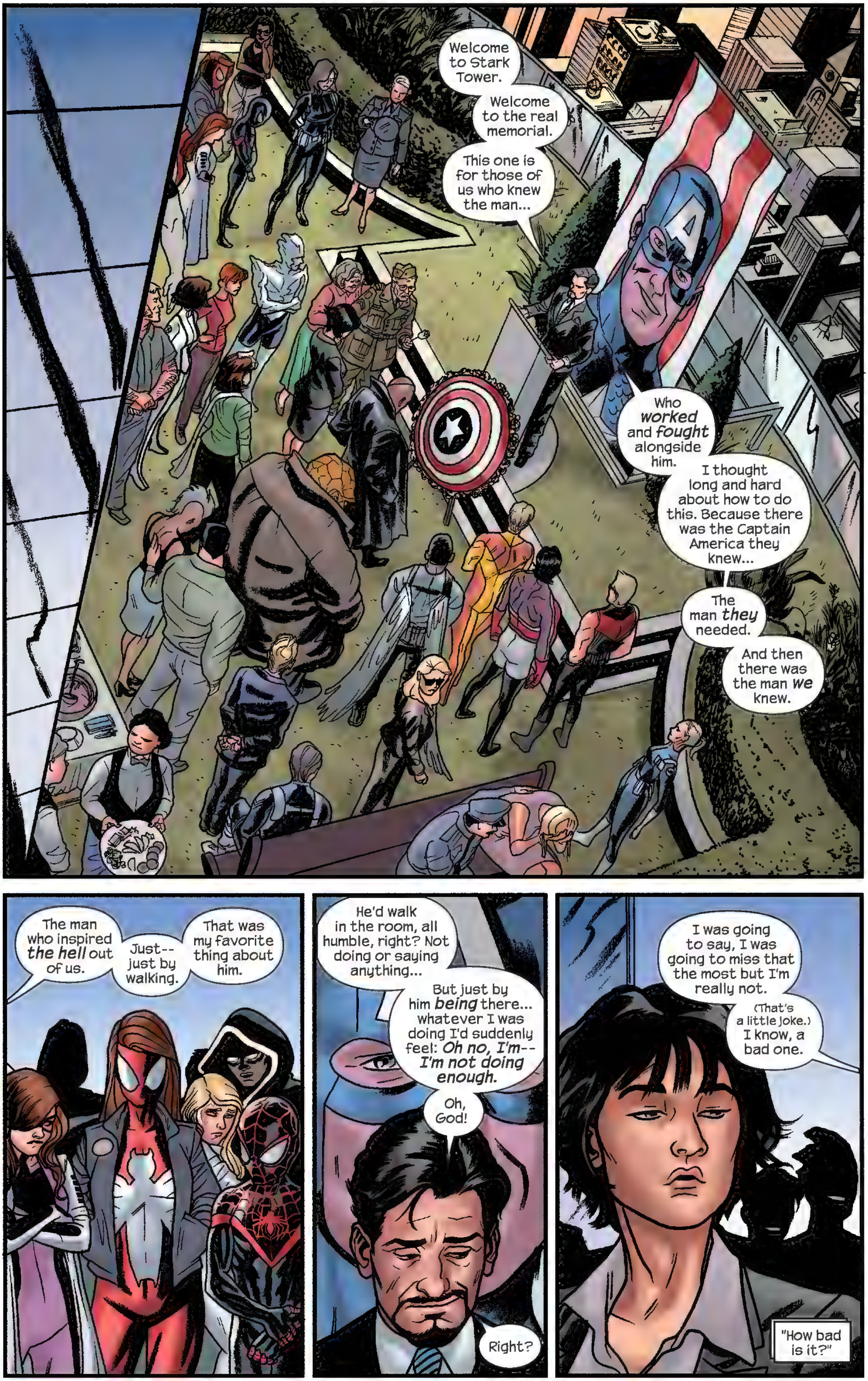

Go! I'll be fine!
No! Nobody else dies!
I'm not going to die, Rogue.
I'm Captain @#$%&$# Marvel!

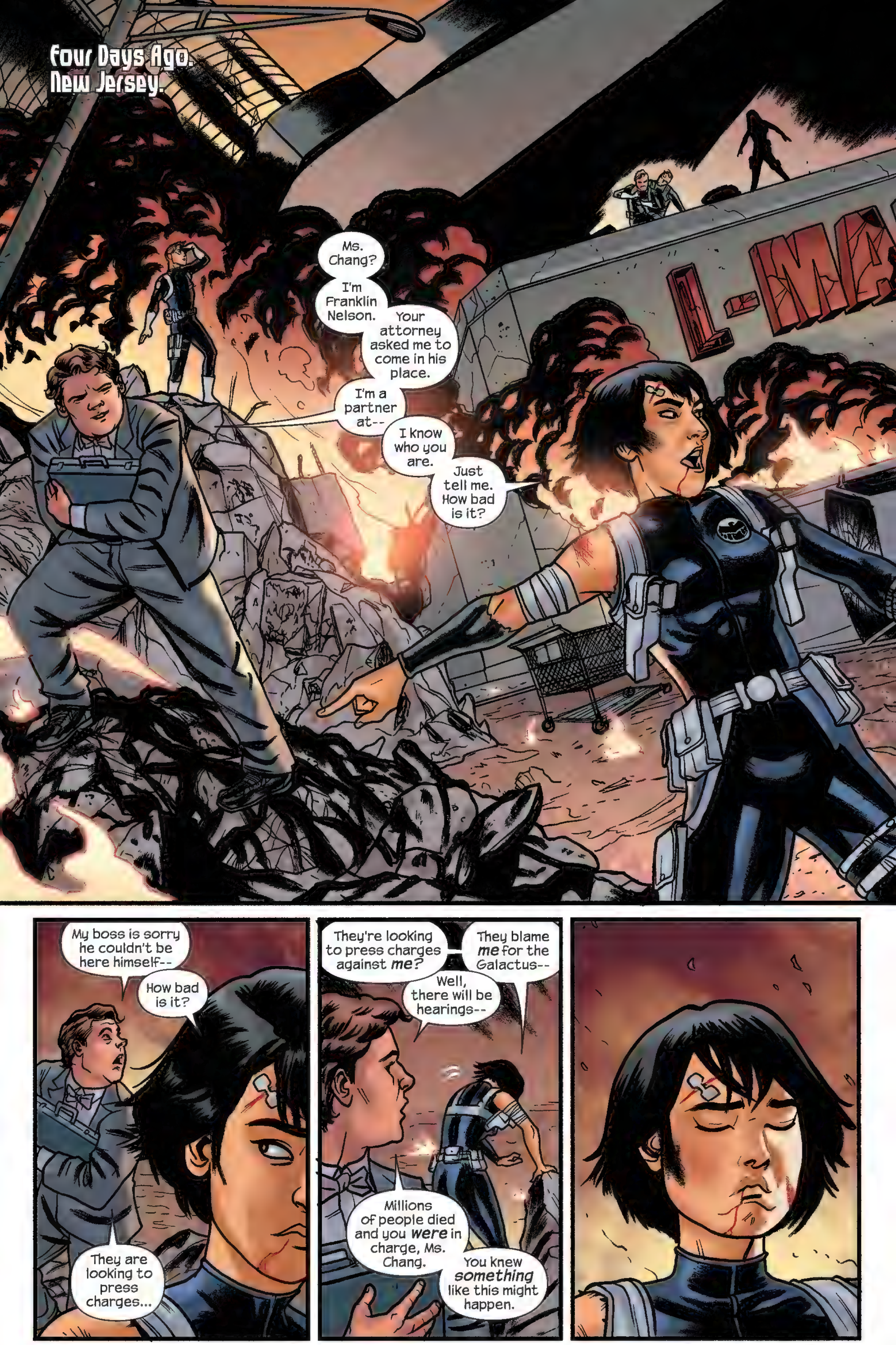

Go! Get out of here! Now!
We'll find a way back for him, Rogue. I promise.
But right now, we have to go.

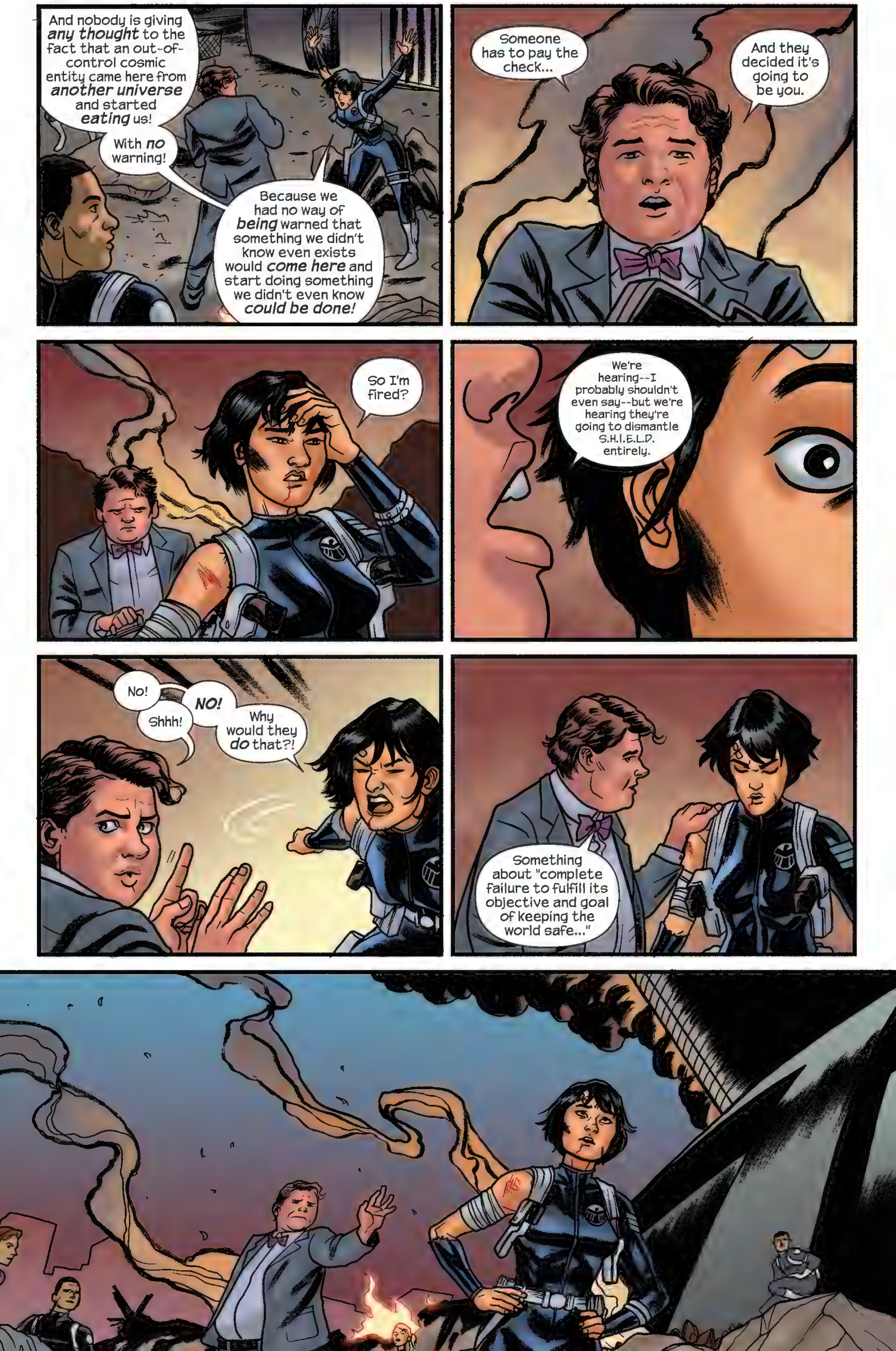

VWORP
You did good, Marian.
Uh, guys...
That giant purple guy is still here...
I...don't know what to do...
I do.
We go be super heroes. No matter the price.

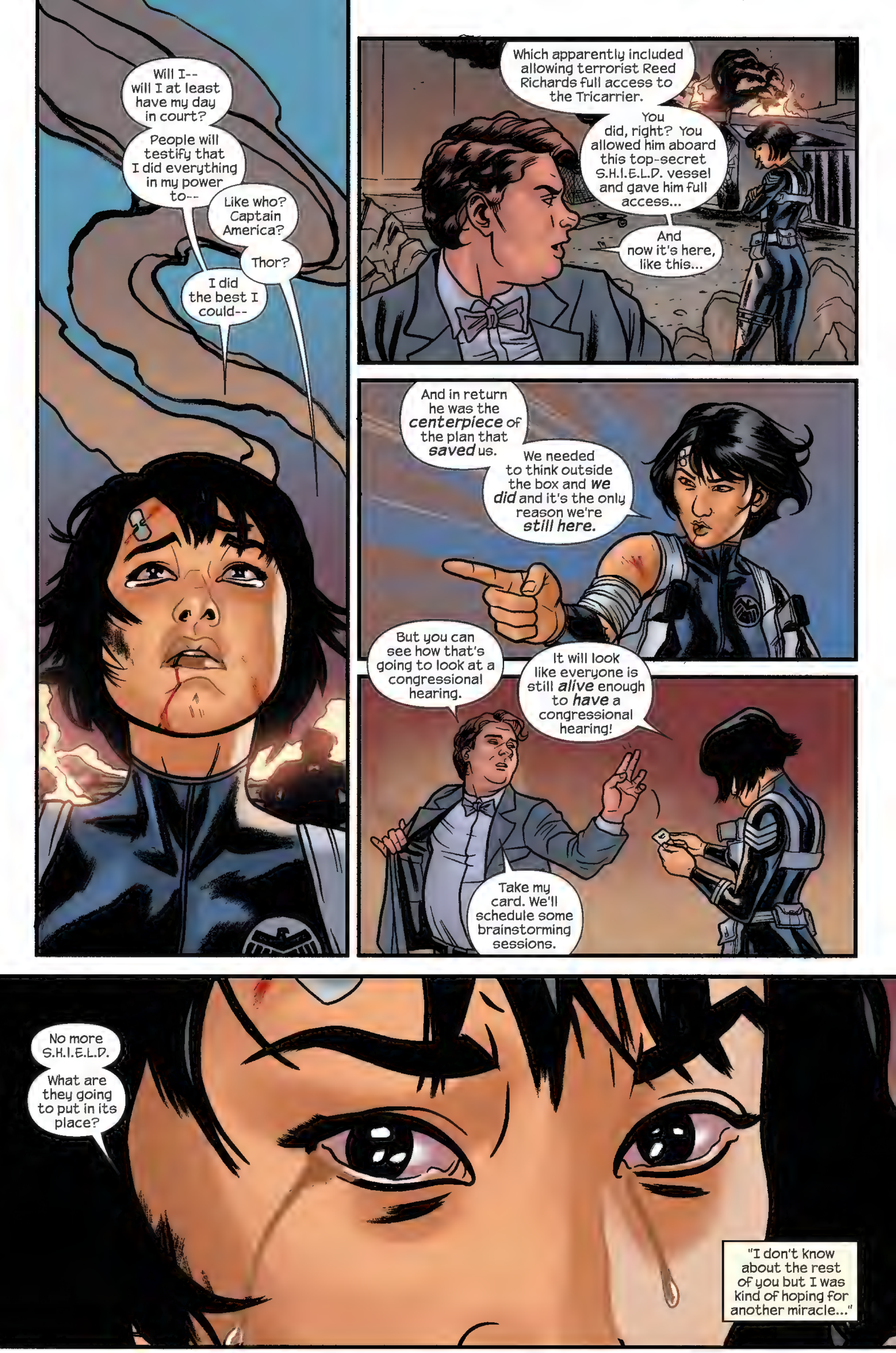
SURVIVE! #1

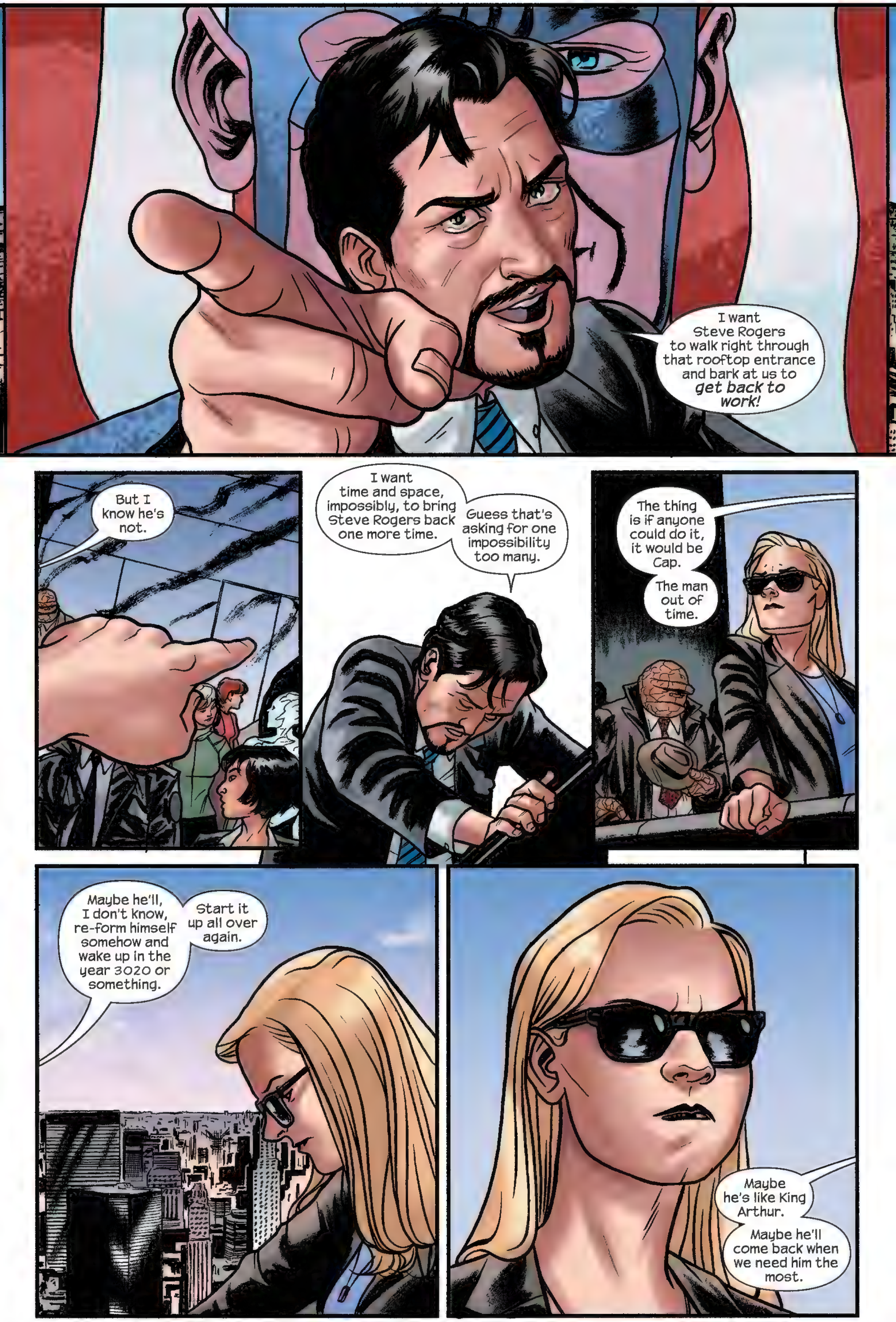

The Funeral for President Steve Rogers...Captain America.
EVE ROGERS IS MY ERO
RIP

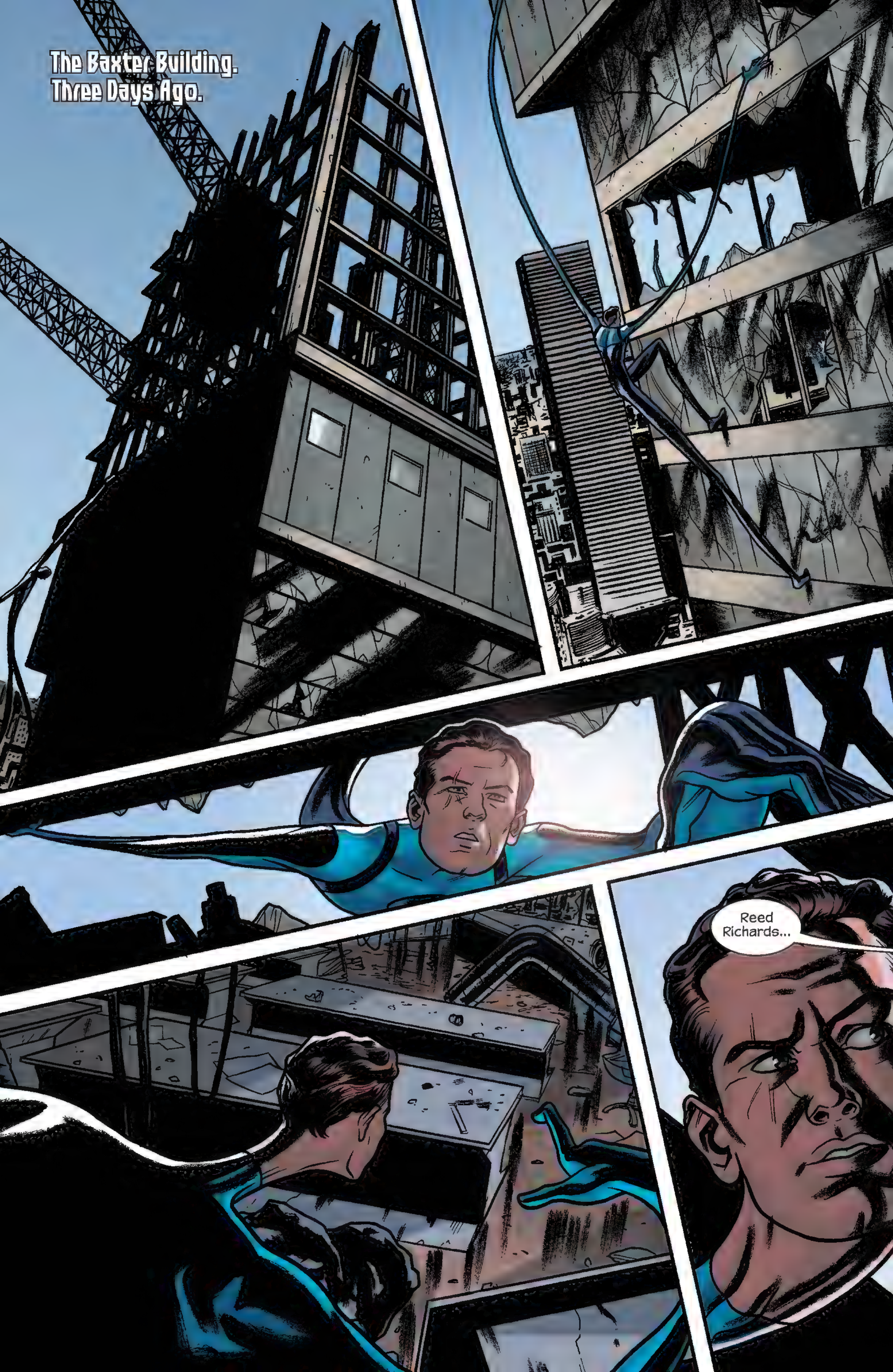

Welcome to Stark Tower.
Welcome to the real memorial.
This one is for those of us who knew the man...
Who *worked* and *fought* alongside him.
I thought long and hard about how to do this. Because there was the Captain America they knew...
The man *they* needed.
And then there was the man *we* knew.
The man who inspired *the hell* out of us.
Just-- just by walking.
That was my favorite thing about him.
He'd walk in the room, all humble, right? Not doing or saying anything...
But just by him *being* there... whatever I was doing I'd suddenly feel: *Oh no, I'm-- I'm not doing enough.*
Oh, God!
Right?
I was going to say, I was going to miss that the most but I'm really not.
(That's a little joke.) I know, a bad one.
"How bad is it?"

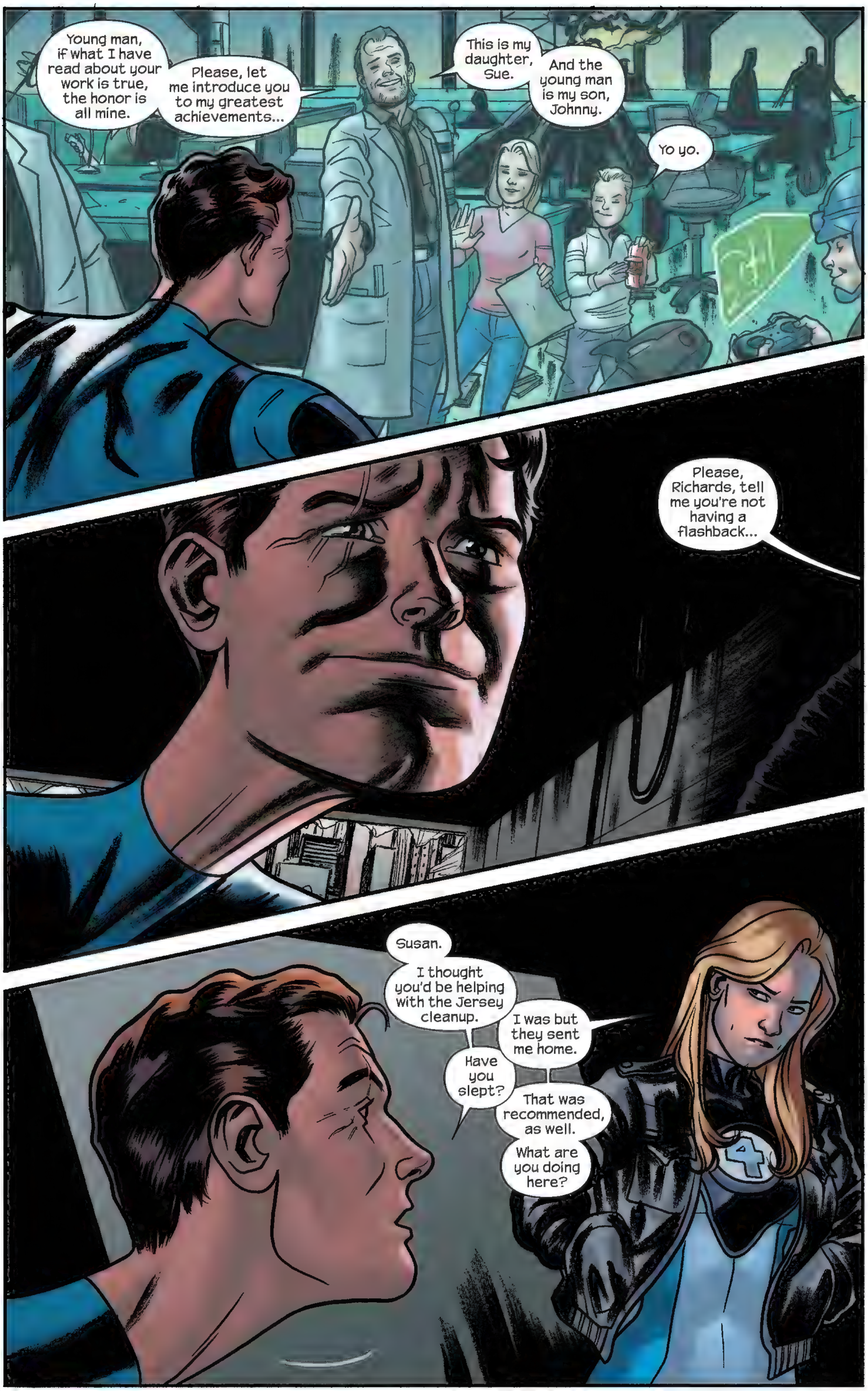

Four Days Ago. New Jersey.
Ms. Chang?
I'm Franklin Nelson.
Your attorney asked me to come in his place.
I'm a partner at--
I know who you are.
Just tell me. How bad is it?
L-MA
My boss is sorry he couldn't be here himself--
How bad is it?
They are looking to press charges...
They're looking to press charges against *me?*
They blame *me* for the Galactus--
Well, there will be hearings--
Millions of people died and you *were* in charge, Ms. Chang.
You knew *something* like this might happen.

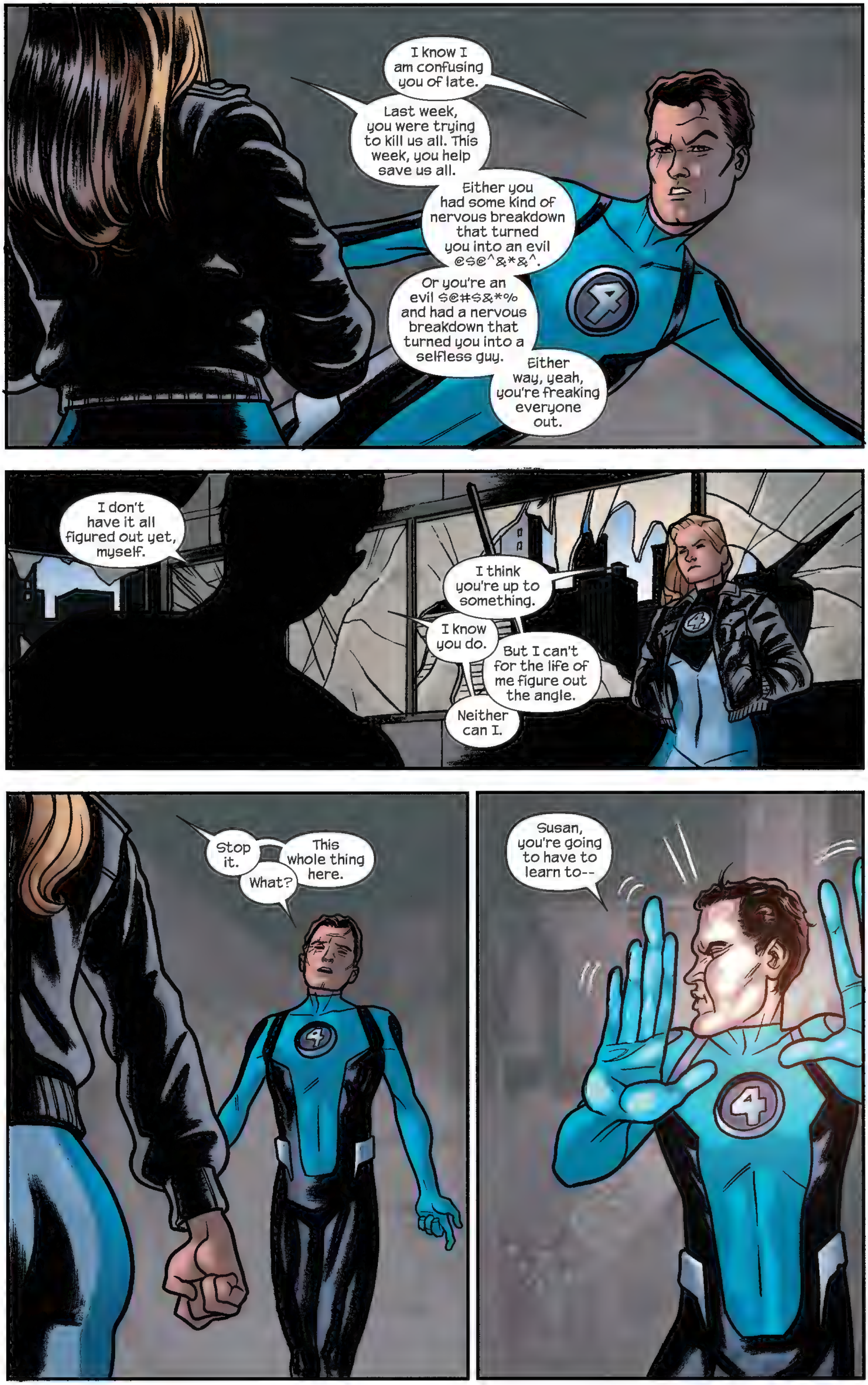

And nobody is giving *any thought* to the fact that an out-of-control cosmic entity came here from *another universe* and started *eating* us!
With *no* warning!
Because we had no way of *being* warned that something we didn't know even exists would *come here* and start doing something we didn't even know *could be done!*
Someone has to pay the check...
And they decided it's going to be you.
So I'm fired?
We're hearing--I probably shouldn't even say--but we're hearing they're going to dismantle S.H.I.E.L.D. entirely.
No!
Shhh!
*NO!*
Why would they *do* that?!
Something about "complete failure to fulfill its objective and goal of keeping the world safe..."

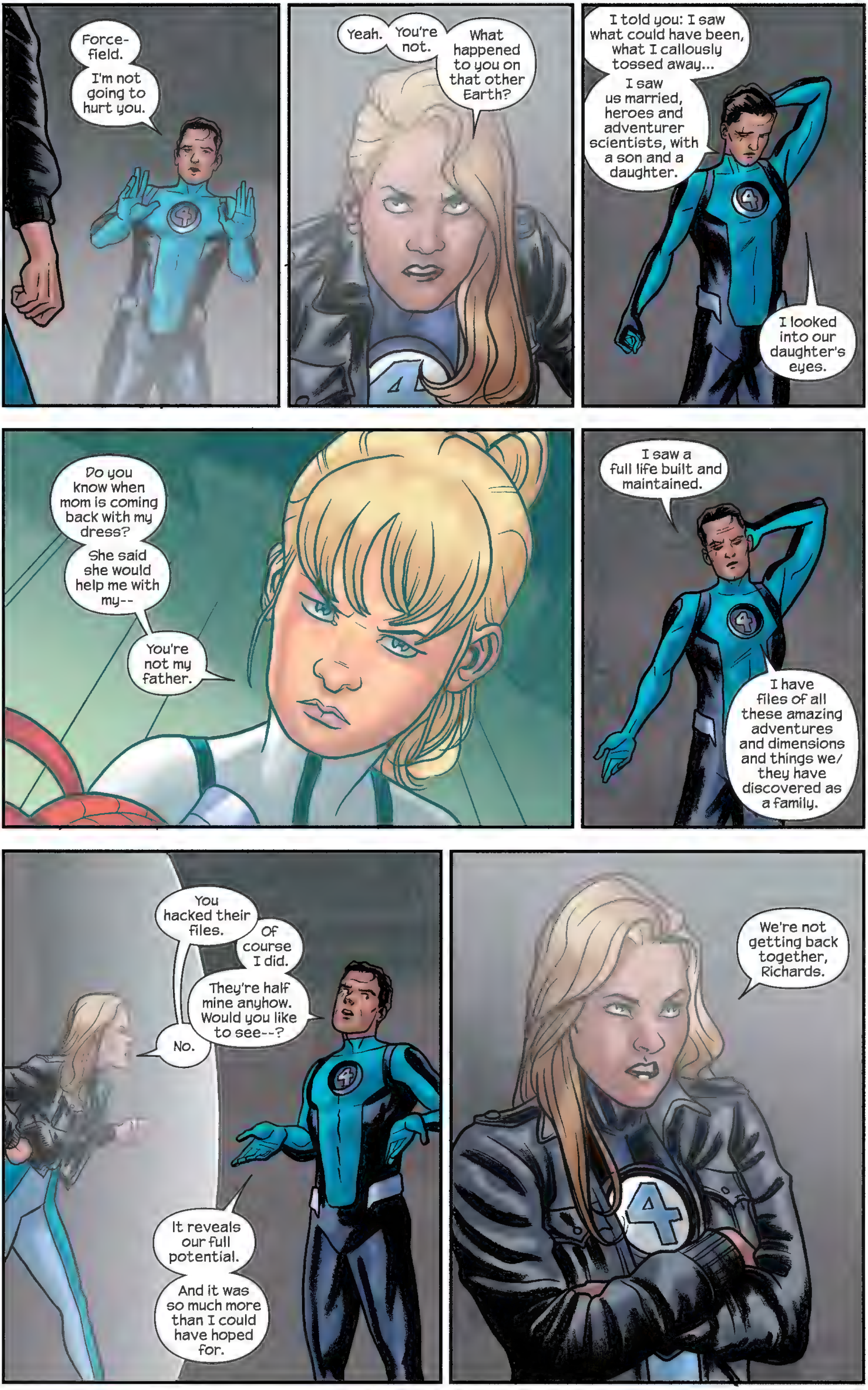

Will I-- will I at least have my day in court?
People will testify that I did everything in my power to--
Like who? Captain America?
Thor?
I did the best I could--
Which apparently included allowing terrorist Reed Richards full access to the Tricarrier.
You did, right? You allowed him aboard this top-secret S.H.I.E.L.D. vessel and gave him full access...
And now it's here, like this...
And in return he was the *centerpiece* of the plan that *saved* us.
We needed to think outside the box and *we did* and it's the only reason we're *still here.*
But you can see how that's going to look at a congressional hearing.
It will look like everyone is still *alive* enough to *have* a congressional hearing!
Take my card. We'll schedule some brainstorming sessions.
No more S.H.I.E.L.D.
What are they going to put in its place?
"I don't know about the rest of you but I was kind of hoping for another miracle..."

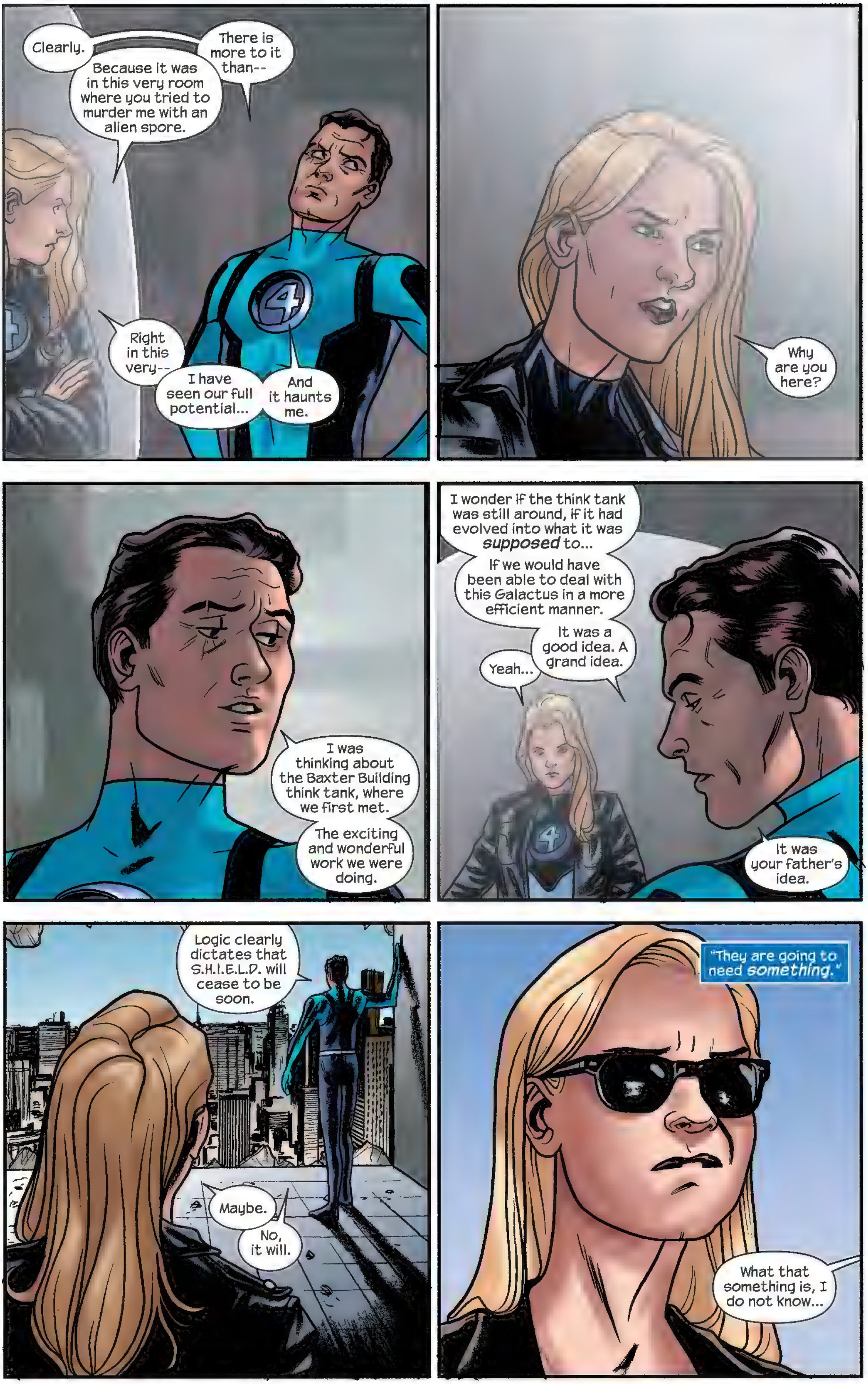

I want Steve Rogers to walk right through that rooftop entrance and bark at us to *get back to work!*
But I know he's not.
I want time and space, impossibly, to bring Steve Rogers back one more time.
Guess that's asking for one impossibility too many.
The thing is if anyone could do it, it would be Cap.
The man out of time.
Maybe he'll, I don't know, re-form himself somehow and wake up in the year 3020 or something.
Start it up all over again.
Maybe he's like King Arthur.
Maybe he'll come back when we need him the most.

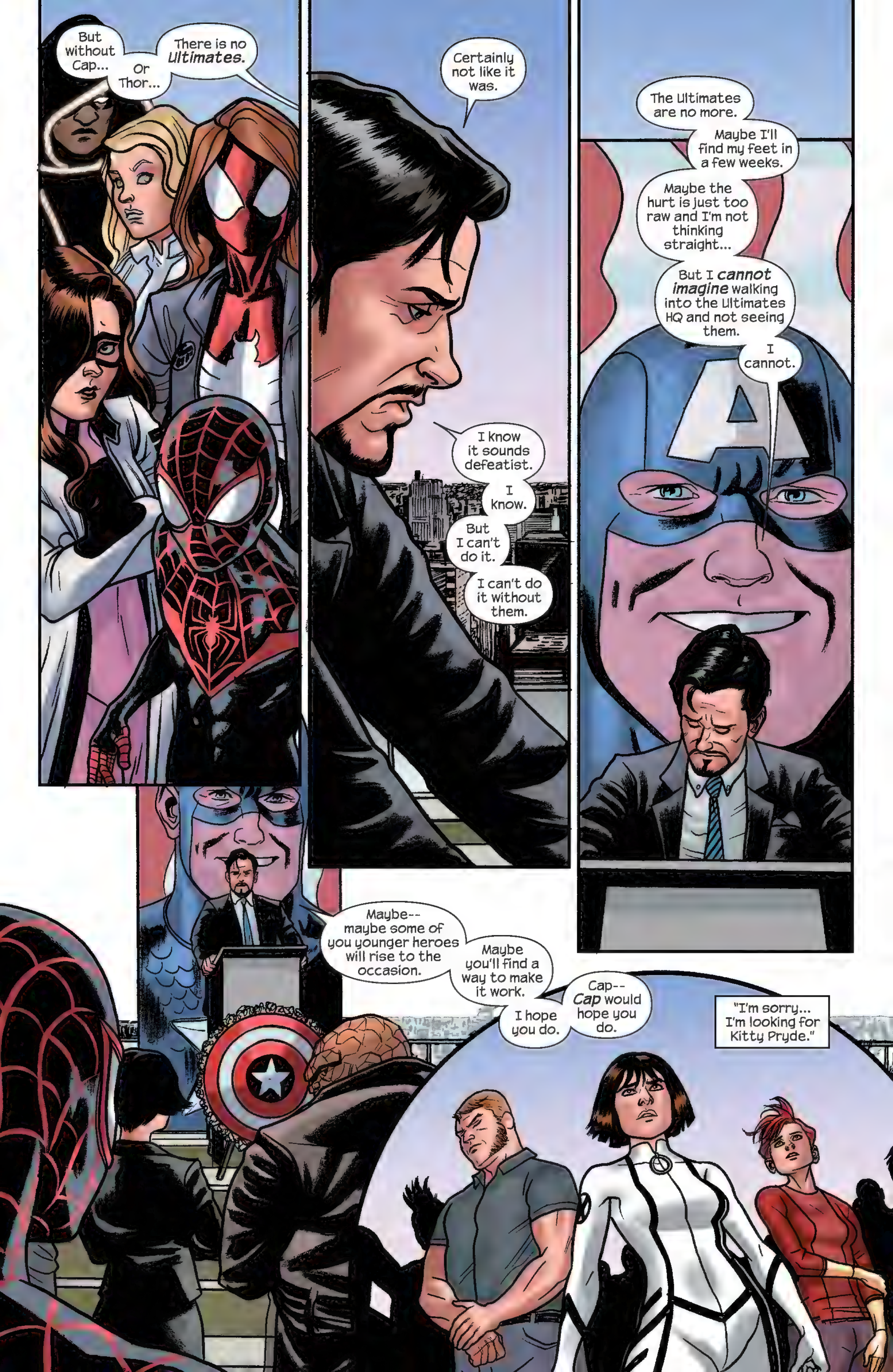

The Baxter Building.
Three Days Ago.
Reed Richards...

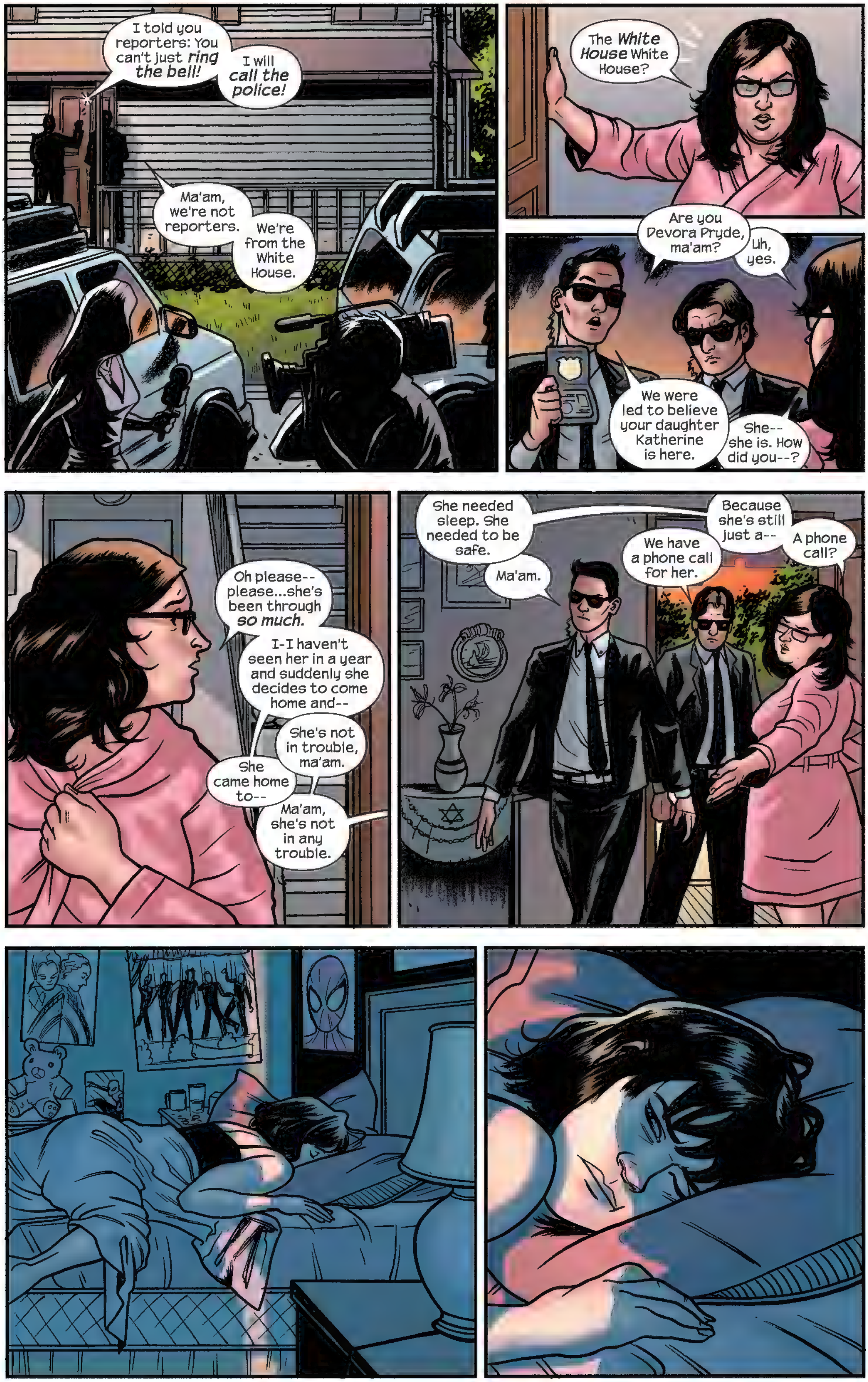

Young man, if what I have read about your work is true, the honor is all mine.
Please, let me introduce you to my greatest achievements...
This is my daughter, Sue.
And the young man is my son, Johnny.
Yo yo.
Please, Richards, tell me you're not having a flashback...
Susan.
I thought you'd be helping with the Jersey cleanup.
I was but they sent me home.
Have you slept?
That was recommended, as well.
What are you doing here?

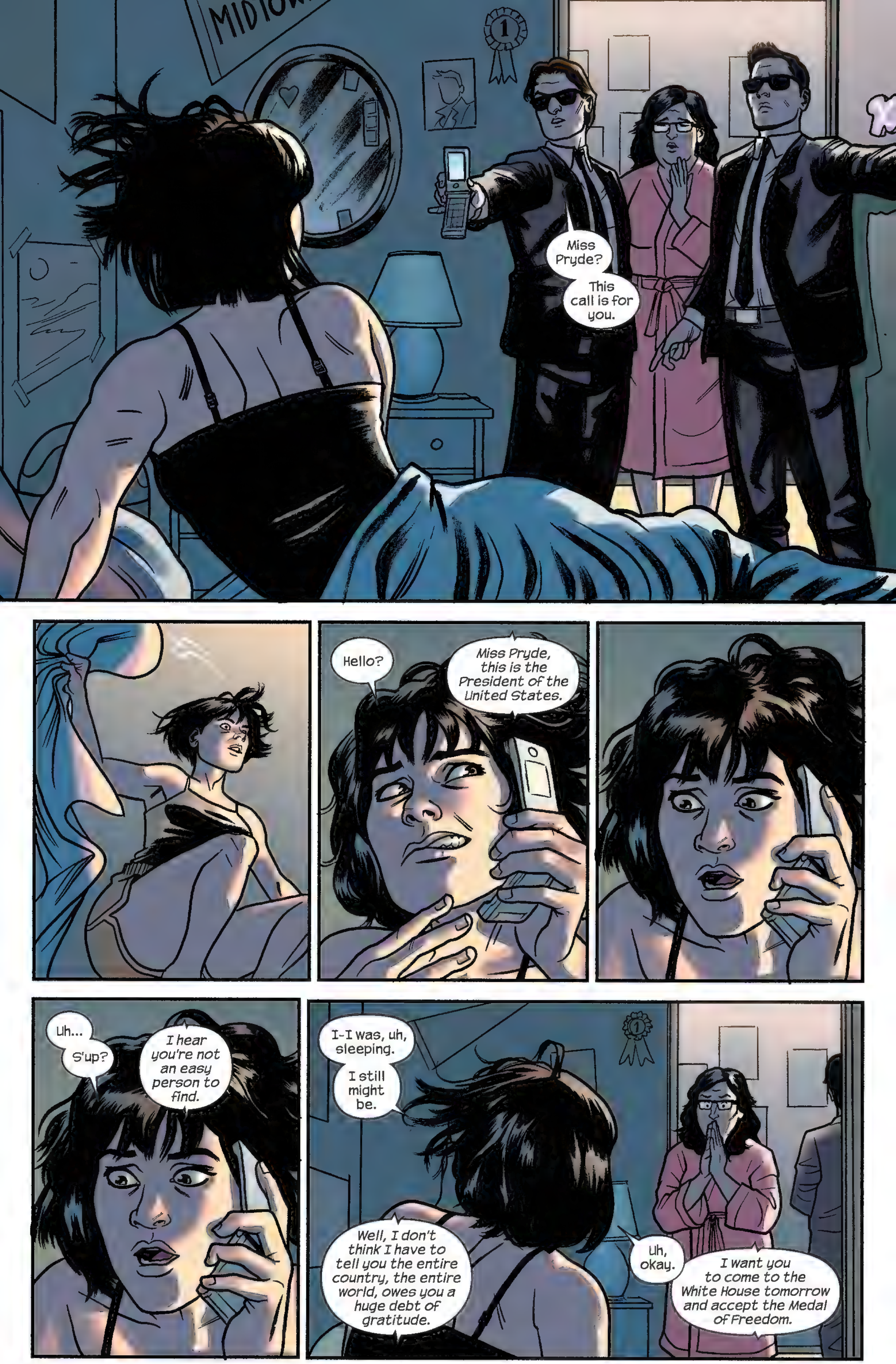

I know I am confusing you of late.
Last week, you were trying to kill us all. This week, you help save us all.
Either you had some kind of nervous breakdown that turned you into an evil @$@^&*&^.
Or you're an evil $@#$&*% and had a nervous breakdown that turned you into a selfless guy.
Either way, yeah, you're freaking everyone out.
I don't have it all figured out yet, myself.
I think you're up to something.
I know you do.
But I can't for the life of me figure out the angle.
Neither can I.
Stop it.
This whole thing here.
What?
Susan, you're going to have to learn to--

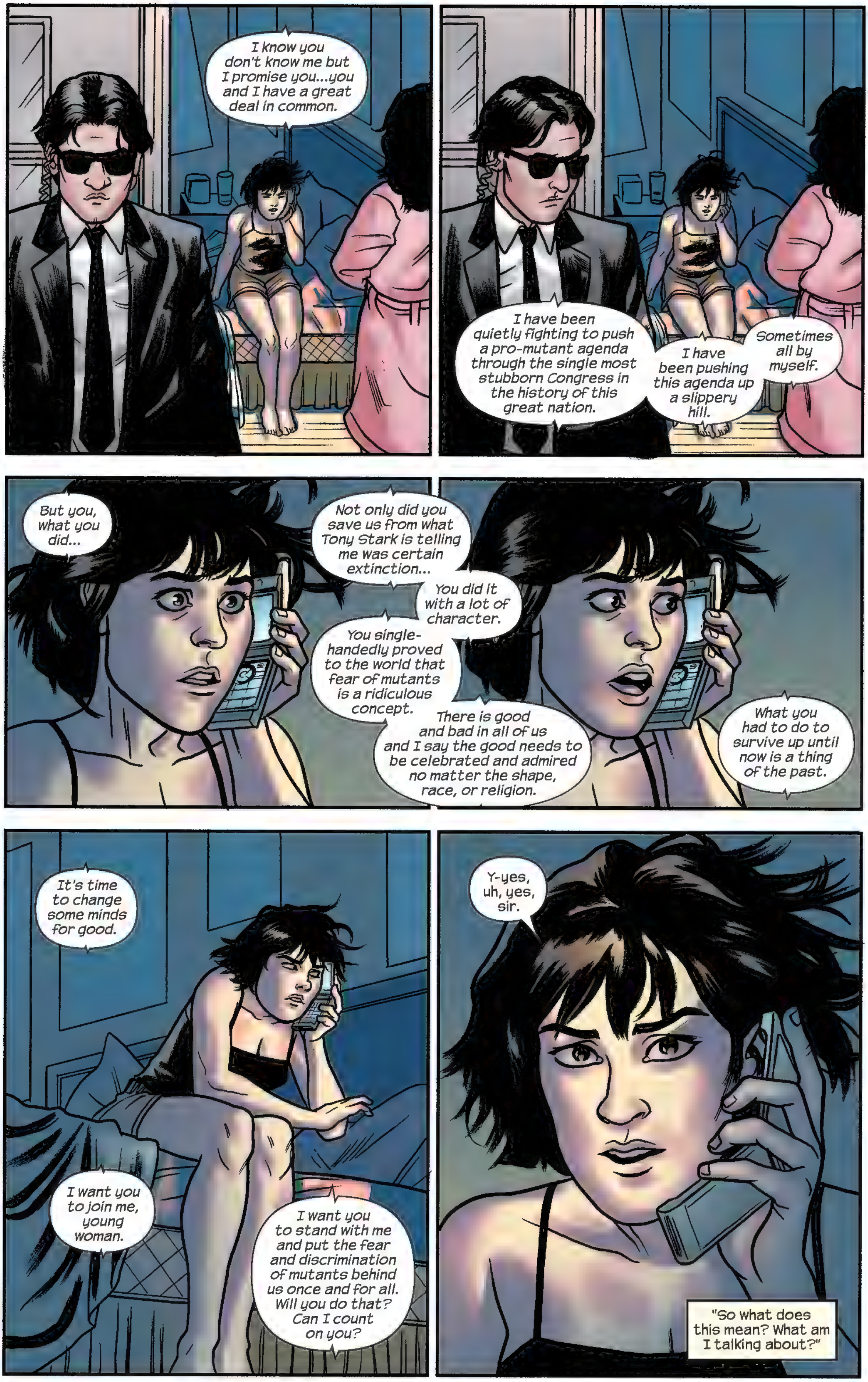

Force-field.
I'm not going to hurt you.
Yeah.
You're not.
What happened to you on that other Earth?
I told you: I saw what could have been, what I callously tossed away...
I saw us married, heroes and adventurer scientists, with a son and a daughter.
I looked into our daughter's eyes.
Do you know when mom is coming back with my dress?
She said she would help me with my--
You're not my father.
I saw a full life built and maintained.
I have files of all these amazing adventures and dimensions and things we/they have discovered as a family.
You hacked their files.
Of course I did.
They're half mine anyhow. Would you like to see--?
No.
It reveals our full potential.
And it was so much more than I could have hoped for.
We're not getting back together, Richards.

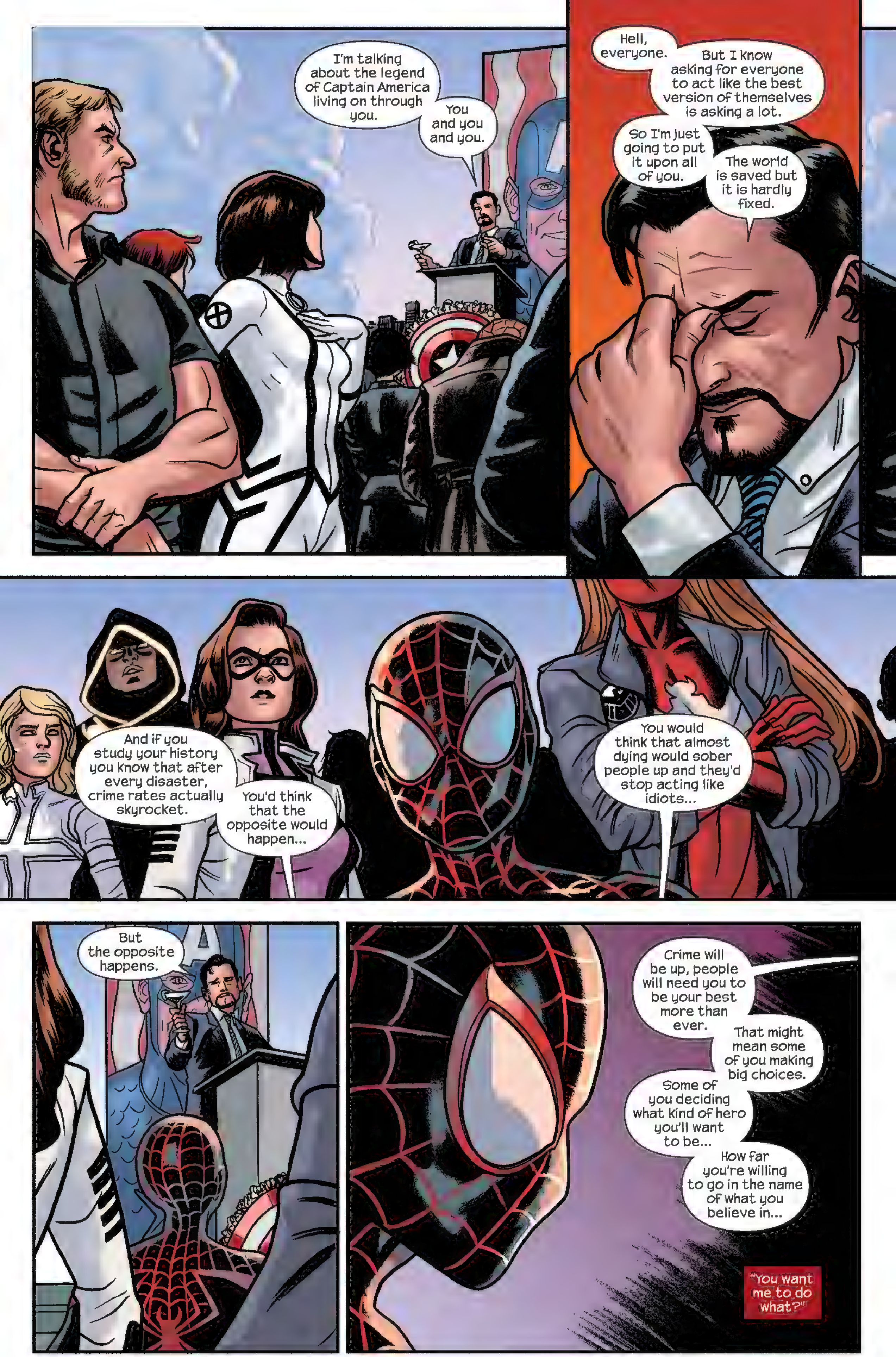

Clearly.
There is more to it than--
Because it was in this very room where you tried to murder me with an alien spore.
Right in this very--
I have seen our full potential...
And it haunts me.
Why are you here?
I was thinking about the Baxter Building think tank, where we first met.
The exciting and wonderful work we were doing.
I wonder if the think tank was still around, if it had evolved into what it was *supposed* to...
If we would have been able to deal with this Galactus in a more efficient manner.
It was a good idea. A grand idea.
Yeah...
It was your father's idea.
Logic clearly dictates that S.H.I.E.L.D. will cease to be soon.
Maybe.
No, it will.
"They are going to need *something*."
What that something is, I do not know...

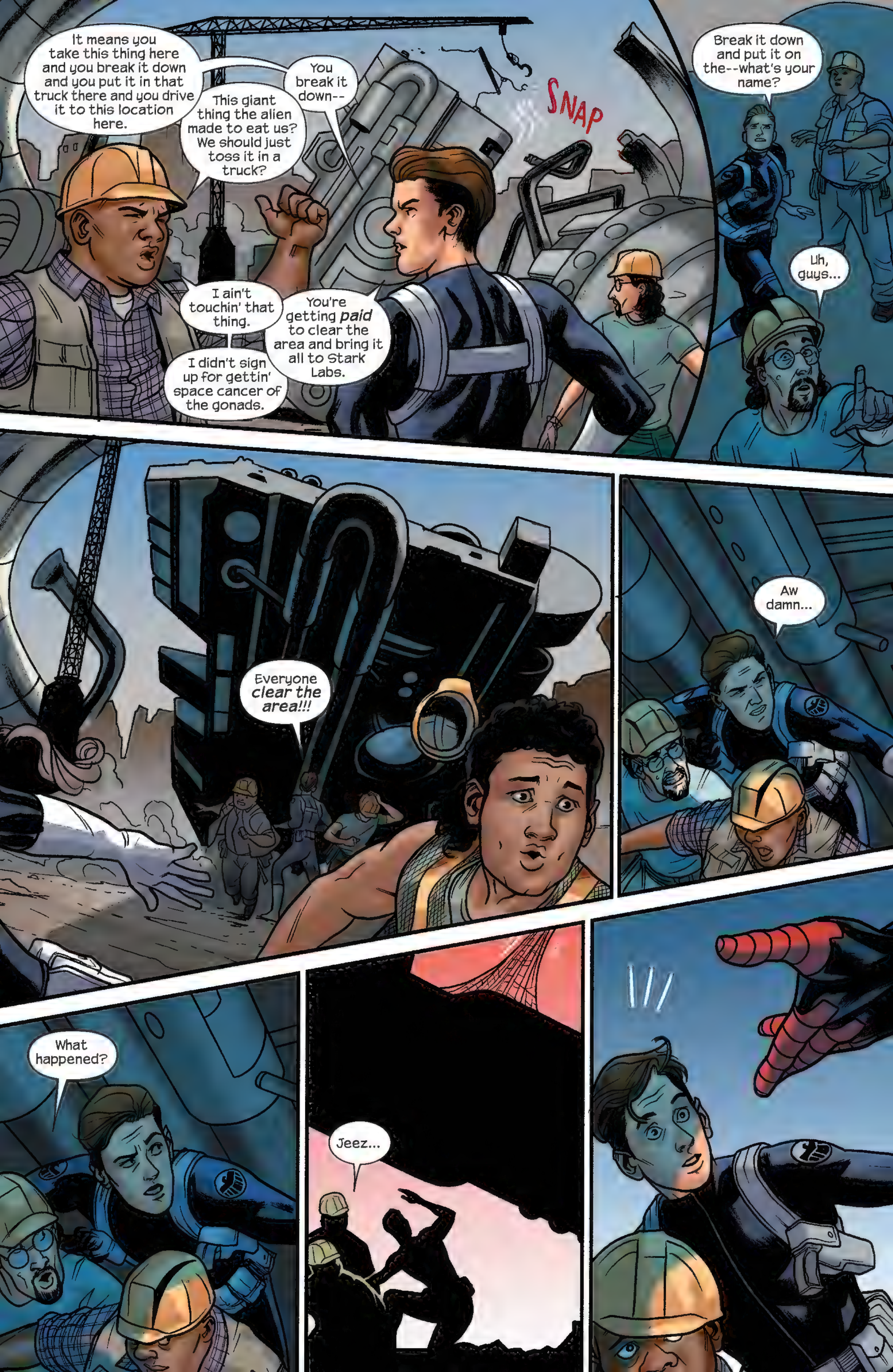

But without Cap...
Or Thor...
There is no *Ultimates.*
Certainly not like it was.
I know it sounds defeatist.
I know.
But I can't do it.
I can't do it without them.
The Ultimates are no more.
Maybe I'll find my feet in a few weeks.
Maybe the hurt is just too raw and I'm not thinking straight...
But I *cannot imagine* walking into the Ultimates HQ and not seeing them.
I cannot.
Maybe-- maybe some of you younger heroes will rise to the occasion.
Maybe you'll find a way to make it work.
I hope you do.
Cap-- *Cap* would hope you do.
"I'm sorry... I'm looking for Kitty Pryde."

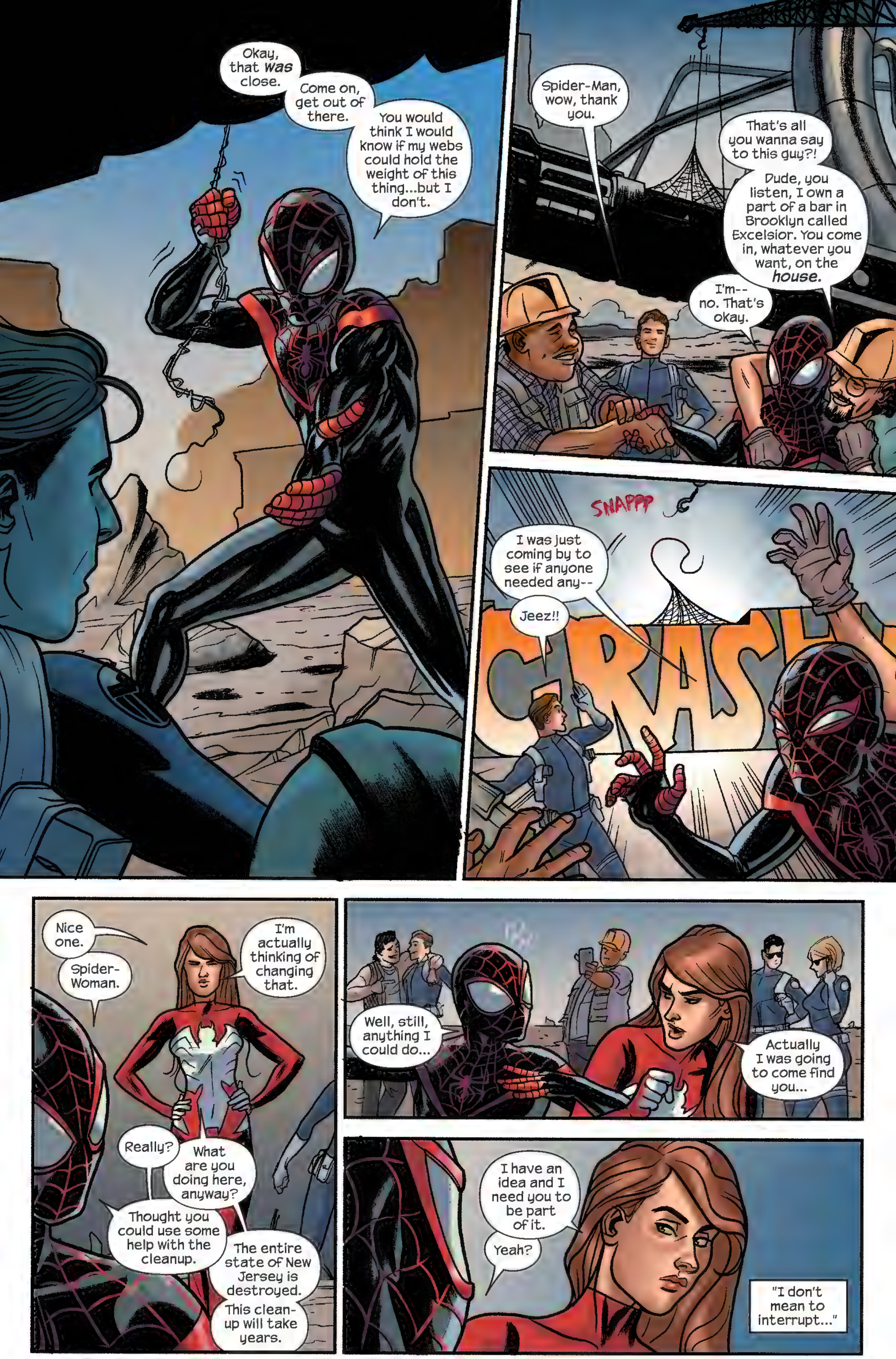

I told you reporters: You can't just *ring the bell!*
I will *call the police!*
Ma'am, we're not reporters.
We're from the White House.
The *White House* White House?
Are you Devora Pryde, ma'am?
Uh, yes.
We were led to believe your daughter Katherine is here.
She-- she is. How did you--?
Oh please-- please...she's been through *so much.*
I-I haven't seen her in a year and suddenly she decides to come home and--
She's not in trouble, ma'am.
She came home to--
Ma'am, she's not in any trouble.
She needed sleep. She needed to be safe.
Because she's still just a--
Ma'am.
We have a phone call for her.
A phone call?

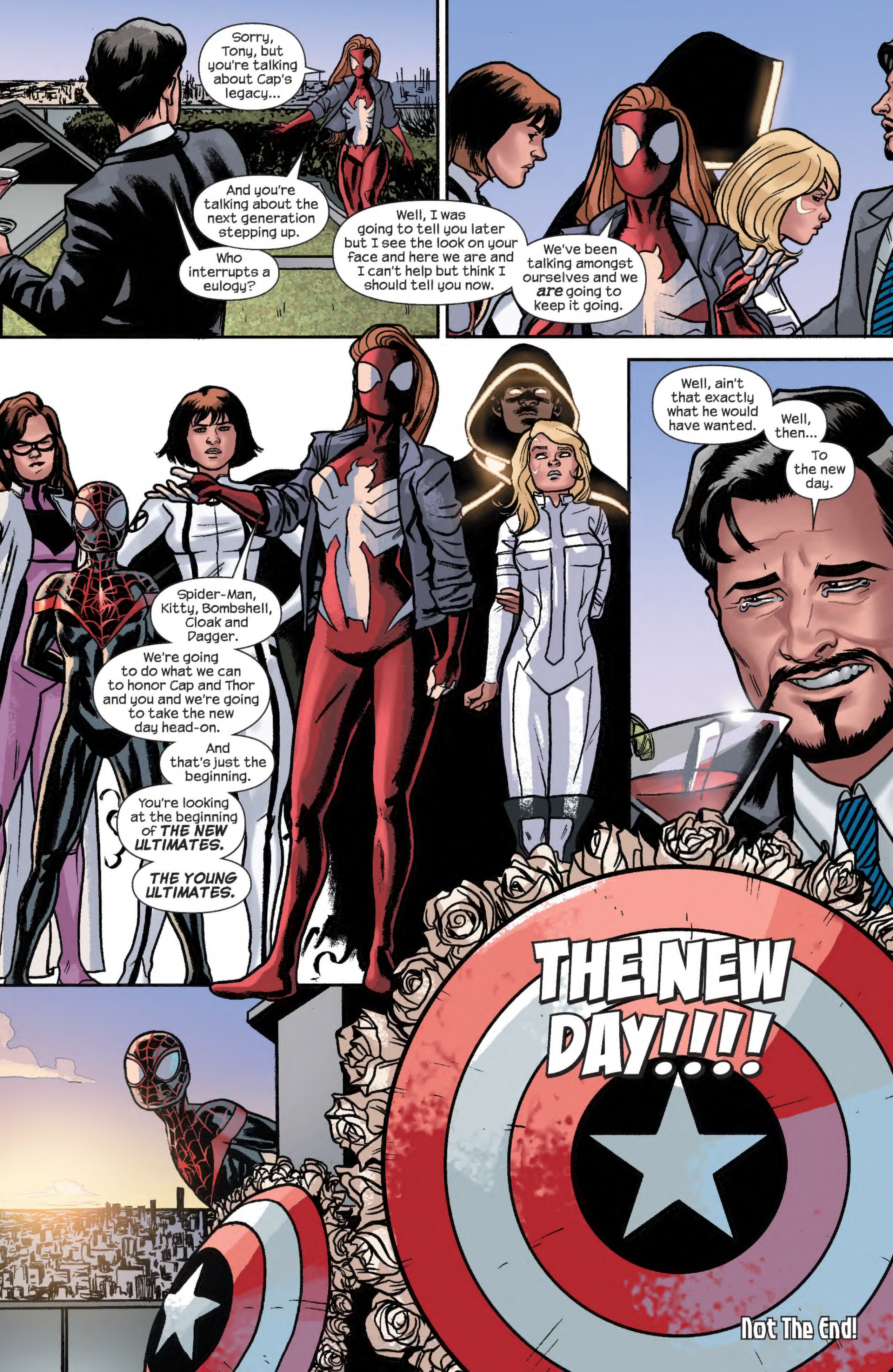

Miss Pryde?
This call is for you.
Hello?
Miss Pryde, this is the President of the United States.
Uh... S'up?
I hear you're not an easy person to find.
I-I was, uh, sleeping.
I still might be.
Well, I don't think I have to tell you the entire country, the entire world, owes you a huge debt of gratitude.
Uh, okay.
I want you to come to the White House tomorrow and accept the Medal of Freedom.

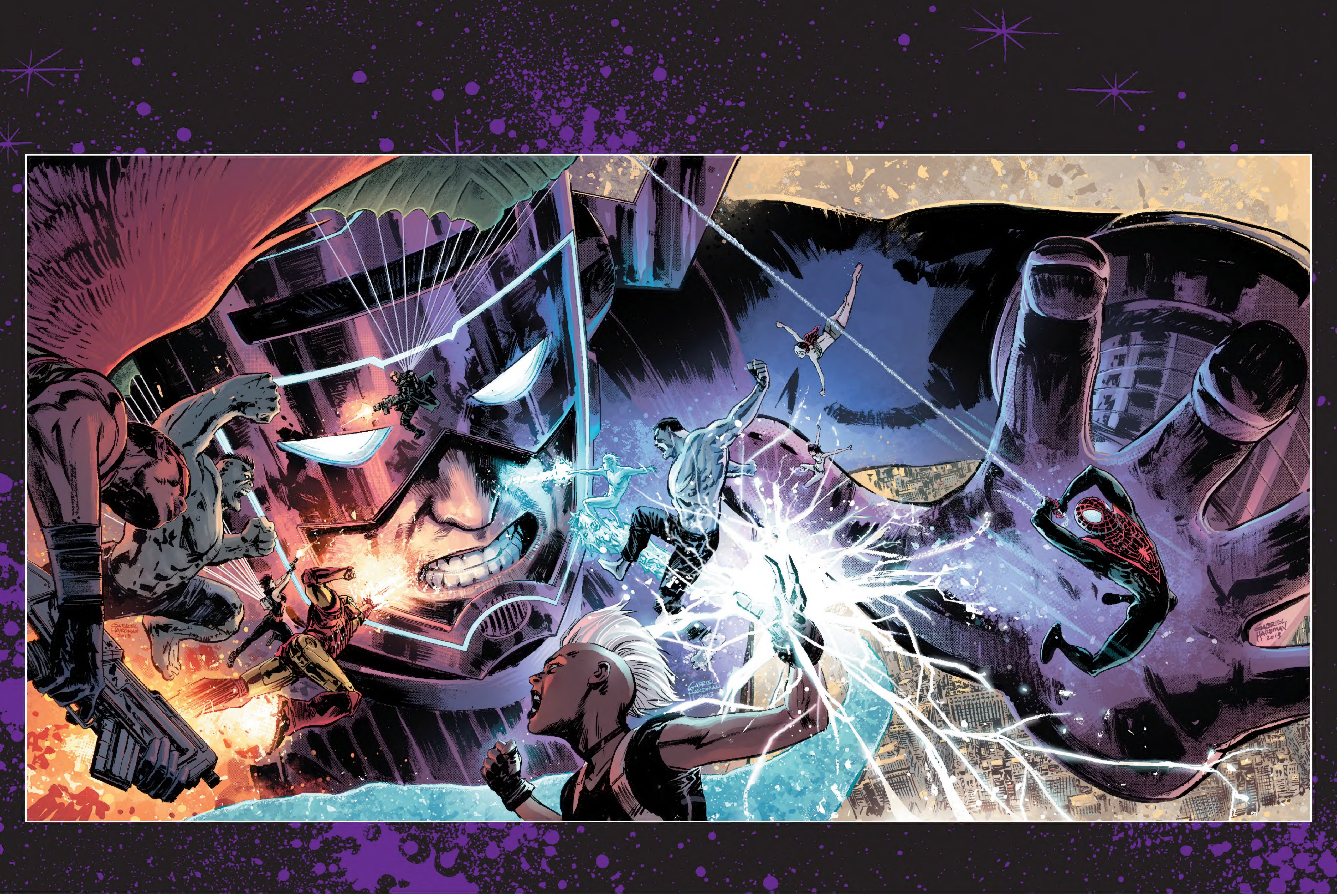

I know you don't know me but I promise you...you and I have a great deal in common.
I have been quietly fighting to push a pro-mutant agenda through the single most stubborn Congress in the history of this great nation.
I have been pushing this agenda up a slippery hill.
Sometimes all by myself.
But you, what you did...
Not only did you save us from what Tony Stark is telling me was certain extinction...
You did it with a lot of character.
You single-handedly proved to the world that fear of mutants is a ridiculous concept.
There is good and bad in all of us and I say the good needs to be celebrated and admired no matter the shape, race, or religion.
What you had to do to survive up until now is a thing of the past.
It's time to change some minds for good.
I want you to join me, young woman.
I want you to stand with me and put the fear and discrimination of mutants behind us once and for all. Will you do that? Can I count on you?
Y-yes, uh, yes, sir.
"So what does this mean? What am I talking about?"


I'm talking about the legend of Captain America living on through you.
You and you and you.
Hell, everyone.
But I know asking for everyone to act like the best version of themselves is asking a lot.
So I'm just going to put it upon all of you.
The world is saved but it is hardly fixed.
And if you study your history you know that after every disaster, crime rates actually skyrocket.
You'd think that the opposite would happen...
You would think that almost dying would sober people up and they'd stop acting like idiots...
But the opposite happens.
Crime will be up, people will need you to be your best more than ever.
That might mean some of you making big choices.
Some of you deciding what kind of hero you'll want to be...
How far you're willing to go in the name of what you believe in...
"You want me to do what?"


It means you take this thing here and you break it down and you put it in that truck there and you drive it to this location here.
You break it down--
This giant thing the alien made to eat us? We should just toss it in a truck?
SNAP
I ain't touchin' that thing.
You're getting *paid* to clear the area and bring it all to Stark Labs.
I didn't sign up for gettin' space cancer of the gonads.
Break it down and put it on the--what's your name?
Uh, guys...
Everyone *clear the area!!!*
Aw damn...
What happened?
Jeez...


Okay, that *was* close.
Come on, get out of there.
You would think I would know if my webs could hold the weight of this thing...but I don't.
Spider-Man, wow, thank you.
That's all you wanna say to this guy?!
Dude, you listen, I own a part of a bar in Brooklyn called Excelsior. You come in, whatever you want, on the *house.*
I'm-- no. That's okay.
SNAPP
I was just coming by to see if anyone needed any--
Jeez!!
CRASH
Nice one.
Spider-Woman.
I'm actually thinking of changing that.
Really?
What are you doing here, anyway?
Thought you could use some help with the cleanup.
The entire state of New Jersey is destroyed.
This clean-up will take years.
Well, still, anything I could do...
Actually I was going to come find you...
I have an idea and I need you to be part of it.
Yeah?
"I don't mean to interrupt..."


Sorry, Tony, but you're talking about Cap's legacy...
And you're talking about the next generation stepping up.
Who interrupts a eulogy?
Well, I was going to tell you later but I see the look on your face and here we are and I can't help but think I should tell you now.
We've been talking amongst ourselves and we *are* going to keep it going.
Spider-Man, Kitty, Bombshell, Cloak and Dagger.
We're going to do what we can to honor Cap and Thor and you and we're going to take the new day head-on.
And that's just the beginning.
You're looking at the beginning of *THE NEW ULTIMATES.*
*THE YOUNG ULTIMATES.*
Well, ain't that exactly what he would have wanted.
Well, then...
To the new day.
THE NEW DAY!!!!
Not The End!


GABRIEL HARDMAN 2013

CATACLYSM: ULTIMATES #1, CATACLYSM: ULTIMATE X-MEN #1 & CATACLYSM: ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN #1
COMBINED VARIANTS BY GABRIEL HARDMAN & ELIZABETH BREITWEISER

**“An event fans will talk about for years.”** — *Comicvine.com*

# IS THIS THE END OF THE ULTIMATE UNIVERSE?

They survived Gah Lak Tus. But that was nothing compared to what they now face. Through a tear in space he comes. The Devourer. The World-Eater. The one true Galactus. He hungers. And he will feed. Spider-Man, the Ultimates and the X-Men make one last stand against a cataclysmic threat to their Earth. Who will survive, and what will be left for them?

Collecting *Hunger #1-4, Cataclysm #0.1, Cataclysm: The Ultimates’ Last Stand #1-5, Cataclysm: Ultimate Spider-Man #1-3, Cataclysm: Ultimate X-Men #1-3, Cataclysm: Ultimates #1-3* and *Survive #1.*

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